THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A° [illegible]nj. Franklin

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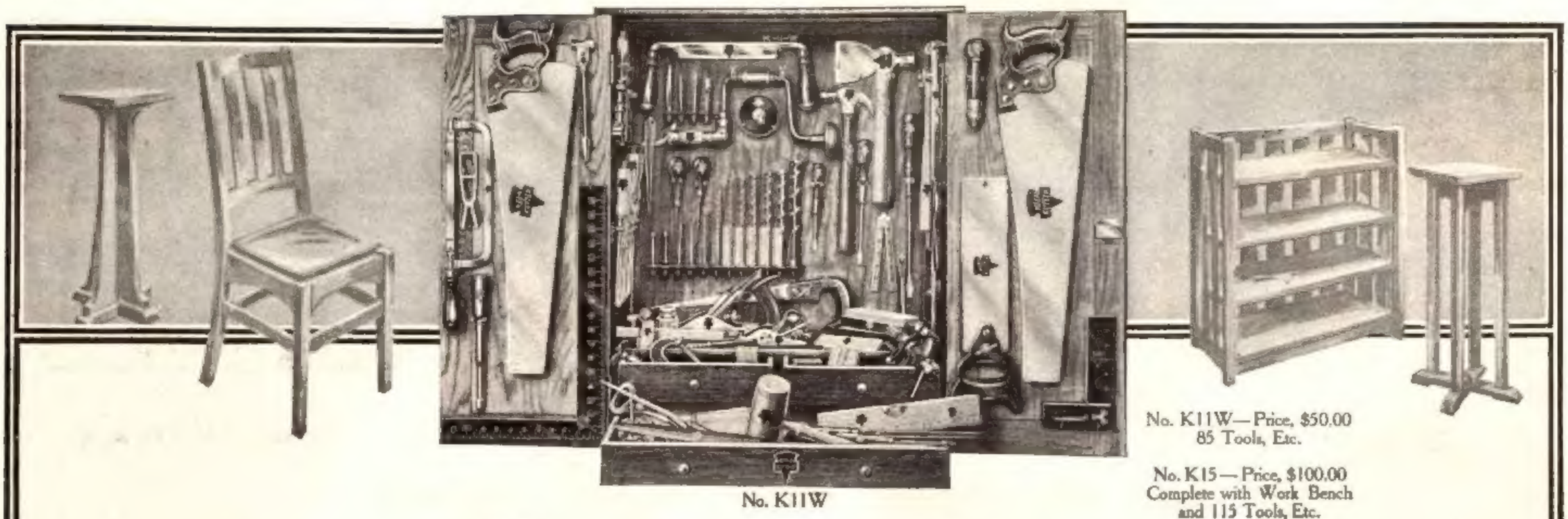

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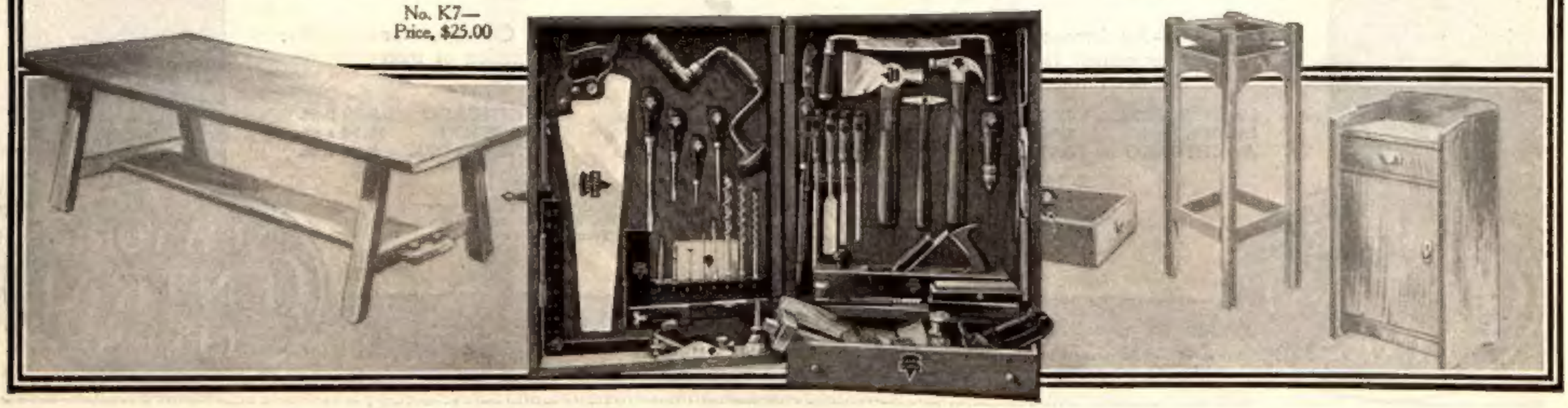

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WHO SHALL OWN ALASKA?

Some Facts About its Farm Lands, Forests, Mines and Harbors—By Gifford Pinchot

WHAT shall we do with Alaska? In order to answer that question intelligently we must first understand what manner of land it is. Alaska has been misrepresented so widely and is so generally misunderstood that our people as a whole have been given a radically false idea of what it is like and what it is good for.

The general misconception about Alaska—that it is a land of ice and snow, glaciers and dog-teams, placer diggings, salmon canneries, undeveloped coal mines, and little else, arose because to the dweller in the United States all these things are unusual and picturesque. Therefore they have been eagerly and almost exclusively seized upon by our travelers and writers as most likely to arouse and hold the interest of their readers and their friends.

PHOTO. BY P. S. HUNT

Gardens and Grain Fields at Copper Center

The glaciers and the scenery do indeed exist in Southeastern Alaska, and scant justice has yet been done their commanding beauty and charm. The placer diggings and the dog-teams are characteristic of the great interior, salmon canneries abound upon the coast, and the coal is waiting to be mined. But we have heard very little as yet about the great stretches of agricultural land ready to produce in abundance the fruits, vegetables and grains of Northern Europe; about the cattle and the reindeer pastures, vast in extent; about the great resources of timber available for use in developing the mines; and in general about the fitness of this great land—one-sixth as large as the area of all our states—to produce and support a population as hardy, as healthy, as intelligent and as valuable to the nation as the best that Scandinavia can show.

When gold was first discovered in California the men who went to seek it hoped and intended to get rich and then carry their riches home. To them California was merely a collection of gold deposits, a source of wealth to be gathered in haste and enjoyed elsewhere at leisure. The immediate value of the gold overshadowed and concealed all else the land contained. But the enduring—that is to say, the agricultural—value of California could not long be overlooked. A gold mine is an exhaustible and temporary resource, while agricultural land well treated is a resource forever. Little by little permanent settlements came to be made, and homes with women and children were established and multiplied. So mighty is the change in our day that the agricultural produce of California for a single year is now worth twice the yearly product of her gold mines in their best decade.

Alaska is not a second California, but the outline of her story will be the same. It is certain that her mines do not constitute her greatest wealth. Alaska has nearly as much agricultural land as California and Iowa put together. It is true that the same products cannot be grown upon it, but it will yield abundant crops for the sustenance of man and beast. Professor Georgeson, in charge of the agricultural experiment stations in Alaska, is authority for the statement that there is agricultural land enough in that region for half a million farms. There are parts of Alaska where snow lies as seldom as it does in tidewater Virginia, perhaps even less often.

The essential fact about this great new land—the decisive fact that ought to control its laws, its government and its whole development—is that when the good and bad have been fairly weighed, Alaska is found to be well adapted in topography, in climate and in the products of its soil, its mines and its waters for the permanent home of a numerous, prosperous, hardy and happy population of our race. Alaska is indeed the treasure house of the nation, but it is a treasure house in which will live many hundreds of thousands of the best and strongest of our citizens.

There is no doubt that the development of Alaska has been unduly hampered and delayed. Its people have a just complaint, for Alaska has been treated as a grabbag, and a grabbag does not grow. If a moderate fraction of the wealth that has been taken away to create prosperity elsewhere had remained in the country it would today be a prosperous community of many times its present population.

For example, it is a common practice in the cannery business at the beginning of each season to load a ship at Portland, San Francisco or some other coast town with all the supplies, all the materials for making salmon cans and boxes, and all the labor needed for that year—except what is supplied by a few Indians—and to contract with the men not to pay them off until they get home again. Under the law, the small tax the canneries pay can be and often is sworn off by the mere submission of affidavits that a certain number of salmon fry have been released. No other proof is required. The cannery men, whose contribution to the upbuilding of Alaska is practically nothing, are thus relieved even of taxes, on their own statement that they are making reasonable provision for the future of their own industry. It is as though a householder in a town were to have all his taxes remitted because he asserted that he had insured his house. Under this system, I am informed, the runs of salmon are already beginning to show a marked decrease.

The delay in the growth of Alaska is mainly due to the grabbag policy of the very men who have been making the loudest protest against the conservation policy. In the

Potato Fields at Kalk

One of the Ryan Claims on the Shore of Controller Bay

vast majority of cases these men are not Alaskans at all. Very many of them, indeed, have never been in Alaska, and the rest, almost without exception, have gone there with the idea of getting rich quick and getting out. Scarcely any of the Cunningham claimants were Alaskans. Yet it was the efforts of these men and their like to grab what they had no right to take which resulted in the withdrawal of the coal. Not a single member of the Morgan-Guggenheim Syndicate is an Alaskan. Yet it is the exorbitant transportation rates exacted by companies owned by absentee proprietors that constitute the greatest single obstacle to the development of Alaska.

Let me repeat this statement: It is not the withdrawal of the coal lands that has retarded the development of Alaska, for every valid coal claim was excepted from the withdrawal. What is holding Alaska back more than all other causes is the excessive rates for transportation.

Some actual examples will make this clear. On the Alaskan Northern Railway I paid $1.30 to be carried 3½ miles to a point between stations, although it is right to add that the regular fare is twenty cents a mile. At this point I found homesteaders actually packing their produce on their backs to market in the town of Seward, because the wagon-road bridge was down and the railroad was charging them at the rate of $20 a ton for a 3½ mile haul. The rate for lumber from Seattle to New York is $17 a ton. Potatoes are carried from Northern Maine to New York City, a distance of about 700 miles, for $12.50 a ton in less than carload lots, or $6.10 by the carload. The contrast is sufficiently striking.

Making Day Wages by Walking

SENATOR POINDEXTER and I saw men walking and carrying heavy packs along the right-of-way of this railroad, because, as they said, they could make day wages by walking the seventy-odd miles of its length as against what they would have to pay to ride.

On the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad—the Syndicate line—the situation was found to be much the same. I am informed that last year the Golconda Hydraulic Mining Company was obliged to pay in advance $1000 before the railroad would move a car, containing twenty-three tons of mining machinery and supplies, a distance of a little more than a hundred and thirty miles. After considerable pressure had been brought to bear upon the traffic manager at Cordova the railroad finally refunded $235. In another instance it is related that the freight rate for blasting powder over a run of a hundred and twenty-seven miles was three cents a pound, or at the rate of $60 a ton, which brought the total transportation charge on powder from Seattle to the mine up to $100 a ton. The rate on powder from Chicago to San Francisco is $46.

Rates such as these are calculated to restrict both business and income. Railroads in other new countries establish rates that tend to develop the regions through which they run. This is not true in Alaska.

Such freight rates charged to the owners of mines not controlled by the Syndicate would be less significant if they stood alone. Unfortunately they do not. Another case in point is the use of violence by employees of the Syndicate to carry their tracks not simply across the tracks of a competing road, the Alaska Pacific Railway, at Martin's Point, near Katalla, as the apologists of the Syndicate allege, but at right angles through the middle of their terminal grounds, as the records of the Land Office disclose. This was in 1907. The effect of such a crossing upon the practical value of a terminal it is needless to describe. It is asserted, and observation on the ground appears to sustain the claim, that a perfectly feasible route round the terminal was, and was known to be, available.

Another and a far more serious case, which took place later in the same year, was the shooting at Keystone Cañon. The Syndicate had partially constructed a railroad grade through the cañon, with the idea of reaching the Copper River from Valdez by way of Thompson Pass. It then decided to move its line to the present location, with the terminal, however, at Katalla, about two hundred miles by sea from Valdez, and began the work which led to the incident at Martin's Point just described. Thereupon the Home Railroad Company, financed in part by citizens of Valdez, proceeded to build a narrow-gauge road toward Thompson Pass along the same general line. When the unarmed laborers of the Home Railroad attempted to go upon the Syndicate's grade they were fired upon by a United States deputy marshal, and five men were shot. The doctor who attended these men informed me that three of them were shot from behind—that is, while they were running away. One man died.

The effort of the Syndicate ended with the shooting, and the Home Railroad laborers proceeded in peace with their work until the failure to secure further funds from bankers in Seattle put an end to it. The Syndicate's grade remains abandoned to this day.

A more recent case was the attempt of the Syndicate to take possession by force of a mining claim adjacent to its dock at Cordova, the control of which would have been valuable to it. In this attempt it would have succeeded except for the determined position taken by Jack Dalton, one of the owners, a noted pioneer and a man widely respected throughout Alaska. A legal effort to dispossess Mr. Dalton and his associates has since failed.

The effort to crush competition has not been confined to the land. The Humboldt Steamship Company is an independent concern operating between Seattle and Skagway. The Alaska Steamship Company, owned by the Syndicate, and the Pacific Coast Steamship Company operate over the same route. Through rates from Seattle to Dawson were so arranged that the Humboldt Company received $5 net a ton for transportation from Seattle to Skagway, while the Alaska and the Pacific Companies received $9 net for the same service. On local traffic the Humboldt paid just twice the wharfage rates at Skagway charged to the other companies. (Interstate Commerce Commission, Opinion No. 1347, June 6, 1910.)

The effect of the control of terminals on the price of coal to the consumer in Alaska supplies another interesting illustration. Dr. F. M. Boyle, Mayor of Valdez, writes me under date of November 3, 1911:

> Prior to the fall of 1910, the retail price of coal varied from $15 to $18, and as high as $20 a ton, being controlled entirely by the Alaska Steamship Company, a subsidiary Guggenheim organization. During my tenure of office as President of City Council I always advocated measures to correct this holdup; after considerable difficulty I succeeded in securing, on behalf of the city, an option to purchase a disused dock, formerly the property of the Alaska Home Railroad.
>
> As a result, the city secured a shipment of 500 tons of coal which reduced the price to $10 a ton. This means an annual saving to the people of Valdez of $18,000 a year. The annual consumption of coal at this point approximates 4500 tons.
>
> Another benefit which will result from the ownership of a municipal dock is a reduction of the extortionate wharfage charges, which are from $1.60 to $2 a ton."

The municipal dock at Juneau has performed a similar service for that city.

Crying Down the Resources of Alaska

SUCH instances as these have had their natural effect. The danger of monopoly was realized and dreaded in every town I visited, including Cordova, the local headquarters of the Syndicate. When the Chamber of Commerce of that town, a pro-Guggenheim organization, voted down a proposal of some of its members to invite Senator Poindexter and me to address them, citizens of Cordova took the matter up, hired a hall and with only a few hours' notice, in the face of active opposition, held what is said to have been the largest meeting in the history of that town. It was made clearly evident that even in Cordova there is vigorous dissatisfaction with the growth of monopoly.

It has recently become the fashion to decry the value of Alaska and its resources. The traveler is constantly met with derogatory remarks about the timber, the coal, the agricultural land and the mines. This depreciation usually has for its purpose to impress upon the hearer the idea that after all, since Alaska is worth so little, it is of small consequence into whose hands it may fall.

It is true that the timber of Alaska is inferior when compared with that of Puget Sound. But compare it with the timber of Maine, Pennsylvania or Georgia, or with that of France, Germany or Switzerland, and its value jumps. Some forty million feet are cut from the national forests every year. Yet I was solemnly assured in a public speech that the timber of Alaska was known to the speaker to be valueless for any purpose, because, as he said, he himself had sawed several million feet of it.

Reports are current that the original Government statements as to the value of the coal were too high. An independent estimate, made by a coal expert of experience and standing, after what I believe to be the most thorough and extensive study of the Bering River field yet made, sets the contents of this field at considerably more than two thousand million tons. A Government expert estimated the number of tons at four thousand million. Which of these estimates is right can have no practical present-day effect on what we should do with the coal. At five cents a ton royalty two billion tons would be worth a hundred million

(Continued on Page 50)

Hemlock Timber in Alaska

The Guggenheim Grade at Keystone Cañon

Cunningham Ridge, a Part of the Cunningham Claims

RICKEY BURNS A PACKAGE

A Relation of Relapse and Penitential Fires

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

"It's Nothing to Me How You Amuse Yourself, of Course"

TOP-NOTCH had, in a manner of speaking, begun its contaminating career, but the contamination was hardly noticeable as yet. Except where the little one-horse, two-hundred-ton smelter reared and vomited its trifling, multicolored spurts of poison, the atmosphere of Garnet Basin was unpolluted. Vegetation flourished where sun and soil would let it; there was still a divided strip of green along the banks of the creek that was good for desert-seared eyes, and people seldom died. Occasionally they were killed; but desiccation rather than dissolution was the process by which the sparse population attained immortality. They dried up and blew away. Ask any one.

There was a mere sprinkling of habitations upon the Basin's side—first, the superintendent's house with its red-shingled roof and surrounding shade of pepper trees; and next in importance Ma Turgoos' boarding house; then the Top-Notch Hoist, of corrugated iron plentifully ventilated with paneless windows; and a sociable row of huts where the Mexican miners led their lives apart and vicariously irrigated their patches of chilli, beans and corn. A store, a saloon and a blacksmith shop faced the boarding house from the other side of the creek, and here and there sun-grayed shacks perched beside puny ore dumps and sheltered potential millionaires, who labored like devils for the time being—because they had to.

In one of these shacks one of these millionaires stood by a sloppy table and wiped thick, rim-chipped stoneware with a sadly soiled floursack as he talked to his sleeping partner. The partner, it must be understood, was at the moment awake. The dishwasher was young and he wore mud-caked boots with hob-nailed soles; his trousers of faded blue denim were also mud-caked, and there were stains on his broad shoulders.

"You never did believe nothing, Rickey!" he said. "'Tain't no use ever telling you. You wouldn't even believe there was copper in the Lady Lou. You was too polite to contradick me when I told you there was, and you was too much of a sport to quit after you grubstaked me; but you didn't really believe it till I dug it out and showed it to you. Ain't that right?"

"I'm just as polite as I ever was," answered the young man called Rickey. "I wouldn't contradict you; but I own right up that you've got copper—elegant one-and-a-half-per-cent stuff, with genuine sterling silver in it." His grin was derisive.

"She'll run to fifty per cent in the north shaft, and they'll be enough silver to pay for the smelting," asserted the other doggedly. "You come and see that shaft, and I'll explain it to you so's you can understand it, you ignorant cowhand!"

"I got a right smart of business on hand this morning, Jim," said Rickey, stretching himself and yawning. "But it's all right, and we'll get enough copper to make a bottom to a washboiler yet. And the camp's going to boom, just like you say."

"Wait till I tell you, buddy," said Jim triumphantly. "Ross has had a rock sharp up at the house for three weeks and he's been making more holes in the ground than 'ud patch hell a mile—New York boy, and he's out here in the interest of a geezer who's bought out the Curran crowd's stock in Top-Notch and who's expected here any day. Know what that means? It means millions. Top-Notch is agoing to make the Anaconda look like a garter snake; and the Lady Lou —— Well, wait till you see our north shaft! I tell you, Rickey, the burden of wealth that's going to be h'isted on to you and me is going to make us hump-shouldered! Tell you what I'm going to buy me, first crack out of the box?"

"Don't tell me. Give me a surprise," pleaded Rickey. Then he frowned. "Did you say this four-eyed, knock-kneed, salivated mining-school graduate was staying at Ole Man Ross'?"

"He's staying at Old Man Ross' and Maggie Ross'," replied Jim Orr maliciously. "But you're making a heap mistake in the description, son. He's a fine-looking, husky lad that knows his job and tends to it. Of course I wouldn't say he'd be above setting out on the porch with a pretty girl like Miss Maggie on a moonlight night, or the like of that; but he ain't at the house all the time! No, sir! Won't walk over to the shaft? No? Well, business is business, and I've got to get busy myself."

He put on a hat well streaked with candle grease, took a couple of newly sharpened drills from a corner and went out. Rickey waited a few moments and then went to his bunk and pulled from beneath it his latigo-laced warsack, which he emptied upon the bed. From the contents he picked out an oblong package wrapped in brown paper, liberally sealed and stamped. This he carried to the table and untied, disclosing, first, a peacock-blue plush case, and within that a comb, brush and mirror, silver-backed and elaborately patterned, nestling in blue satin.

Rickey seated himself and rolled a cigarette. "I wonder!" he sighed, and the force of his pensive exhalation blew out the match that he had lit. He struck another and smoked thoughtfully, regarding the gleaming splendor of the toilet articles. Presently he took up the mirror with a tender touch. "If she looked in that she'd sure see something worth looking at!" he said as he laid it down again.

A sharp burn from the almost consumed cigarette roused him from his sentimental reverie and he shut the case and rewrapped and tied it. Then, with a swiftness of action that was one of his characteristics, he stripped and got himself into a gala array of black Clay worsted and white linen, with better results than might have been expected. It was not for nothing that Rickey had been called the "Bar T dude." Setting aside the incompatibility of weather-tanned skin and starched collar, and the slightly lurching walk that shouted for spurs and chaps, the change was hardly for the worse.

He took up the flat package and put it under his arm. "You can't 'most always sometimes tell," he remarked. "I'll try it again, by ginger!"

He opened the door of the shack and set out. Crossing the little footbridge of a single plank that spanned Garnet Creek, he proceeded to the boarding house and, after a moment's consideration, went in. In about ten minutes he came out again with a smile on his face and something crisp in the hand that he had thrust into his trousers pocket. It was not altogether a figure of speech—the business that he had pleaded to his partner. He had called to present a bill for services rendered—and he had collected it. Now pleasure beckoned.

. . . . . .

Pleasure has quite a way of beckoning to deluded hope. She crooks her rosy little finger and, with a glad responsive smile, mortal man comes running, as we say in Dona Ana. Then mortal man slips on the banana peel of disappointment and the doctor has to take sundry stitches in his scalp. Rickey, as he headed for Superintendent Ross' house, felt his spirits exalted to the heavens. There had been nothing in his past experience to justify this elation; but he felt it, nevertheless. It was a hunch, and the young man had an unfortunate and often misplaced confidence in hunches.

Up to the whitewashed picket fence, into the cool shade of the big pepper trees and through the little gate Rickey went joyously and with a tilt to his hat. Past the glasspaneled and curtained front door he swaggered undismayed. What was there to be afraid of? He turned the corner of the house—and lo! his heart turned to water and his stomach became an aching, throbbing void, just because Miss Maggie Ross was sitting in a rocker on the porch, industriously peeling potatoes.

It is an ungracious thing—the description of a young woman. You may have the picture of her clearly in your mind's eye—as Rickey had Miss Maggie's—but the transference of that picture, its reduction into terms of pink and white and red and blue and gold, and its reconstruction into phrase befitting skin, lips, eyes and hair—that is another matter. How are you going to convey the exact position of a dimple in relation to other features, the quirk of a smiling or frowning little mouth, the trick of a glance, or the customary wave or curl of hair—all that makes charm, and the peculiar, particular and personal charm of a given subject? As for Maggie, she had a clear skin and red lips, but not too red; her hair was yellowish—golden when she gave the sun a chance to strike it, which she did now and then, by witness of two or three nice little freckles on the bridge of her nice little nose. Her eyes were blue and had an honest and direct look—and a discomposing quality, also, in the case of Mr. R. Raymond; and yet, with all that, there were many women who denied Maggie any claim to beauty. Some remarked that her chin was too firm.

As Rickey came up there was just a flash of expression in the young woman's face that was welcoming, a quiver of forward impulse in the supple body and a flutter at the full, round throat; but, quick-eyed as he generally was, her visitor failed to notice this. She smiled, but her smile had a certain gravity—perhaps because his was so full of a challenging, mocking gayety as his spirit reasserted itself.

"Well, I'm back," he said, tossing his hat on the porch floor. "Glad to see me?" He put the flat package down, turning the inscription carefully toward her.

"Of course I'm glad to see you," she answered. "I'm always glad to see you, Mr. Raymond." But her chin was in evidence.

"I had a particular reason for asking," observed Rickey, disposing himself easily at her feet. "I wanted to know, and I allowed you could give me the information if you wanted to. You see I wasn't sure how it would be and now you've set my mind at rest. Hah!" He gave a sigh of relief.

Miss Maggie carefully dug an eye out of a potato.

"Your mind must give you a great deal of trouble," she observed.

"It does," agreed Rickey. "I've got it set on something."

"A good many things," corrected the young woman.

"It ain't so big as all that," said Rickey modestly. "It just naturally couldn't spread over much surface."

"Nothing larger than a poker table?" she suggested, with a lift of her eyebrows.

"Now that ain't fair," Rickey remonstrated. "It ain't fair and it shows you ain't posted about me. I ain't played a game of poker since you give me to understand it was sinful."

"Then how ——" Miss Maggie stopped and bit her lip.

"How?" inquired Rickey politely.

"Nothing particular," she answered. "It's nothing to me how you amuse yourself, of course; and if it wasn't poker I suppose it was something else."

"You're peeling them potatoes too thick," remarked Rickey.

"And it was gambling."

"That's the way I was deluded," said Rickey. "I went into it with the same idea; but, sho! it was dead open-and-shut robbery—that's what it was. I never called the turn once. D'you know I can 'most always tell when you're mad? That's a fact. You 'most always look mad."

"How do I look now?" asked Miss Maggie.

"Sweet as a peach!" returned Rickey gallantly. "Same's ever. Ain't changed a mite—have you?" There seemed to be point in the inquiry.

"Where's Nigger-horse?" Her look was particularly direct as she put the question, and Rickey felt some confusion as he tried unsuccessfully to meet it.

"Lemme see," he said, smiling weakly and with an assumption of lightness. "Nigger-horse? Why, yes. Seems to me like I left that little horse at Sentinel Butte. In the livery there. Yes, ma'am; that's what I done. Left him in the livery at Sentinel Butte. Sure."

"Then I must have been mistaken," said Miss Maggie reflectively. "I thought I saw your friend, Pat Burke, riding him down the street about an hour ago—or I would have thought so if I hadn't known you were rather particular about Nigger-horse."

There was no doubt about it. Rickey actually blushed through his brown skin—Rickey, who had always secretly prided himself upon his imperturbability and cultivated it under stress of circumstances throughout an eventful career. The young woman, with the ingenious cruelty of her sex, had touched an exceedingly raw spot. Then, with equally characteristic compassion, she tried to salve the hurt.

"Rickey, I'm sorry," she said kindly. "Did you have to sell him?"

"Me? Certainly not," answered Rickey truthfully, for he had the Spartan virtue. "I just naturally put Nigger-horse up against a hundred dollars for pastime. I didn't have to; I could have quit the game. The trouble with me is I hate to quit. Now there's this here little package," he continued after an awkward pause.

Miss Maggie shook her head decidedly.

"Just as you say." He balanced the package in his hand. "I didn't know. But I certainly did leave Nigger-horse at Sentinel Butte; and I didn't have no idea he was here, or Pat either. Don't want to take nothing from a trifling, no-account cowpinch, eh? Wouldn't consider it for a moment? I don't blame you. Who's this gentleman?"

A sturdily built, red-faced young man with a slight blond mustache was approaching the house from a trail that led down the hillside. He was roughly dressed in a shirt of blue flannel, open at the throat and with rolled-up sleeves, corduroy breeches, well worn and businesslike, and high laced boots, scuffed and dusty. By no means the effeminate tenderfoot that Rickey had half hoped to find.

"It's Mr. VanOpdom, a mining engineer," Miss Maggie informed him. "He's staying here with us. Rickey, you know very well ——"

"Sounds like something poured out of a jug," remarked Rickey as Mr. VanOpdom came up.

Miss Maggie made a declaration that pleased Rickey at the time.

"This is my friend, Mr. Raymond."

"How d'ye do?" said VanOpdom, nodding familiarly.

Rickey nodded back.

"How's yourself?" he answered.

The newcomer turned to Miss Maggie.

"I just got word that my boss has arrived and I came for some papers I want to show him," he explained.

"Oh!" exclaimed Maggie, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "Has he really come—and will we be having him for dinner?"

"You'd find him right tough eating," Rickey drawled. "I'd recommend plain, ordinary goat; but I don't think he'll walk round today. He's resting after a long ride."

The two others looked at him in surprise. Rickey enlightened them.

"I brought him in last night," he said. "I escorted him over the trail from Sentinel Butte. He wanted a handy man who knew the country and knew his place and would do what was ordered, so I applied for the job and got it. It's a pleasure to work for a gentleman like him."

Maggie said she was glad Mr. Cruser was nice. VanOpdom looked sharply at the escort; but Rickey's face wore its poker expression, compared with which a whitewashed stone wall was mobile and penetrable.

"He's mighty anxious to see you," added Rickey, addressing VanOpdom.

"Did he say so?" asked the mining engineer.

"Not in so many words," replied Rickey.

VanOpdom hesitated a moment and then, with a smile at Miss Maggie, entered the house.

"He's very nice," said the young woman after a safe interval.

"I judge so," Rickey assented. "And we're having fine moonlight these nights, ain't we?"

"Beautiful!" said Miss Maggie. "I must take my potatoes in to Annunciata; but don't go—I'm coming back."

Rickey was getting up; but at this assurance he lounged back against the porch pillar, and at the same moment VanOpdom came out with some blueprints in his hand.

"I'll go over and see him," he said to Rickey. "Over at the boarding house, isn't he?"

"That's it," Rickey answered. "Take the very best care of yourself and don't pay too much attention to him if he seems a little fretful. I've just extracted some money from him and the cavity's kind of sore yet."

VanOpdom favored him with a stare—which Rickey met blandly—and then walked briskly off toward the boarding house. In a minute or two Maggie reappeared, drying pink hands on a towel. Rickey looked at her with a sort of gloomy wistfulness. She contemplated him for a moment quite seriously, then laughed and tossed her towel back into the kitchen.

"I wonder what I'm waiting here for!" said Rickey. "I certainly am a hawg for punishment."

"I don't understand," said Maggie, crossing the porch and seating herself.

"Now this VanOpdom party," Rickey muttered—"very nice he is. Sort of narrow between the eyes, but very nice. Makes himself right to home, as if he just naturally belonged. Doesn't try to put on dog. Just easy and affable. Sure! Still, I'd like to know what's the matter with him staying at the boarding house."

"Maybe it's because father invited him to stay with us," suggested Maggie. "Perhaps he likes it better here."

"I wonder if that ain't the reason!" exclaimed the young man ingenuously. "Why, sure! It's simple enough, once it's explained. There's a good view of the moon from here too. Sure!"

A Love Token No Longer, But a Sordid Stake Upon a Gaming Table

"I wonder what business it is of yours," said Maggie coolly.

Rickey picked up the package beside him and tucked it under his arm.

"I reckon I got to be shagging on," he observed.

"Don't act foolish!" said the girl. "I was just going to tell you about that—that present. I didn't intend to hurt your feelings by not taking it, but you know I told you before that I couldn't. It was kind of you to think of me; but I can't let you give me things."

"You'd let me pack it back again right through the hot sun?" Rickey's tone was plaintive.

She nodded. Then, as a heavy footfall sounded within the house:

"There's father, back from the mine." Her face grew troubled.

"That's good," said Rickey easily. "I haven't seen the old man in a coon's age. I reckon he'll be tickled plumb to death."

"I suppose it's on account of Mr. Cruser," said Maggie hastily and with a listening ear for the door. "Mr. Cruser's coming is going to mean a great deal for the camp, father thinks; and, the way it's been, the Top-Notch has hardly paid expenses. Mr. VanOpdom ——"

"Maggie!" called a rasping voice. "Come your ways ben!"

The girl rose obediently and went into the house. Rickey heard her say something and the rasping voice answer her. He rolled a cigarette and lit it and waited. "I might as well get it all," he murmured philosophically. Then he looked up at the sound of a pronounced sniff that proceeded from Andrew Ross, superintendent of the Top-Notch Mine and Smelter.

He was a big, shambling man, with stooping shoulders and a long, equine face that looked even longer than it was by reason of a streaming, grizzled beard. His scalp was almost bald, but his eyebrows were abundant and ragged and knit formidably over a pair of cold gray eyes that now austerely surveyed Rickey from the doorway. He sniffed again.

"It's tobacco burning," explained Rickey. "I smoke it altogether. How are you, Mr. Ross?"

"I'm weel," said Mr. Ross—"suffeeciently weel. And what may you be doing here, Mr. Raymond?"

"I've just done brought the angel of prosperity to Garnet," answered Rickey; "a two-hundred-pound angel with a forty-inch waist. I'm expecting a vote of thanks from the camp, and meantime I'm meeting my many friends and sort of relaxing."

"I'll say for ye ye're a grand relaxer," said the superintendent grimly. "Nane better! But, withoot inciveelity, ye'll find the maist of yer freends the other side of the creek, I'm thinking."

"Meaning at The Only Show?" inquired Rickey suavely.

"Ye're no that slow at the uptake—I'll say that for ye too."

"Well, friends are friends wherever you find them," he said mildly.

"I'll have nae ungodly, deil-hae-me, drinking, dicing, drabbing cowboys round my hoose, to be plain wi' ye."

"And meaning no incivility," said Rickey. "Well, my best regards to Miss Maggie. I'll have to leave you."

He had descended the steps when the old man called to him:

"Are ye no leaving something?"

"That's so," said Rickey with the same deadly composure; and he turned back and picked up the package.

"Mr. Raymond," said an indignant voice over the superintendent's shoulder, "I'm apologizing for father; and I want you to know that you have always got one friend here."

. . . . . .

Later on it was a great satisfaction to Rickey to remember that he had been able to smile and sweep his hat gracefully in polite acknowledgment and farewell. He was defeated, but he went away with colors flying and all the

"I'll Have Nae Ungodly, Deil-Hae-Me, Drinking, Dicing, Drabbing Cowboys Round My Hoose"

honors of war possible to the vanquished. Yet, inwardly, all the fires of aroused jealousy and insulted manhood raged with a fury that made self-control a marvel. That Maggie had declared her friendship for him in the face of her tyrannical father's wrath was nothing to him then. Reason was timorously standing back, biding the time of reaction; and that time was long after he encountered Pat Burke at the hospitably open door of The Only Show.

Pat was looking discouraged.

"This here is sure a vale of tears and tribulation and two-spots, Rickey," he said. "Here I am, tolled over to this gully with vain rumors of a payday; and, by Godfrey! there ain't no payday and no telling if there ever will be. Now what's your opinion of such a state and condition of affairs and matters as that? Bear down on your sympathy siphon, sport, and let her fizz for me."

"You're wrong, Pat," said Rickey. "This is payday all right and I'm the one that's got paid. I was just wondering where I could get action—and here you are! Brought Nigger-horse up for me, too, I hear." He thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out some greenbacks, whereupon Mr. Burke took him affectionately by the arm and led him inside.

Rickey sat with his hat tilted forward to its accustomed angle and played with a mechanical adherence to form and rule that carried him along for several hands before his opponent noticed an indefinable quality of difference in him. Mr. Burke experimented for several hands more and Rickey won steadily. Then came the revelation.

"Well?" said Burke.

Rickey came back abruptly from an excursion into the realm of fancy, where he had been twisting his hand into Alexander Ross' streaming beard, while his knee pressed the esophagus of Mr. VanOpdom.

"Of course, if you don't want that pot ——" hinted Burke.

Rickey gathered it in without a flicker of embarrassment; but the gambler smiled to himself—and from that moment Rickey lost.

"I'll tell you one thing about poker that you don't seem to know," said the gambler presently, evening his stacks of chips with deft fingers.

"Yes?" said Rickey.

"When you play it you've got to give more or less of your mind to it," said Burke. "So that busts you, does it?"

"You might call it that," said Rickey, pushing back.

"What's in that?" asked Burke, pointing in the insolence of triumph to a package on the table. "I'll play you for that unseen. What you want to put it in for?"

"That?" said Rickey. "Oh, sure! Why not? That's worth fifty easy." The blood was still surging in his head, swelling and clogging the network of venous filaments that nourished or poisoned his brain. That part of the intricate machinery expressing what was Rickey still enabled him to laugh and push the package to the center of the table; but the rest was paralyzed. Then something seemed to snap and realization came with a rush. The box—Maggie's box—was before him; a love token no longer, but a sordid stake upon a gaming table. And the cards were in his hand.

"I see this isn't going to cost me a cent," remarked Burke cheerfully. "I stand pat. How about you?"

"Three," replied Rickey soberly, and the three fluttered to him. The gambler spread out kings full on jacks. Rickey laid down a straight heart flush.

"I reckon I'll have to pay more or less attention to the game," remarked the cowboy, as he drew the package back with the blue chips atop. "Now give me the deck and I'll show you how the quickness of the hand deceives the eye. Tribulation and two-spots for you, *hombre*, from this out."

Half an hour later, or even less, Rickey propounded the vital question: "Broke?"

"You might call it that," replied Burke. "I'm as near it as I ever let myself get at one session. You'll have to be satisfied with what you've got. Nigger-horse is in the corral and I'll let you pay the feed bill. That's cheaper than staking me. How long are you going to be in town?"

Rickey got up and pocketed his winnings.

"I'll be here for a right smart of a while; but this is my last game, Pat. Here's where I quit." He put the package under his arm again. "So-long!"

At the door he paused uncertainly and looked out. To the south and east was darkness, only dotted here and there by the lights from cabin windows. There was a soft radiance glowing through a blind in the upper story of the superintendent's house—but Rickey could not know that, within, Maggie Ross was crying into her pillow solely on his account; and he was at that moment particularly attracted by a torchlike flare ascending from the smelter's stack. As he stared at this a voice behind him said in his ear:

"They're making a run. Started up this afternoon on Number Three ore. They tell me things is agoing to hum, now this here capitalist has got here."

Rickey nodded to his shadowy informant and set out, directing his steps to the smelter. In a few minutes he was standing beside the shedded intake, at whose massive iron door a half-naked Mexican stood, leaning upon a slice-bar.

"Open her up!" said Rickey, in a voice of authority, and the Mexican obediently pulled a lever. A withering blast of heat burst out and sent him staggering backward; but, recovering himself, he advanced with a shielding arm across his face and threw the package into the seething, heaving mass of molten ore. There was a tiny upleap of yellow flame and the package vanished. The door clashed back into place.

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That night, after a belated supper, James Orr, half owner of the Lady Lou, made a proposal to his sleeping partner, Ricardo Raymond.

"I'll cut the keerds to see who washes the dishes," he said.

"Jimmie," returned Rickey gravely, "I ain't hidebound or prejudiced in my notions. If a man wants to gamble I'm agreeable to let him gamble. He may be able to do it and still be a man and not a lowdown hound; but I ain't. Consequentementally I let cards and such alone. Sabe? We'll wash them dishes turn about—and it's my turn. Furthermore, Jimmie, here's where I quit the cow industry and make a respectable ringtailed gopher of myself along of you, beginning at the north shaft bright and early in the morning."

When Rickey cared to let it be known that he was in earnest there was never any doubt in the mind of his hearer. Jim Orr believed him. He was not a demonstrative person, Jim, nor loquacious; but it was evident that he was pleased, though he merely remarked something about the dishpan being under the stove and indicated the necessity of removing from it the adhering biscuit dough. After that there was some desultory talk and Jim turned in.

As a usual thing, he slept soundly and without a break; but the unusual circumstance of a light at two o'clock A. M. woke him.

Rickey was leaning back in his chair, with his feet on the stove and a fat mail-order catalogue on his knee.

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Garnet Basin was beginning to lose the pleasant effects of its first draughts of prosperity and progress. The intoxication of capital had passed and the morning-after feeling had succeeded to a great extent. Paul Jarley Cruser, of New York, potent high priest of prosperity, sapient accumulator and judicious dispenser of capital, revivifier of industry, developer of natural resources and beneficent genius of enterprise, was no longer acclaimed as the savior of a busted community. He was getting himself disliked.

Things were humming at the Basin. Almost from the first day of Mr. Cruser's advent they had begun to hum. Dynamite blasts had echoed along the packtrail, through the passes of Monte Escobedo and to the desert; and, with a crashing of boulders, a tapping of picks and ringing of axes, the trail had grown to a road. Across the desert to Sentinel Butte there was a straight, rutted line cut by the slowly turning wheels of ox-drawn freight wagons that brought improved machinery for the Top-Notch Mine, and from that mine two tons of ore, at least, were dumped where one had been dumped before. Everybody was busily employed—that is to say, everybody who was willing to be employed by Mr. Cruser for what Mr. Cruser considered a reasonable remuneration for his toil. Evidences of capital were apparent on every hand and Garnet Basin had hungered for capital; progress was the order of the day and Garnet Basin had yearned for progress. Nevertheless, there were carping and disgruntled persons who, in the face of all this, publicly propounded the question, "Where in Tophet do we come in?"—and usually the question was unanswered.

"Oh, Rickey, You Won't Do Anything But Trouble Me to the Last Day I Live!"

Rickey Raymond, formerly of the Bar T cow outfit, and now actively engaged in the development of the Lady Lou Copper Mine, felt himself impelled to ask this of his partner, Jimmie Orr, whose optimism was at times irritating.

"Where do we come in?" repeated Jimmie. "Why, you lunkhead, ain't you got no sense at all? Don't it stand to reason that when they've got the new smelter they can afford to handle our ore a whole lot cheaper? What do you s'pose they have new, improved machinery for? Think they do it to get shut of their money? You got an idee they want to increase running expenses? No, sonny; they calculate to get the best results the cheapest way, and they're building this here smelter out of economy."

Rickey received this with a look of dawning enlightenment mingled with admiration.

"It sure takes you to figure things out," he said. "Now I wouldn't have thought of that in a million years. That's so, ain't it? They can afford to smelt cheaper and so they'll just naturally charge us a heap less. Sure! They wouldn't take no advantage of us because we can't help ourselves. Certainly not. No more than they'd raise on us."

"They had to do that because they was extra busy with their own ore," argued Jimmie. "Cruser told me that himself."

"Well, my mind's easy if Cruser said that," grinned Rickey. He set his thigh against his lower grip on the shovel-handle and vigorously resumed the loading of the tiny ore car that stood on rails of pine scantling in the drift.

(Continued on Page 32)

THE FUN OF GETTING THIN

Which Concerns the Exquisite Humors of Taking Off Fifty Pounds

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I Know the Person Round the Forties Doesn't Live Who Enjoys This Sort of Thing

A FAT man is a joke; and a fat woman is two jokes—one on herself and the other on her husband. Half the comedy in the world is predicated on the paunch. At that, the human race is divided into but two classes—fat people who are trying to get thin and thin people who are trying to get fat.

Fat, the doctors say, is fatal. I move to amend by striking out the last two letters of the indictment. Fat is fat. It isn't any more fatal to be reasonably fat than to be reasonably thin, but it's a darned sight more uncomfortable. So far as being unreasonably thin or unreasonably fat is concerned, I suppose the thin person has the long end of it. I never was thin, so I don't know. However, I have been fat—notice that "have been"? And if there is any phase of human enjoyment, any part of life, any occupation, avocation, divertisement, pleasure or pain where the fat man has the better of it in any regard, I failed to discover it in the twenty years during which I looked like the rear end of a hack and had all the bodily characteristics of a bale of hay.

When you come to examine into the actuating motives for any line of human endeavor you will find that vanity figures about ninety per cent, directly or indirectly, in the assay. The personal equation is the ruling equation. Women want to be thinner because they will look better—and so do men. Likewise, women want to be plumper because they will look better—and so do men. This holds up to forty years. After that it doesn't make much difference whether either men or women look any better than they have been looking, so far as the great end and aim of all life is concerned. Consequently fat men and fat women after forty want to be thinner for reasons of health and comfort, or quit and resign themselves to their further years of obesity.

Fatness After Forty

NOW I am over forty. Hence my experiments in reduction may be taken at this time as grounded on a desire for comfort—not that I did not make many campaigns against my fat before I was forty. I fought it now and then, but always retreated before I won a victory. This time, instead of skirmishing valiantly for a space and then being ignominiously and fatly routed by the powerful forces of food and drink, I hung stolidly to the line of my original attack, harassed the enemy by a constant and deadly fire—and one morning discovered I had the foe on the run.

It always makes me laugh to hear people talk about losing flesh—unless, of course, the decrease in weight is due to illness. No healthy person, predisposed to fat, ever lost any flesh. If that person gets rid of any weight, or girth, or fat, it isn't lost—it is fought off, beaten off. The victim struggles with it, goes to the mat with it, and does not debonairly drop it. He eliminates it with stern effort and much travail of the spirit. It is a job of work, a grueling combat to the finish, a task that appals and usually repels.

The theory of taking off fat is the simplest theory in the world. It is announced in four words: Stop eating and drinking. The practice of fat reduction is the most difficult thing in the world. Its difficulties are comprehended in two words: You cannot. The flesh is willing, but the spirit is weak. The success of the undertaking lies in the triumph of the will over the appetite. There's a lovely line of cant for you! Triumph of the will over the appetite. It sounds like the preaching of a professional food faddist, who tells the people they eat too much and then slips away and wolfs down four pounds of beefsteak at a sitting. However, I suppose it is necessary to say this once in a dissertation like this—and it is said.

In writing about this successful experiment of mine in reducing weight I have no theories to advance except one, and no instructions to give. I don't know whether my method would take an ounce off any other person in the world, and I don't care. I only know it took more than fifty pounds off me. I am not advancing any argument, medicinal or otherwise, for my plan. I never talked to a doctor about it, and never shall. If there are fat men and fat women who are fat for the same reasons I was fat I suppose they can get thin the way I got thin. If they are fat for other reasons I suppose they cannot. I don't know about either proposition.

I have great respect for doctors—so much respect, in fact, that I keep diligently away from them. I know the preliminaries of their game and can take a dose of medicine myself as skillfully as they can administer it. Also, I know when I have a fever, and have a working knowledge of how my heart should beat and my other bodily functions be performed. I have frequently found that a prescription, unintelligibly written but looking very wise, is highly efficacious when folded carefully and put in the pocketbook instead of being deposited with a druggist. I suppose that comes from a sort of hereditary faith in amulets. No doubt the method would be even more efficacious if the prescription were tied on a string and hung round the neck. I shall try that some time when my wife lugs in a doctor on me.

Still, doctors are interesting as a class. After you get beyond the let-me-feel-your-pulse-and-see-your-tongue preliminaries they are versatile and ingenious. Almost always, after you tell them what is the matter with you, they will know—not every time, but frequently. Also, they will take any sort of a chance with you in the interest of science. However, they generally send out for a specialist when they are ill themselves. When you come to think of it that is but natural. Almost any man, whether professional or not, will take a chance with somebody else that he wouldn't quite go through with on himself. Besides, doctors treat comparative strangers for the most part, and the interests of science are to be conserved.

Almost any doctor can tell you how to get thin. To be sure, no doctor will tell you to do the same things any other doctor prescribes, but it all simmers down to the same thing: Cut out the starchy foods and sweets, and take exercise. Also: Don't drink alcohol. The variations that can be played on this simple theme by a skillful doctor are endless. When a real specialist in fat reduction gets hold of you—a real, earnest reducer—he can contrive a diet that would make a living skeleton thin—and likewise put him in his little grave. I have had diets handed to me that would starve a humming-bird, and diets that would put flesh on a bronze statue; and all to the same end—reduction. Science has been monkeying with nourishment for the past ten or fifteen years to the exclusion of many other branches of research; and about all that has happened to the nourishment is the large elimination of nutriment from it.

Broadly speaking, the methods of fat reduction most in vogue are divided into four classes—mechanical, physical, medicinal and dietary. The first two are not worth considering by a man who has anything else to do. I do not doubt that a man who could devote his whole time to the work could, by means of some of the appliances offered—from the apparatus in a gymnasium to rubber shirts, get off fat—nor do I doubt the efficacy of exercise and its accompaniments in the way of sweating and baths and all that; but when a person has a living to make these methods are useless, not through any demerit of their own but because the man who is fat hasn't the time or opportunity and, more than all, soon fails in the inclination to use them.

I Set the Weight at Two Hundred and Thirty-Five and It Bounded Up Like a Rubber Ball

A Fat Woman Is Two Jokes—One on Herself and the Other on Her Husband

More Diets Than Religions

IF YOU can tell me anything more ghastly than taking a system of canned exercises in the morning or at night in one's bedroom or bathroom, or elsewhere, with no other incentive than some physical gain that, when you come to sum it up, is largely fictitious in value—or comes inevitably to be thought so—I would like to have you step forward and name it. I have been all through that phase of it, and I know; and I also know by heart the patter of the persons who recommend it. Further, I know the person round the forties doesn't live who enjoys this sort of thing—no matter what he says about it; and without enjoyment exercise is of no use or worse than useless. It can be done, of course; and lumps of muscle can be stuck on almost any part of the body—but what's the use to the person who has to make a living? Then, too, I am speaking now of methods that can be used by men and women who are no longer young. A young man can and will do stunts in physical culture that an older man cannot do, either satisfactorily or comfortably.

So far as the medicinal or drug method of fat reduction is concerned, any fat man or woman who takes drugs to reduce flesh, or to help, deserves all that he or she will get—and that will be plenty. There's no need of saying anything further on that subject. Then there remains the dietary method—the old familiar friend, diet. Starting with William Banting—maybe it didn't start with William, but before him—but, starting with Bill for present purposes, there have been more systems of diet invented and promulgated than there have been systems of religion—and that means about one in every hundred has evolved a system.

You can get them of all sorts and all sure to do the work, ranging from an exclusive diet of beefsteak and spinach to desiccated hay and creamed alfalfa. There are monodiets, duodiets, vegetable diets, fruit diets, nut diets—all kinds of diets—each guaranteed to take off flesh if you have too much or to put it on if you have too little. Basically, however, the antiflesh diets are about the same. You are told to cut out everything you want to eat and exist on triply toasted bread and the white meat of a chicken, or string beans and sawdust, or any other combination the sharps say will not produce fat, but will sustain life in a

lingering form. They surround these diet talks and presentments with a lot of frills about proteins and calories and all that sort of guff, and make it as difficult as possible. Now, mark you, I am not saying diet—scientific diet—is not a good thing, a magnificent step forward in the progress of this world; but I am saying that the average fat-reducing diet is impossible to any but a man or woman of the ultimate will-power, and is a hardship that need not be endured. I have tried these diets, and I know! They may help reduce flesh, but they are not easy to follow and they do not contain things that any person wants to eat or is accustomed to eat, or will eat, to the exclusion of things that person does want to eat and will eat. It can be done. One of these diets can be followed if the will-power is there, and the flesh will come off; but the method does not conduce to the best results—the physical force is reduced, and there is a much easier way.

I have one of these diet lists before me now from the highest-priced flesh-reducing specialist in the world, who claims to have taken mountains of flesh off mountainous men. In the beginning, for example, it says: "You will understand, of course, that sugar is entirely debarred. Also, that fats, milk, cheese, cream, eggs, and so on, are cut off for the time being. Also that bread and farinaceous foods are all cut off. In place of bread or toast you must use gluten biscuits." For breakfast, in this dietary, one or two gluten biscuits are allowed and a cup of unsweetened coffee. Also, six ounces of lean grilled steak, chops or chicken, and any white fish—or the whites of two eggs.

This is about the layout for luncheon and dinner. It is all about as exciting and appetizing as that. The proposition is, of course, that you are not taking food which will make fat and you must, therefore, inevitably lose flesh. So far so good; but the difficulty is not in the system, but in the hardship of carrying it out. You can't have anything to eat that you want to eat. You torture yourself for a space and lose some flesh; then when you do go back to your normal method of eating the flesh comes galloping back—and there you are! It is the same with exercise. You can take off fat by exercise; but, once you begin, you are doomed to everlasting exercise, for the minute you stop back comes the fat—and more of it than you had before you began to reduce.

What Happened

IT IS a tough game, anyway you play it, if you are disposed to be fat. No man living, who isn't a freak, can persist always in one diet. Nor can any man who has anything else on his mind be always exercising—especially after he has reached forty years of age, when there are so many better things to do and time is valuable, and the real idea of how to live has just begun to percolate. Also, until one is forty, if reasonably healthy, flesh is a joke, and not so much of a burden as it becomes later. I haven't a thing in the world against any or all of these methods. I have tried most of them and know most of them are bogus; but I am not trying to dissuade any person from taking off fat in any way that suits any individual fancy or the fancy of any reducer into whose hands the victim may have fallen. If you have a good method go to it—and more power to you!

My idea is this: I am setting down here a record of my own experiences, and that is all. Every person who does not like what I have to say is cheerfully advised to lump it. Any person who is as fat as I was and who wants to get thinner is at liberty to follow my method. If circumstances are similar results will be similar. If not there will be no results. I am not advising or urging or putting forth any propaganda. Here is what happened. It may suit you or it may not. Either way I am indifferent. In the words of the coon song: "I've got mine!"

I hope I make myself clear. I have no mission or message or any flubdub of that kind. I am not one of those boys who urge you to do this for your own good. I have read a ton of literature put out by persons who found something that agreed with them and immediately started out to reform the world along that line. Your reformer, anyhow, is a person who wants all the rest of the world to do as he wants the rest of the world to do, not as the rest of the world wants to do. And the reason reformers get past so numerously is because our society is so constituted that we spend every one of our brief years doing what other people want us to do and tell us to do, and never do anything we ourselves want to do. Once I got seventeen pounds of books telling that the only way to cure everything was to fast. I knew a man who tried that. The results were grand. He fasted a long time and cured himself of what ailed him. Only, unfortunately, just before the last vestige of disease was removed the fasting killed him. I contend that man might just as well have died of what ailed him originally as to cure that disease and die of the cure. It seems to me it is as broad as it is long.

However, have at this fat-reduction process of mine! You must bear with a few personal reminiscences. I was a big, husky brute of a boy—thick-chested, broad-shouldered, country-reared and with an appetite that knew no bounds. After I got going at my business, when I was twenty-five or so, I was pinned down to a desk for about ten years. I worked hard in a most exacting place. I was so healthy it hurt. I had just as much appetite for food as I had ever had; but I didn't get a chance to bat round as I had been accustomed to do and burn up that food. The result was inevitable. I began to get fat. I had a big chest—forty-six inches—and the fat filled in underneath. That big chest, combined with my broad shoulders, concealed the size of my paunch, and I didn't realize I was accumulating that paunch until it was soldered, riveted, lashed, glued, nailed and otherwise fastened to me.

I Have Had Diets Handed to Me That Would Starve a Hummingbird

When I got my growth I weighed about one hundred and eighty-five pounds and was a pretty formidable physical proposition. When I woke up to the fact that I was getting fat I found I weighed two hundred and twenty pounds. That extra thirty-five pounds was mostly fat—excess baggage. Still, it didn't bother me any. I had the strength to tote it round and had the shoulders and the chest to conceal it. I didn't show a bay window, as most fat men do. As they used to say: "You're big all over. You carry it all right."

All this time I was eating three or four times a day and eating everything that came my way. Also, I drank some—not excessively, but some whisky and some beer, and occasionally some wine and cocktails—about the average amount of drinking the average man does. I thought I was getting too fat, and I wrestled with a bicycle all one summer, taking long rides and plugging round a good deal. I did some centuries, but continued eating like a horse—naturally because of the outdoor exercise—and drank a good deal of beer. As will be seen, all the fat I had was legitimate enough. I put it on myself. There was no hereditary nonsense about it. I was responsible for every ounce of it. The net result of that summer's bicycle campaign was a gain of five pounds in weight. I was harder—but I was fatter too.

When I was thirty-five I began to experiment. I then weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds. I went to the canned-exercise, the physical-torture professor, the diet, the salts, and all the rest of it, taking off a few pounds but putting it all back again—and more—as soon as I stopped.

These attempts numbered about two a year. Between times I ate as I wanted to and drank as I pleased. Things ran along until the first of January, 1911. I knew I was getting fatter, for my tailor told me so and my belts and old clothes all proved it. Still, I didn't bother much. I thought I was lingering round about two hundred and thirty-five—too much, of course; but I got away with it pretty well, except in hot weather and when I went up in the high mountains, and I was reasonably content. I was fat, all right. My waist was only two inches smaller than my chest and that meant my waist was forty-four inches in girth. As a matter of fact, being scant five feet ten and a half, I was bigger than a house; but I deluded myself with that stuff about my broad shoulders and my deep chest, and thought it didn't show. It did show, of course. I was a fat man—a big fat man—carrying forty pounds or more of excess weight.

I had dieted and quit; exercised and quit; gone on the waterwagon and fallen off; had fussed round a good deal, spending a lot of money in the attempt, and I was getting fatter all the time. I hated to admit that fact. I tried to fool myself into the conviction that I wasn't getting any larger—and all the time I knew I was. I even went so far as to stop getting on the scales; and when anybody—as almost everybody did—said, "Why, you're getting bigger, ain't you?" I always replied: "No, I think not. I stick along about two hundred and thirty-five pounds."

A year ago last summer I went up into the mountains, where I usually go for my fun. I had noticed a shortness of breath and a wheeziness in previous summers, and had felt my heart pounding pretty hard; but that summer I noticed these things acutely. I couldn't get any air to breathe. My heart pounded like a pneumatic riveter. Any little exertion tired me; and when in the lowlands in hot weather I was the perspiring marvel and the most uncomfortable as well as the sloppiest person you ever saw. It was fierce!

Record Weight

I WAS doing a good deal of walking in those days—had to burn up the fuel I was taking into my body. Also, I noticed it was mighty hard to keep awake after dinner unless I got out into the air and kept moving. I felt well enough and the doctors said I was organically all right. I kept informed on those points—but I was fat! Also, though I lied to myself, I knew I was getting fatter.

On New Year's Day, 1911, I weighed myself. I don't know why, for I hadn't been on a scale for two or three years. I set the weight at two hundred and thirty-five and it bounded up like a rubber ball; so I shoved it along to two hundred and forty and it still stayed up in the air. When I got a balance I found I weighed two hundred and forty-seven pounds. I was amazed! Also, I was scared; for it instantly occurred to me that if I had gone up to two hundred and forty-seven in two or three years from two hundred and thirty-five I should keep on going up if my manner of living didn't change—and that presently I should weigh three hundred!

That two hundred and forty-seven pounds was a facer. I was forced to admit to myself that I was fat, disgustingly fat—too fat; and that I should get fatter! So I sat down and looked the situation in the eye. I recounted all my former efforts to get thin and discarded them one by one. I knew myself, and knew the ordinary diet proposition and the ordinary exercise proposition were not for me. I knew I was wheezy and that my heart was getting choked with fat; that there were great folds of it on me, and that it was up to me to get rid of it or quit and wait for the inevitable end. If it kept on I knew I should blow up some fine day. Besides, I was uric-acidy, rheumatic and stertorous and clumsy. I had about fifty or sixty pounds of poisonous junk wrapped round me, and I knew I should suffer for it in the end, though I didn't feel it much and carried it with a fair assumption of lightness.

(Continued on Page 30)

THE REJECTED PLANET

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

"IF EVERYTHING that is true were so none of us could believe what he knew!" said Chief Engineer O'Rourke, balancing his mushbowl between his palms while Light Vessel Number 188 lurched sickeningly to the thrust of a big sea. "This wor-rld, including the watther that just tossed us, was made in sivin days. The Good Book says six, but we will allow sivin. And the Lor-rd has been busy iver since keeping the thing going. 'Tis true. Yez all believe it; but yez are ignorant. Ye niver helped build a wor-rld, and yez know nothing about the exthraordinary throuble it is. I know all about it and I believe it, too, though I allow sivin days for good measure. I helped Tim O'Shea, the wisest man in Ireland, consthruct a whole wor-rld. It took him and me together three years' har-rd wor-rk. 'Twas whin me father—Hivin give rest to his weary soul!—presinted me with five thousand pounds on me twenty-fir-rst birthday, his blessing and the old hor-rse."

When Mickey O'Rourke referred to that mythical occasion and the five thousand pounds we knew what to expect. He would spend that enormous sum generously on us within the next hour. The captain grinned and ordered the messboy to bring us a celebrant cheese and the walnuts.

"I remimber the mar-rning well," O'Rourke went on. "Me father sat by the cold fire wid a cold pipe in his mouth. Me mother was blowing the ashes from the ember.

"'It needs a young breath to stir an old fire,' says she.

"'The childher of today are a wor-rthless lot!' answers me father, scowling at me. 'Whin I was young I blew me mother's fire. Now I have to wait an hour for a light to me pipe.'

"'I will take nothing from yez!' I returns proudly. 'I scor-rn your language. I will go into the wor-rld and blow me own coals wid me own breath.'

"The old man got up and roared frightfully at me.

"'No son of mine can answer me back widout throuble!' says he. 'I disinherit yez feriver! Depar-rt from me door!' And he reached up into his tobacco sack and drew out a lot of money. 'Here is five thousand pounds. Take the old white hor-rse and leave us. 'Tis all the fortune ye'll iver get from me!'

"So I took the money, all in gold and five-pound notes, looked at me father superciliously and wint out widout a wor-rd.

"Whin I had put me jacket across the hor-rse's back and was for mounting, me mother came to the door and said: 'Mickey, me bhoy, remimber to be good. It took me ten years to save the money yez have. It may last yez till ye find a wife to suppor-rt yez.' And she gave me six fresh eggs, a bit of a loaf and her blessing. Angels above and saints in glory be kind to her!

"So I wint down the road and round the hill in the gray mar-rning and wondered where I should go. At Houlihan's gate who should I see but Tim O'Shea, looking disconsolate. To cheer him up, I infor-rmed him that I was disinherited, and only five thousand pounds.

"'And where are yez going, Mickey?' he demands, glowering at the sky.

"'To see the wor-rld, Tim,' I answers him.

"'Tis not wor-rth the throuble, Mickey,' says he. 'I have seen it and I could make a betther.'

"'Has Moira tur-rned her head away from yez for good?' I inquired, knowing where the bitterness lay. 'Or is Pat Murphy the betther man?'

"'The gir-rls niver know an educated gintleman whin they see him,' says Tim. 'Did I not go to school? And whin the priest could do no more didn't I go to university and become a scholar? Pat Murphy can't even hold a pen!'

"'A pen is a poor thing between the fingers whin soft hands are war-rm,' I retor-rts. 'And why write whin yez can speak?'

"'I am the wisest man in the county,' he remar-rks. 'I have me degrees and know manny things that would astonish ye.'

"'Niver astonish a woman till she is wed to yez,' I said.

"'I will yet astonish Moira Kelly,' retur-rns me bould Tim. 'She has scor-rned a man who is betther than the whole tribe of Murphys!' And he hild his head between his hands.

"What could I say to comfor-rt him? I repeated an old saying: 'The wor-rld is wide.'

"'Too wide,' says Tim. 'It is full of Murphys. But I will make me a new wor-rld widout anny Murphys in it. I have the wisdom. Wid your five thousand pounds I can create a new planet exactly after me own mind; but I am broke and cannot buy the material.'

"I was taught by me mother to be kind to the poor. I pulled out me gold and five-pound notes and thrust thim into Tim's hand.

"'Build your wor-rld,' I said. 'I will take this one.'

"'Me wisdom tells me that yez will meet wid misfor-rtune,' says Tim. 'Come wid me and I will allow yez a share in me new place.'

"'I am now a poor man,' I answered him. 'I have already spent me inheritance. I will hire out to yez for wages.'

"So we agreed that he should give me six shillings a week and a bite to eat. 'Undherstand,' says me brave Tim O'Shea, 'that I will dischar-rge yez if yez do not wor-rk accor-rding to me commands.'

"'The bottom of the pot is black,' says I; 'but I will eat out of it nevertheless. Lead on.'

"So we traveled manny miles till we came to a high cliff. On the edge of it we sat down and Tim O'Shea explained to me that he had studied all the rules of creation and science.

"'The scholars know exactly how the sun is made and how the stars rise and set, and why the earth goes round. They have it down in books how plants grow and why no man sees the dead. I have lear-rned it all. Here I have earth, sand and watther. Put them together accor-rding to the rules; make them into a round ball—a flir-rt with the sthrong thumb of a wise man and yez have a wor-rld whir-rling in space! I will now do it.'

"'And whin it is done how will yez climb on it and stick there?' I demands. 'And no woman, much less me brave Moira, will consint to keep house on a round ball twisting in the high air.'

"'There was one mistake made whin this wor-rld was created,' retor-rts me bould Tim. '"Twas that a woman was put on it! 'Tis the solit'ry thing which science cannot explain. I will have no women on me wor-rld.'

"Thin he tould me to pile up rocks and earth while he wint to town to buy other things.

"'I will retur-rn wid certain ilimints nicissary for the wor-rk,' he tould me.

"So he took me hor-rse and depar-rted, l'aving me to sweat over me task. 'Twas evening whin he came back and I could see by his way of sitting on the hor-rse's neck that he had spint money for the ilimints. Whin he had arrived and got up from where he fell Tim remar-rked: 'Ye see how this wor-rld is whir-rling in space? That is astronomy. I know how 'tis done.'

"Wid that he directed me to put earth in one pocket, stones in another and carry grass.

"'Now we will go,' he said.

"To the horror of me bould Mickey we rose into the air whiles Tim chanted a song in Latin backwar-rds. Prisintly I saw the wor-rld—a mere green speck below us.

"'Here we will stop,' says Tim, 'and begin our wor-rk.'

"Niver have I labored so har-rd as I did for two years. Tim directed the operations and I carried the materials through the air by the power of wor-rds which he taught me. I packed all the stuff for that wor-rld and I know how har-rd it is to do it; but in the end it was done, perfectly round, wid lakes, rivers, trees, turf, a bog and as good fishing as yez will find annywhere.

"'Now,' says me wise Tim, 'we will give it a twist—and there we are!'

"So we took hold and made it tur-rn like a ball in the air, till Tim said 'twas enough.

"'It needs centripetal for-rce to keep the men and animals on it, and the centrifugal for-rce, which is neutralized on the old wor-rld, will prevint anny women from getting so much as a foothold.'

"'"Tis a fine wor-rld,' says I, watching it spin; 'but it is small.' It was, being not over ten miles round.

"'Small it is,' retur-rns Tim O'Shea; 'but it is perfect. Observe that there is no England on it—and I will have but one landlor-rd and him in a cage like an animal in the zoo.'

"'Take me father's,' I remar-rks. 'I am disinherited, but I have feelings for me family.'

"'I will do yez the favor,' says me brave Tim. 'Now we will build a house.'

"So we spent a six-month consthructing a lovely cabin, wid a fireplace, two big beds, a seat by the door, and a window. And whin it was done we sat down to enjoy the evening over our pipes.

"'Yez have finished a marvelous wor-rk, Tim,' I remar-rks. 'What are yez going to do?'

"'I will now enjoy me wor-rld,' retur-rns Tim, blowing the smoke at a hummingbir-rd which I accidentally brought over from the other wor-rld. 'Here we are, snug and fine, a fire on the hearth, a quilt on the bed and a pot in the ashes—no women and no childher. We will go fishing in the mar-rning.'

"So we lived this way, enjoying oursilves highly for another six-month. At the end of that time I said to Tim:

"'I must go and see me mother. She is old.'

"He thought long and then said:

"'Mickey, yez may go. But I trust yez. I have taught ye par-rt of me wisdom and I bind yez by the powers of dar-rkness not to give me away. Neither man nor maid must know of this new wor-rld at all at all!'

"'"Tis so,' I agreed. 'I will take me mother some of the trout we caught last evening.'

"I said the black wor-rds and depar-rted through the air to the other wor-rld and found the foot of the road to me father's house. The sun was setting and the old smells rose into me nostrils. Whin I saw me father's field I felt in me mind what I should say. Maybe he would ask of me what I had done wid the thousands of pounds, and I had no explanation ready. As I was pondering this I hear-rd a soft voice from the hedge calling me—'Mickey! Mickey O'Rourke!' I looked round and saw Moira Kelly standing there in the twilight.

"'Good evening to yez,' I told her.

"'Good evening to yez, Mickey,' she retur-rns. 'I thought yez were seeing the wor-rld.'

"'I have seen it,' I remar-rked. 'I have been gone three years.'

"'Where is Tim O'Shea that went wid yez?' she said carelessly, coming forward.

"'That I am swor-rn niver to tell,' I answers her.

"'Thin he came to disgrace?' she whispers.

"'If it be disgrace to sit by his own door and stare at his own land, wid neither lord nor lady to give the rent to, thin Tim O'Shea is disgraced,' says I.

"She stood there long, wid her slim fingers plucking at her skir-rt. Whin she looked up undher the long lashes I saw a tear.

"'And who was the gir-rl that he should leave his own people to wed?' she whispered.

"'This Tell Me Gallant Tim That I Have Forgotten Him,' She Says Slowly Wid a Little Curve in Her Red Lips"

"'He is not wed,' I retur-rned. 'He will niver marry. He scor-rns all women.'

"'I see ye carry fine trout in your hand,' she retur-rned.

"'They are for me mother,' I replied. 'They are from Tim O'Shea's lake.'

"'Where is this grand place?' demands me bould Moira.

"'I am swor-rn niver to say,' I answered.

"'Thin he knew yez would meet me?' she whispered, this time wid a smile.

"'He said nothing of yez,' I retur-rned.

"'Thin tell me gallant Tim that I have forgotten him,' she says slowly wid a little curve in her red lips. 'Will ye give him that message?'

"'Twill give him joy,' I responded.

"Wid that we par-rted and I wint on to me father's house. He sat by the door as I came up.

"'Where is the old hor-rse, Mickey?' he demands, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"'He is eating grass in the meadow of my place,' I answered, and wint inside and kissed me mother and gave her the trout. Later I came out and smoked silently by the door, like anny man of property. So I stayed that night.

"Early in the mar-rning I kissed me mother goodby and retur-rned to Tim O'Shea's wor-rld. I found him blowing the fire for a coal to light his pipe. He tur-rned round whin I entered the door and asked me:

"'Are they all well?'

"'Quite well,' I answered.

"'And yez saw iverybody?' says Tim.

"'Iverybody,' I replied.

"'I suppose the maids are all married and the men all sorry,' he wint on.

"'I saw one maid not married,' I told him. 'Twas Moira Kelly. She said to tell yez that she had forgotten ye.'

"'And Pat Murphy?' he demanded.

"'He is still there,' I responded. 'He is going to Dublin to wor-rk.'

"That ended our conversation, and we fished and enjoyed ourselves another six-month. Then I felt that I must see me old mother again; and I depar-rted.

"Once more I met Moira on the road and she smiled.

"'Is it you, Mickey O'Rourke?' she demanded.

"So I stopped to speak wid her and she inquired for Tim O'Shea.

"'He is enjoying himsilf,' I told her.

"'Did he speak of me?' she asked.

"'Niver,' I said. 'I told him yez had forgotten him.'

"'Tis thrue—I had,' she said. 'Seeing you it was that reminded me of him.'

"I wint on to the house and saw me mother, and ate wid her; but somehow I could not stay. The smells made me feel like a stranger, our own wor-rld being new and widout much use of it showing. So I got up at tin o'clock and said: 'I must go back.'

"'A long road is rough in the dark,' says me mother. 'Stay the night.'

"'I have me conveyance,' I remar-rked. 'And Tim O'Shea expects me.'

"'Have yez another bed kept war-rm for yez?' she demands.

"'I am still unwed,' I told her.

"'Tis a poor fire that is only a coal for a pipe,' says she; "but, if yez will sit by such, go on.'

"I traveled down the road, wondhering about manny things, whin I hear-rd a queer sound in the dar-rkness. 'Twas the cry of a woman. I left the path and wint toward it. Suddenly a voice said:

"'Who is there?'

"'Mickey O'Rourke,' I answers. 'And who cries in the dar-rk?'

"'Moira Kelly,' comes the whisper.

"'Whin maids cry in the dar-rk a man bites his fingers by the table in some public house,' I responded.

"'I cry for no man,' she retor-rted with spirit. ''Tis because I am a woman and no man at all.'

"'What would yez do if yez were a man?' I inquired.

"'Thin I would have no tears in me eyes and could sit by the fire; and nobody would say, "What's the matther?"' says she.

"'Tis a woman's way to conthradict what ye have not said,' I retor-rted. 'But I am on me road back to Tim O'Shea and cannot stay to listen to weeping gir-rls. If yez need a sthrong man, a shar-rp eye or a clean shilling I am here. Otherwise let me pass on, for I am busy.'

"'I need neither man, eye nor silver,' she answers me. 'I need only a fireside of me own, a kind wor-rd and quiet at evening. I live wid me mother and seven childher. I am weary of it all, Mickey O'Rourke!'

"I thought, me feet deep in the grass and the smell of me mother's house in me nostrils. Thin I spoke, as a man will in the dar-rk.

"'Will yez marry me, Moira Kelly?' I aska her.

"Her hands met mine in the dusk and I suddenly saw mesilf glorified—but 'twas only her hands she gave me.

"'Yez have a good hear-rt, Mickey,' she whispers. 'And yez would be a good husband and I could look at yez across the hear-rth widout tur-rning away. But I will tell yez all the truth, because ye have spoken as niver man yet spoke to me but one, and him a poor felley widout any ways wid him. I will marry no man but Tim O'Shea.'

"I stood there in the dar-rk like a man sthruck from behind.

"But yez refused to have annything to do wid him!" I tould her.

"'He niver asked me to wed wid him,' she whispered. 'He sat and glowered whin he should have stood up and hild out his ar-rms. So I scor-rned him. And now he is clean gone and a rich man.'

"I answered the gir-rl nothing, for I was thinking in me own mind. Thin I said:

"'He is clean gone from yez.'

"'Where?' she asks.

"'I am swor-rn not to tell,' I replied.

"I could barely see the white of her throat as she stood there meditating. Thin she thrust out her hands and took mine. 'I have hear-rd ye ask me to marry yez, Mickey,' says she. 'I have refused ye. But because ye have a tender hear-rt and an honest mind I will rewar-rd ye. No man has iver kissed me. Kiss me, Mickey!'

"She came into me ar-rms and I felt the lips of her on mine. I would have held her till she promised to marry me; but she drew out and slapped me so that I saw lights before me eyes.

"'Now that I have paid that bill,' says she boldly, 'I will give yez one more kiss if ye will tell me where Tim O'Shea is.'

"The fire bur-rned in me veins and I saw mesilf sitting on the seat outside a door smelling the cooking within.

"'I have swor-rn black wor-rds niver to tell,' I answered her. 'But what is my soul against a kiss? I will tell yez.' I reached out me ar-rms.

"'Yez must thrust me fir-rst,' says she. 'Tell me and thin I will rewar-rd yez.'

"So I tould her of me bould Tim's new wor-rld and the lovely house, the grand lake, the fish in it, the seat by the door.

"'And how do yez get there, Mickey?' she demands.

"'By wor-rds not fit to speak before yez,' I infor-rmed her. 'Ye will niver see him.'

"She wouldn't believe me. She would give me no kiss and tould me I had lied for the sake of winning what I was not entitled to. So at last I gave in. 'Come wid me and I will show yez where he is; but ye must niver let him know what I have done in giving his secret away. And he must niver know ye iver set foot on that wor-rld.'

"So she swore by the saints above and the depths below that she would say nothing.

"All night we traveled until we came to the cliff. There I told her to look up.

"'Ye see that big planet in the sky?'

"'I do,' says she.

"'That is it,' I infor-rmed her. 'Now we will go.' And I war-rned her that Tim must niver see her.

"By me insthructions she put one hand in me pocket and took hold of me jacket wid the other. Thin I said the wor-rds and we flew out into the air and prisintly lit in front of Tim's house.

"'The door is shut,' says she, staring round in the dawn. 'I don't believe Tim is here. Open the door.'

"I refused until I saw that Moira was getting angry. So I said:

"'Yez will but step to the doorway and peep in. Yez will see me bould Tim asleep.'

"I opened the door and I felt her breath on me cheek as she peered in over me shouldher. By the fireplace sat Tim, smoking. He tur-rned his head and saw the two of us—and his pipe broke on the hear-rth.

"'The best of the mar-rning to yez, Tim O'Shea,' says the gir-rl.

"Tim stooped down and picked up the broken clay and stared at it. Whin he saw that it could not be mended he tur-rned on me.

"'Yez have lied and thereby lost your soul,' he remar-rks in a terrible voice.

"'Twas worth the price,' I replies. 'She kissed me once—and she will kiss me again for showing her that yez are still alive and unwed.'

"At that the bould man rose on his legs and came toward me. 'Ye kissed her?' he demands violently. 'For that I will kill yez!'

"'And she owes me one more kiss,' I said. 'She swore that she would do so whin I had shown her where you were.'

(Concluded on Page 37)

"'Can Yez Build a Worrld Widout a Woman?' she Demands in His Ear"

"We Rose Into the Air While Tim Chanted a Song in Latin Backwarrds"

SUPERANNUATED

By CASPAR DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY BLENDON CAMPBELL

THOMPSONVILLE lies back five uphill miles by a clay road from the railroad. Mrs. Wicks looked from the east window of the kitchen with growing anxiety as four o'clock drew on—and five; the Sunbury train stops at Susquehanna Siding at three-eighteen. The lovely rolling contours of the valley lands were hiding themselves in mist before night fell. The time was April, though the season hung in March. Conference had been sitting for three days in Sunbury.

"Your pah walked," the good woman said finally. "Them shoes with the patent tips only cost two-fifty; so they aren't made for anything rougher'n to preach in. I don't see a team nowheres. I s'pose he didn't feel to hire a rig if he's kep' on here next year at the same as we're getting."

Henrietta, the minister's daughter, was voiceless -so left by an illness in babyhood. Her hearing was perfect, and she spoke the finger-language. Small talk went on in the Wicks household as in any family, save that both parents, after speaking, instead of listening, turned toward Henrietta and watched her hands. So binding was this habit of attention that twenty-four Pennsylvania parishes remembered Brother Wicks as a man who always faced you, but rarely looked you in the eyes when engaged in common talk.

"It's a bad sign," commented Henrietta.

"I used to pray over Conf'rence; but of late years I've give it up I only dread 'em."

"Yes."

The daughter was tall and pale, with a singular wan, wistful childishness of expression flashing at moments through the muscular habits which stamp an adult face.

"When you were a baby I used to expect pah'd get passed up some year to one of the big city churches, an' rouse up a terrible revival, and be famous and make our fortunes. But 'twasn't to be. I was real young then!—— I guess you better start supper, Retta, and have a good fire ready for him."

Mrs. Wicks went on twisting rushes into the hundred-and-thirty-foot cord that goes to a chairseat. A hostile patter of sleet began upon the north window. The room grew dimmer and dimmer, save when Henrietta came with the lamp from cellar or pantry.

At six, Brother Wicks came home. He was small, very spare, with gray eyes and a long nose. His overcoat was wet; it gave off a musty smell of dye as Henrietta took it.

"I've Been a Cow Too!" He Said Aloud

Mother and daughter glanced at each other in sudden panic behind his stooping shoulders. Conference had aged Mr. Wicks—and angered him too.

"I'm sorry you felt to walk, Emerson. Take your shoes right off. Now shove up an' say grace, an' we'll give you a hot supper quicker'n Jack Robinson."

"Stewed veal," signaled Retta's fingers. "Wilson's folks killed their calf and cut off some neck before they sold it. I cooked it with a bay leaf."

He shook his head. His wife swept her sheaf of dampened rushes aside and drew her own chair up behind him toward the table, forcing him to sit. The daughter placed hot food on the red cloth and lit the second lamp. Brother Wicks fell into place in spite of himself. He served three plates and began to eat without pause.

"Pah!" cried his wife. "Oh, pah!" Such a thing had happened but once before. There rose before her eyes the snaky pattern of the wall paper in the scarlet-fever room of the parsonage at Oriola, as it was years ago—the evening when Harry died and little George, and the doctor said Henrietta would not last the night. They had been in the parsonage only three weeks then, and the window curtains were not up, and several of the neighbors were right inside watching; but Emerson Wicks had set a stern young face to the lamplight and had eaten a bread-and-milk supper without returning thanks to his Maker. His wife had never asked why—personally she distrusted the wall paper rather than the Lord; but the recurrence of the minor sacrilege tonight filled her with panic.

"Pah," Mrs. Wicks pleaded unsteadily, "you got something bad you're keepin' back. Do get it over."

He looked at Retta's fingers. They spelled: "Let him eat first. He's so tired." With a grunting sigh he returned to the veal stew.

It was thirty years since Mrs. Wicks had been beautiful; she loomed behind the table now, big and gaunt, yet lumpy; and her frightened eyes saw for the first time that her mate was old. Suppose—suppose they all lived, and he got too old to drive the country roads and preach in schoolhouses, and bury or marry people in bad weather, so that the Methodist Church had no more use for him!

"Oh, pah!" she cried shrilly. "Ain't I always told you I could stand anything Conf'rence would give us—anything except Wapwallopen and Oriola! Ain't I?"

"That's it!" Mr. Wicks swung half round. "We're turned out of this. This is four hundred a year and the house—and only two miles to Petersburg for the afternoon service. Race and Thomas went down all right with their petition to have me stay, but 'twasn't no use. It was all fixed up. This place was promised to another brother 'way ahead. He came out of college and got married already on the strength of it, I learn. And he's one more preacher than there is churches in this Conference! So—so Brother Mace slated me for Oriola."

Mrs. Wicks took it with a long, gasping sigh. There was no other sound. Henrietta's fingers said: "I don't understand!"

"It's three sermons a Sunday—Oriola, Union Hill, Regal; and live at Oriola. There's a house. But I hire a livery horse and buggy every Sabbath. They pay two hundred and forty dollars!"

"We can't!" Mrs. Wicks licked her upper lip and shook her head. "We—we get four hundred. Why ——"

"No, no. I know it. But don't you see? They've got me to the wall! Maybe they thought I'd resign. Then there'd be just a church apiece in the Conference, same as there's been for a good while. They need one man less. And I'd often mentioned in the course of conversations with different people that you and I wouldn't go back to Oriola for any consideration. See? So, of course, I took it. Brother Mace was put out with me too. I suppose he thought I'd retire from the ministry."

Retta's hands were not talking; they hung limp. The silence was heavy with bitter things unsaid.

"I ain't so old! I've done a lot o' hard work for the church in my time and I'm no more broken than several others who tackle three sermons a day; but what they want nowadays is style! The pure Word ain't enough, without the preacher ties on a lavender necktie. That's our Christian workers nowadays!"

"Retta," said the mother, "give him his tea. It's more than I can." She sat down, with elbows braced on the table, and held her temples.

. . . . . .

On Sunday Brother Wicks preached his last sermon at Thompsonville and Petersburg. It was a routine discourse and safely free of any of the hard-bought truths that were running in the little preacher's head. He walked back from Petersburg schoolhouse in the late afternoon; the woods were greening, and cattle had been let out in the bare pasture. He stood and looked at the sleek utilitarian ugliness of a big Jersey newly in milk. Then he shook his fist at her.

"I've been a cow too!" he said aloud. "How much did you ever get for all the milk you gave? Just a place to sleep, and find your own feed mostly. Me too! And you'll go on. But, by gosh!"—the preacher's Bible rested on the top rail of the gate and from pulpit habit Brother Wicks smote it a resounding blow—"I'm going to begin selling that milk myself, sir!"

Nothing happened. Brother Wicks looked about the peaceful landscape and saw nowhere any mark of divine rage. He looked into his own soul, expecting the still small voice to whisper of Satan and damnation—and surprised, instead, a good manly feeling of self-reliance. He would make money—actual hard cash, plenty of it—and spend it on himself and his—which was a very different thing from living within a ministerial salary at Oriola.

"Office hours! That's what I'll have—same's a lawyer; he don't law in bed, nor visiting. That's it. Two-twenty-and-hire-your-own-horse don't hire me for seven days and nights a week. A hired man on a farm gets more for six days! I guess a good part of my week will be left over for other business."

He replaced the Bible under his left arm and started on, but his head was up. The Yankee strain in him saw a keen new world—not a countryside where he knew every man, woman and child as souls saved or unsaved—as Catholic, Baptist, Lutheran, Methodist, Presbyterian, Holy Roller—but a pleasant organization of property owners, the solidest of whom were presently going to pay him some good commissions.

At home the women were dressed in their best, dry-eyed and rather pale, sitting in the parlor with company. The neighbors were not all Methodists; but even among outsiders, like the Romanist Burkes and the infidel Tinkelpfings, there was evident a galling sympathy—a fatal understanding that Preacher Wicks was superannuated and had only snatched his last chance in the ministry by a reverend sleight-of-hand—the next Conference would shelve him.

Retta and Mrs. Wicks were composed and gentle, but they missed no stab of the thorns. Yes, they would pack Monday and go Tuesday night. Yes, they were used to moving and always had been. Yes, pah would conduct evening service in the church tonight; but no sermon. No, thanks; they wouldn't need help in packing, and Brooks' folks had offered to team the furniture to the station. Yes, they'd take the night-blooming cereus along in the passenger train, for fear it might freeze—April's changeable.

It was late when they were able to turn out the parlor lamp. Preacher Wicks went straightway to bed and fell into deep slumber. Retta slipped out through the kitchen. Mrs. Wicks followed her after a long wait.

The daughter clung to the well-curb, bent and weeping. At a touch she raised her head in the dark, sobbed voicelessly and began her finger-speech.

"I'm Sorry You Felt to Walk, Emerson. Take Your Shoes Right Off"

"It's dark, lamb. Come in to the lamp and tell me. Mother can't see you talk. There -come."

Henrietta came. She stood in the dim circle of the kitchen lamplight—the wistful thwarted youth of her pitiful in face and figure. She spelled rapidly. For the second time that week Mrs. Wicks bore an almost mortal shock.

"Who?" she cried. "Who didn't come?"

"The deacon."

There were several deacons, and among them they offered fearful complications. While Mrs. Wicks stood, trying to be reconciled to bigamy and scandal, if such were the Lord's will, Henrietta went on.

"He was at evening service. He looked at me; but I knew he wouldn't come. He feels for us; but he can't sympathize in talk. I understand that. Afterward he just drove past. I knew he would. I don't blame him. His mother was Dutch, besides him being so deaf; and the Dutch hold things awful against a failure. They love folks to go ahead and succeed. He does. I don't blame him."

"Oh!" gasped the mother. "You mean Walzer?" Mr. Walzer, though a bachelor, well-to-do, elderly, deaf and accomplished in talking and understanding the finger-alphabet, had not entered into her hasty survey of the diaconate because he was only a Dutch Reformed. "O-oh!" There was a respite here. "I didn't know you and Walzer ever was—was ——"

"He wasn't." Henrietta acknowledged, bitter tears falling on her rapid fingers. "He didn't know I was either; but he was getting—interested. If we'd been placed here another year in this charge I know I could have got him. He'd begun watching for me now—ever since pah had his horse. He liked me because I could talk fingers—like his mother taught him when he was a little boy, not as deaf as she was herself. For I could listen when he talked voice to me and he didn't have to lip-read when I talked back; and he thought that was so sociable and nice. He said so. Oh, in a year more, I just know I could have got him wanting me!"

"Mercy on us! Ain't you ashamed to talk like that?'

"No, I'm not."

"But you don't hardly know the man! You ——"

"And now I won't ever!" Henrietta smote her pale cheeks with her open palms, then went on desperately: "He was my only chance."

"Shame!"

"I don't care. I'm getting old. I'm thirty-four, and I want a house I won't have to move out of every Conference—and children, and a man, and housework like other folks. I do! There, now!"

"Hen-ri-etta!"

"I liked him," mourned Retta shamelessly, "but I'll never see him again. Oriola is too far away." She broke down and cowered over the dresser, her hands still in the light though her face was hidden.

"Oh, don't talk so. I guess God must want ——"

"You can't find any place in the Bible where folks say: 'The Lord never gave me anything of my own, so blessed be the name of the Lord!' You can't tell me that!"

Mrs. Wicks was sorely shocked and troubled. A minister's wife sees so little of the actual, secular, unvarnished life of folk that she had lost sight, in thirty-seven years, of the primal use and need of woman. Henrietta's aspirations toward housekeeping and children were undoubtedly prompted by the Personal Devil; but, because Henrietta suffered, Mrs. Wicks gathered the angular, old-young figure to her mother-breast. They clung together. After a long time Retta's crying grew less. They kissed.

"Of course we won't tell pah," cautioned Retta's fingers. She smiled into the wearied old face. "He feels bad already. Good night."

"Not's bad's he did, someway," meditated Mrs. Wicks, going to her bedroom. "Seems to me I seen a kinda change in Emerson. If he wasn't so old I'd say he'd found a way to get even with the whole Conf'rence!"

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The move to Oriola was a night ride by way-trains, with three changes. It went into the chronicles of the Wicks family as dreary and inconvenient beyond any trek they knew. Even Mr. Wicks did not aver that their labors were decreed by the Lord's will; but, with the familiar peripatetic furniture once more set in order in a parsonage and the neighbors—strange of face, with old-time names—coming to renew acquaintance with his womenfolks, Brother Wicks chirked up astonishingly.

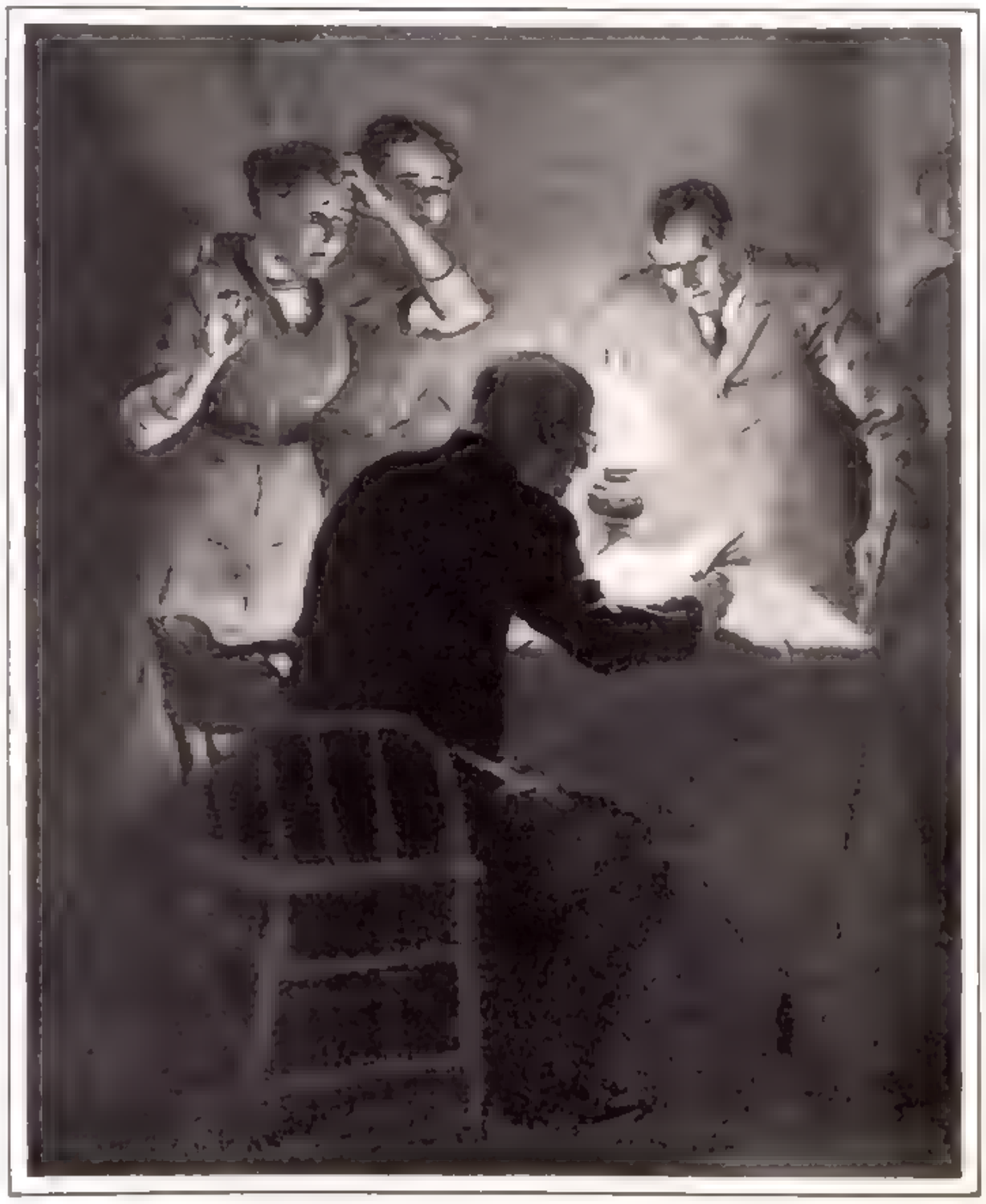
He did not behave like an ordinary minister. Having two barrels of sermons which he considered the ripe product of his prime, he did not trouble himself with creative theology; but he made visits far and near—visits not at all of the class dreaded as pastoral.

People felt secularly at ease with the little man sitting on a harrow out in the barnyard, talking cattle with the men, or rocking in his hostess' kitchen chair, debating butter with the women. Strangely enough, he found all the men of these butter townships sure that cattle paid; while from the ladies he elicited the statement that—time, trouble and cream considered—butter did not pay them for their work.

Then, on a June Sunday, the minister took cold driving to Regal in the rain. He preached at Regal and later at Union Hill, and drove back home. The next Sunday he was hoarse but plucky, and rasped through his discourse in all three pulpits.

After that he lost his voice. He seemed not to worry at being almost as dumb as poor Henrietta; he sent the presiding elder a call for a student-supply; and then—to drive away dull care, probably—he trudged away on his sociable rounds more briskly than ever. Hardly a child in five miles round had not a willow whistle of the preacher's fashioning before July.

Joseph Polhemus, Junior, kept the feed-and-grain store in Oriola. To him came the Reverend Emerson Wicks one hot Tuesday, whispering with resolute cheerfulness—a game little man, smiling at the starvation ahead of him. Joseph, Junior, liked that grit.



"I Always Told Brother John to Have Nothing to Do With Those People"

"Joey, I want a favor of you."

Joseph looked up from last Saturday's paper. He, too, smiled. He twiddled a heavy watch-chain.

"I guess that's all right, Mr. Wicks."

"I married your father'n mother, Joey. Soon after that I buried your gran'pah, and before I left town I baptized you. And I hope to marry you"—he bowed flatteringly—and Joey blushed—"soon. It'll be my last year; but, considerin' the pastoral relation, and—and my throat—why, I have to ask a favor of somebody."

"Go ahead." Joseph mentally set his highest figure.

"You tell John Stocker that he's got two too many Holstein cows for the size of his farm, and feed's going up."

The feed merchant stared. "I know it is; but who told you?" Then, the other aspect of this singular request presenting itself, he thought hard. "You mean you want two Holsteins cheap? Going into the milk business?"

"If you can scare him down to forty dollars apiece I am. I'll need another favor to help out too. I married your father, you know; and, though it's a long while ago, your pah's worst enemy, I remember, was always a Portman."

"Is yet!" snapped the listener.

"I want you should find some reason why Silas Portman'll rent me the ten-acre lot up next my house for next to nothing a year—and sign the lease."

A glimmer of the family feud shone in Polhemus' eyes; he appeared to think it a not impossible maneuver. He nodded slowly. "That all?"

"Yes," assented Brother Wicks, "unless you want to make me a special minister's rate on meal and bran for the year that is before us?"

Joey chuckled. "You can have today's price at sixty days, right along."

"All right," whispered the visitor—"if it goes up; but if it goes down, Joey, why, I married your pah and baptized you; and if you can't do better for me I'll trade in Regal till she comes up even. You won't mind?" He smiled beautifully. "Now I'll tell *you* something. Folks are going to keep eighty head more cows'n they've got now. They'll have seven hundred an' fifty in the three townships next winter. So you know what to figure on ahead of time. Look here!"

And, without pausing for pledges of secrecy or other womanish precaution, this odd fledgling of commerce exhibited a printed form of contract. It was signed by a local farmer, dated and witnessed; it bound Phinney Majors to deliver daily to the railroad the whole milk and all the milk of his seven cows for shipment to the Sanitary Dairy Company, Corporation, of the city of New York, during two years, at two cents a quart.

The feed merchant read and meditated: "But if butter is at twenty-eight in winter it pays them better to ——"

"They're tired of making butter."

"If feed goes up they'll be stuck!"

"We-ell! I gave them an advance of five dollars to bind the bargain. Forty-two took it."

Five dollars multiplied by forty-two equals ——? Four months at two hundred and twenty dollars a year equals ——? And forty-two contracts for the milk of cows are not printed in blank by Methodist ministers as fancy work! A light began to dawn in Polhemus' mind. He gazed hard at Mr. Wicks. , Money and contracts—where did he get 'em? Somebody with power and railroad connections was behind the mild little ancient and his sanitary dairy of New York. Oh!

In the shock of revelation Joey named the Supreme Noble Grand Lacteal—a word too magnificently financial to be written in these pages save as paid advertising. Brother Wicks inclined his head as if in benediction, and whispered the same syllables. The Name'd be able to pay cash—wouldn't it—right along? And enforce the contracts? It would be dreadful if folks were disappointed.

"They pay," Polhemus assured him. "I hope they give you a commission, too, for your trouble."

"Oh, sure!" whispered Mr. Wicks. "That's why I have the money to buy those cows of Brother Stocker—if you get him down pretty well beforehand with a high-feed warning."

"Has he signed one of these?"

"Not yet; but his daughters will influence him. They want more time for self-improvement, instead of butter."

"Shiftless stock on both sides!" commented Joey ungallantly. "But say! If you've got all the cows tied in knots why ain't you leaving Stocker free to peddle milk here in town for three cents? Some fam'lies always buys."

"Because I want to do it myself for six cents," replied the old man.

"For the love of Jerry!"

"I am pretty well broken in the Christian ministry and my throat's wore out, and I've got a family to provide for—that's why. You know what they pay in this charge. It used to be more, and prices have gone up since then; but I had a hard time to keep along on it when I was here years ago. Now we couldn't—not if I had my voice as good as ever. And it ain't likely I can keep even this long—while mah and Henrietta alone could go right on with a milk business!"

The merchant considered, frowning. A sense of unfitness, a disapproval that he could not analyze or justify,

irritated him and spoiled his satisfaction in a shrewd bargain. Yet there was nothing wrong in any point of the affair. He nodded, got up and took his hat from the shelf.

"You been real frank with me, Mr. Wicks; and I'm sorry to hear you been so up against it. I always said I couldn't stand to be a rotation-preacher. Portman's over in the icehouse now; I'll run over and see what I can do with him. Then I'll try Stocker. And I won't repeat nothing you've said to any one; but if I was you I'd be a little distrustful of most folks till the last cow in the place is signed for. Keep it dark!"

Joseph closed the office door on himself and went out. Mr. Wicks sat on. A smile—cunning, shrewd, but kindly—crept over his features.

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In November, Squire John Hall, that first citizen of Thompsonville, died. In his last hour he provided that Brother Wicks be brought down from Oriola to preach his funeral sermon. The funeral was set for Monday; so the executors went to the expense of a telegram.

Brother Wicks discoursed to his Sunday morning congregation upon the Temple of Solomon, swallowed a hasty dinner at home and set out for the obsequies. He took in his bag memorial discourses—A Just Man, An Aged Negress, and A Lost Sinner—appropriate portions of which he would select by lamplight on the train.

It was the usual cheerless roundabout journey, with long waits between trains. At the second junction the clergyman fell in with old-time friends, two solid farmers of Martinsburg; and providentially he was able to sell them three five-hundred-dollar bonds. The fact was that Brother Wicks had become, by easy stages and an introduction from Joey Polhemus, a salesman for the bondhouse of Winkle & Watts, Allentown.

Fresh from this successful night, the clergyman appeared at the house of mourning in time for breakfast, spoke comfortably with the widow and daughters, and retired to the parlor bedroom to consider his remarks.

The funeral services began at ten o'clock. All Squire Hall's Bible class came, bringing a harp done in purple immortelles. The choir came, male and female, garnished with white lisle gloves. The college-made minister came—he who had crowded Brother Wicks out of Thompsonville—but his young stranger wife ignorantly stayed at home and so gave great offense to the bereaved. The church people were there and most of the neighbors within a mile's drive.

Brother Wicks looked about at the familiar faces, with his sweet, shrewd smile, before he stood up to make the opening prayer. In June, how he would have shrunk before them, knowing that they pitied him, his poverty and decrepitude, his fate!

After the preaching there was a long bleak ride downhill to the cemetery. Three pallbearers, Mr. Abel Walzer and two Cousins Hall, from Harrisburg, shared the surrey with Brother Wicks. Being relatives, the Halls sat in front and drove.

"How's everybody, brother?" inquired the deacon in the privacy of the back seat.

"They're good. How's your folks?"

"My second cousins is good, thanks, but my housekeeper's left me already. That's the nearest folks I have got, if you should remember."

"I do remember," Brother Wicks assured him heartily. "Well, well! That's hard. What'll you do?"

"I kinda get along," Abel explained vaguely; "but it's lonesome still. The buttery ain't scrubbed out or the churn scalded; and I have to feed the chickens myself, besides all the chores. It's hard."

"We're keeping chickens now. Mah and Henrietta are raising a hundred and ten pullets; but we won't see an egg before Christmas."

"That costs heavy, don't it?" Abel Walzer had, by the necessity of lip-reading, a full-face view of anybody with whom he was in converse. He scrutinized the reverend brother's face for panicky faltering and found none. Mr. Wicks carried himself, his helpless womenkind, his hundred hens and all the rest of his liabilities and disabilities with an excellent courage. "You don't get no decent salary up there to Oriola also. I always say it is a shame how they pay a man in the up-country churches. Ain't?"

"Well, I couldn't live on it, deacon. I knew I couldn't when I took it. But eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents a month don't pay a man for his whole time—do you reckon it does? And in my spare hours the Lord showed me a way to make ends meet."

"Sho!"

Mr. Wicks was innocently open about his money matters. He proceeded.

"My throat give out with three preachings a day in the rain. I got to going visiting among the folks most every day and staying to dinner: there'd be more in the pot for mah and Henrietta if I had my meals at the tables of the rich. And I found all the ladies tired of the slavery of making butter. So I went to the Milk Trust and got some contracts and signed up about all the milk in three townships, to be sent to New York on the train. I got a commission on the business."

"Sho!" said Deacon Walzer. "You don't tell me! Not but what them lazy folks will lose by it at the end of the year. For one thing, they don't raise no pigs or calves still without the skim."

(Continued on Page 40)

THE WINGS OF ICARUS

By FRANK B. ELSER

Meisant Over the Statue of Liberty

IF YOU were a healthy young man by the name of McGurdy or Dodgers, or Casey or Jones, and you were playing man's newest and most hazardous game—aviation—and you read in the newspapers every five days or so that a clean-cut chap, with whom you had been doing dips and spirals at a county fair the week before, had been carried lifeless or dying from the field while a morbid crowd tried to tear off his blood-stained collar and tie as "souvenirs"—would you want to chuck it all and let a new crop of youngsters develop the art of flying?

I think you would. I am a healthy young man by the name of McGurdy or Dodgers, or Casey or Jones, and for two years I have been flying for a living. For a time my ambition was to break all altitude, speed and duration records, and to hear the crowds roar as I swept past the grandstand. Now my greatest desire is to stay on the ground. And in saying this I not only speak from my own heart, but I believe I express the conviction of seventy-five per cent of the professional birdmen in this country today. In other words, this death, death, death is telling on our nerves!

Don't think I am knocking aviation or accusing the men who fly of being cowards. That is farthest from my mind. Being an aviator at all indicates right off that you are anything but a coward, and we all know that aviation is in its earliest stages of development; but the fact remains that the appalling and ever-growing death-list is making even the daredevils think—they are not laughing the specter off and talking about fatalism as they used to. Poor Eugene Ely's recent death at Macon, Georgia, drove it home that even the most cautious fliers are not immune: and the fellows I have seen are wondering whether their turn will come next.

This talk of dying, anyway, when your time comes sounds very well in the abstract, but it doesn't go very far when you stop to think that you are twenty-five and healthy—and perhaps have a wife and baby. Just naturally you prefer a farm in Iowa or a cottage on Long Island to a place in that new department of the newspaper morgue—that list of now more than one hundred under the heading "Killed in Aviation," which had its beginning when young Lieutenant Selfridge met death at Fort Myer, Virginia, on September 17, 1908.

Except, perhaps, the aviator who has had a bad fall and a violent flirtation with death, no one realizes the dangers of flying more than do the Wright Brothers and Glenn H. Curtiss, the principal manufacturers of aeroplanes and consequently the principal employers of aviators in this country. The Wrights have always discouraged recklessness and daredeviltry, and Curtiss has just reiterated his feelings along this line by sending a circular letter to all his men on the road, commanding them to wear heavy leather helmets whenever flying and to take no chances that are unnecessary. Youthful Cromwell Dixon, who was killed at Spokane in September, did not wear a helmet. Had he had one on when he fell at the state fair there, his life might have been spared. The Wrights were always begging Arch Hoxsey and Ralph Johnstone to cut out their dangerous dips and glides; and, as you probably remember, both these boys paid the penalty of their recklessness with their lives. Both had stated that some day they would loop-the-loop in an aeroplane; and it is the opinion of one well-known authority on aeronautics that Johnstone was actually attempting this when he smashed a wing and fell to his death at Denver.

J. Armstrong Drexel

At this writing there have been in this country and in Europe, since 1908, one hundred and two deaths due to aviation accidents. Sixty-four of these occurred during the first ten months of 1911—or at the rate of approximately one every five days If you were a birdman wouldn't you have a bit of chilliness at the wingtips? You would. All the aviators with whom I have talked recently predict a wave of conservatism in the game from now on; in fact it has already set in. Many an old man—old in aviation in the sense that Jim Jeffries, at thirty-four, was called the "poor old man" when Johnson knocked him out—is going to volplane to retirement at the first graceful opportunity, or just as soon as his pile of prize money and earnings reaches a point where he can feel that he has got out of aviation financially what he has put in by risk and skill. One of the greatest fliers in the business refused the other day to renew his contract, which expires in January. "I'll be lucky," he said, "if I get out alive as it is." Some will probably wait until it's too late. That's the way it was with Ely.

Miss Meisant is a Firm Believer in Thirteen as a Lucky Number

Those who quit the air will preferably remain in the executive or manufacturing end, as the Wrights and Curtiss have done; but as for doing stunts before crowds that are becoming more critical and exacting every day, even to the extent of jeering a man into the air to his death during a storm, your average aviator has decided "No!" He has found that every airlane has a sharp turning; and, paraphrasing and reversing a classic, he is apt to murmur:

"Better, like Reuben, on the farm remain, than break your neck in an aeroplane."

This doesn't mean, of course, that every aviator in the country is going to climb out of his seat in the morning and quit

then and there, or that there will be a scarcity of birdmen next week or next year. On the contrary, there will be ten applicants for the place of every man who drops out. Money is the lure. Your nervy chap, or your chap who imagines he has nerve, reads in the newspapers about fifty-thousand-dollar prizes and thinks he can jump into an aeroplane tomorrow, fly a thousand miles or two and retire rich. Ely had just died when letters began pouring in on his former employer offering to take his place and to fill the future dates which the writers correctly presumed he had.

"Seeing by the papers that your Mr. Ely has been killed," ran one of the letters, "I hereby make application for his job. I have never been in a flying machine, but I am sure I shall have no trouble in learning how to steer one."

Soon after Mr. Hearst announced his fifty-thousand-dollar Coast-to-Coast prize, Curtiss received from a town in New Mexico a penciled communication that ran something like this: "Please quote me your lowest price on a good, serviceable aeroplane at once. I see that Mr. W. R. Hearst has offered fifty thousand dollars to the first man who flies from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or vice versa; and I have decided to come to New York and fly home by way of Los Angeles." Easy money!

Many are called in this way, but few get up in the air. Yet it is from just such applicants that aviators are made; for, after all, it is the constant infusion of new blood that keeps life in the game. Look back over the achievements in the air in the little over three years that man has been actually flying, and note how the beginners—the fledglings, as it were—burning up with the enthusiasm of the novice, have performed the most spectacular feats and flown with the greatest fearlessness. Curtiss was comparatively new at the game when he won the international speed trophy at Rheims in 1909. The late John B. Moisant, the sixth time he left the ground as pilot of an aeroplane, sped from Paris to London, across the English Channel, with a hundred-and-eighty-seven-pound passenger and three hundred and two pounds of petrol, lubricating oil and extra parts aboard. Charlie Hamilton made his successful flight from New York to Philadelphia and return when he was hardly more than a novice. He has done nothing noteworthy since. Atwood's great flight from Boston to Washington, and later his then world's record cross-country trip from St. Louis to New York, were made before his name had become familiar to the aviation world, much less to the general public. Beachy had been flying only a few months when he broke the world's altitude record at Chicago.

More recent achievements—notably Dixon's crossing the Rockies—have further emphasized the work of the youngsters.

Descendants of Darius Green

ALL of which goes to support a belief held at every aviation headquarters in this country—namely, that the men already in the game may improve it by executive ability and scientific experiments; but most of them will degenerate as fliers. Frequency of flight does not necessarily create a feeling of confidence and safety; rather it brings

Paris-London Flight—Arrival at Tilmanstone Near Dover. The Village Parson Brings Moisant Some Lunch

fuller appreciation of its dangers. The men for whom flying has become merely a commercial proposition, whose ears no longer tingle when the crowd waves its hats and cheers, are ready to give up the volplane to the uninitiated, whose nerve is ignorance. Down the veteran's spine, when he risks his life and craft in a devil-may-care swoop, the plaudits of the crowd no longer send a thrill; and the wild exhilaration of flight of which we read so much is apt to be tempered with the sober thought of a young woman in the stand, looking upward with troubled eyes as she breathes a prayer that a cranky lever or missing engine may not widow her. How many times have you read "His young wife was in the crowd and saw him fall"?

Of course there is your ardent amateur who goes aloft for the sheer love of flying; but his attitude toward aviation may be compared to the respective sentiments of the gentleman sportsman and the man who shoots game for the market. With one it is recreation; with the other, business. Similarly, flying when the mood is on you, as J. Armstrong Drexel does, is vastly different from making a round of fairs, where you must go aloft in any old weather or be hooted by rural spectators and frowned at by a conscientious fair management that has billed you as a headliner and is willing to take the liberal view that you will prove equally attractive dead or alive.

The increasing sophistication of the public as regards aviation works to the aviators' disadvantage in more ways than one. Two years ago, when a flier was on tour he was regarded as a whimsical individual who needed pampering, humoring and varied entertainment to keep him in proper trim and take his mind off the dangers of the air. To this end his manager usually saw to it that he went to the theater or some place of amusement every night after the day's flying was done; he was fed on dainty viands and petted like a millionaire baby. Not so today. Now that the newness has worn off he is treated just like an ordinary human being, and crowds don't always follow him right to the door of his room in the hotel. Chambermaids, seeking sentimental souvenirs, used to snitch the pajamas of Willard, of the Curtiss staff, when he was out West. It bothered him greatly at the time. Now he laments that, no matter where he goes, his pajamas are quite as safe as a case of beer at a W. C. T. U. convention.

However, as intimacy with the birdman and his ways spreads over the hedges and along the byways of the country, so increases the number of applicants for his job. They come from everywhere; they range in age from fifteen to fifty years—in weight, from ninety to three hundred pounds—in color, from black to peroxide blond—in fitness, from a trick bicycle rider who would take to the air as naturally as a squirrel would take to a white-scarred sycamore, to a beefy ne'er-do-well who doesn't know a gas engine from a seismograph.

Three who would fly came into Curtiss' New York office the other day while I was there. One was a boy of nineteen who felt sure he would make a good aviator because he was doing a bicycle act in vaudeville. The second was a former saloonkeeper who had failed in business. He said he had never run an automobile and knew nothing of gas engines, but he wanted to take up aviation because he had heard there was lots of money in it. The third applicant was a pale little clerk. He felt that mercantile pursuits held out little promise for the young man of today, and he was willing to take up anything that offered a chance of quick returns. In the same spirit that you would volunteer to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel, or ride a trick circus mule for a ten-dollar goldpiece, he was ready to begin flying at once. Of the three, the young bicycle rider alone was offered any encouragement. His pedigree was taken and he was asked to call again.

By a kind of sixth sense the Wrights and Curtiss weed out the aviation goats from the sheep after a brief examination. They select men who have an almost intuitive sense of balance. Most of these, provided they have nerve, have in them the stuff of which aviators are made, though they may have had no experience along any line akin to aviation. Others—many others—are impossible and are rejected at the start, even though they are willing to put up a substantial fee.

The Curtiss and the Wright schools will not accept women under any conditions. The Moisants do not share this discrimination and now have three birdwomen on their staff, among them Miss Mathilde Moisant, the only amateur aviatrix in the world. Though she was at New Orleans when her brother was killed, she subsequently took up the game and now has her pilot's license. Helmeted and seated in her monoplane, her resemblance to John Moisant is very strong.

Curtiss and the Wrights are keen in their realization that recklessness is pulling a wing-feather from aviation every time a man is killed, and they are doing their utmost to promote conservatism.

"I do not encourage now and never have encouraged fancy flying," said Curtiss the other day. "I regard the spectacular gyrations of several aviators I know as foolhardy and unnecessary. I do not believe that fancy or trick flying demonstrates anything except an unlimited amount of a certain kind of nerve and perhaps the possibilities of what is valueless—aerial acrobatics."

The Sense of Balance

"SOME aviators develop the sense of balance rapidly," he continued, "while others acquire it only after long practice. It may be developed to a large extent by going up as a passenger with an experienced man. Therefore I make it a point in teaching a beginner to have him make as many trips as possible with some one else operating the machine. In this way the pupil gains confidence, becomes accustomed to the sensation of flying and is soon ready for a flight on his own hook."

This is the method Curtiss used in training officers of the army and navy to fly; and with them he has met with remarkable success.

"I have never seen novices more cautious and yet more eager to fly than these young officers," he says. "They have always learned every detail of their machines before going aloft, and largely because of this they have developed into great fliers. Perhaps it is due to the military bent of their minds. Anyway, they have made good almost without exception."

Lincoln Beachy, it is said, made fifty thousand dollars for Curtiss and fifty thousand dollars for himself in the first nine months of 1911, but those who have followed his career are surprised that he outlived Ely. He is silent, retiring; he shuns newspapermen, and it is almost impossible for the management to communicate with him on the road. His hotel he keeps secret; he leaves the field immediately after each exhibition and, on the whole,

PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, N. Y.

George W. Beatty and Blanche Scott in Machine

PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, N. Y.

Mlle. Jane Herelo, French Aviator

he does as he jolly well pleases. At the Chicago meet last August his performances were so daring that even Curtiss used to close his eyes or turn his back as Beachy swept toward earth; and the spectators would groan with relief when he landed safely. "I can't look at that boy!" Curtiss would burst out.

With Beachy, flying is a business—nothing more; but, notwithstanding this commercial view, he will risk anything if he feels like it. If he doesn't nothing will move him. While at Chicago it was suggested that he escort Atwood—then on his cross-country trip—eastward to the city limits of Chicago at least.

"Nothing doing," said Beachy, turning on his heel. "I don't see anything in it and I might break my fool neck."

Put him in competition and he knows no limit. He can be counted upon to go up—rain, shine or cyclone. Beachy's most remarkable stunt was his smashing of the world's altitude record, also at Chicago. He knows his engine thoroughly, and to this his remarkable skill is largely attributed. When he climbed into his seat just before going up he said: "I have ten gallons of gasoline aboard and I'm going up until it's all gone." And he did. Up, up he soared—11,642 feet—until the last drop of fuel was exhausted. Then, at that dizzy height of more than two miles, he steadied his craft and with engine dead came to earth in a series of superb spirals in just twelve minutes. It was one of the greatest feats ever performed in the history of aviation.

Several weeks before Ely's tragic death he and Beachy were discussing the aeroplane loop-the-loop, which most aviators regard as an insane impossibility. Conservative Ely intimated mildly that any man who thought he could get away with it was a lunatic.

"I may be crazy," said Beachy, "but just the same it can be done. With a powerful motor, I believe that if a man goes up—say five thousand feet—then shoots downward—say three thousand feet—with motor wide open, he can attain a speed of two hundred miles an hour. Then, if he raises his elevating planes suddenly I think he would shoot over backward and loop-the-loop just as easy as they do at Coney Island."

Looping the Loop

"YOU can try it," said Ely grimly; "I won't." As this is written, Beachy hasn't tried it yet and poor Ely is dead, the victim of a short dip he had done a hundred times.

"An aviator shouldn't kid himself into the belief that he is a bird," said C. C. Witmer recently in relating his most thrilling experience. "This conclusion was forced on me during the weeks I was in the hospital recovering from injuries received in a bad fall at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. A storm was brewing, but you know how the crowd looks and acts when a fellow doesn't go up; so I shot away up a hill and into the wind in the face of a driving rain. As I cleared the hilltop I struck an air current from the valley and the aeroplane began shooting up in quick, nasty jumps, from ten to fifteen feet at a time, until an altitude of about two hundred feet was attained. At this height I was hit, full force, by the storm.

"Though the motor was exerting all its power, the wind checked the aeroplane, actually stopping all onward motion. There was timber immediately below me; and, caught thus by the gust, I realized that I had two rather slim chances of making a safe landing. One was to continue flying into the wind, with doubtful progress; the other was to execute a right-hand turn into the only open space available. Every time the wind would lull for a second the air was so light I could feel the pressure leave the planes. So I decided I had better attempt a right turn; and, as skillfully as I could, I started. The first part of the turn and about twenty-five feet of the descent were made perfectly. Then the right wing of the plane appeared to be caught in the lee of the woods, while the left wing was held by the wind. Immediately the craft began to slide sideways.

"With the motor running full speed, rudder hard over, ailerons banked to the limit and all my weight thrown on the bamboos, my efforts to straighten her were ineffective. For all that I was able to do, the machine might as well have been without an aviator. She writhed and twisted in the wind—then, at a height of about seventy-five feet, turned turtle completely and began to fall.

"My first thought was to get from under—and be mighty quick about it too. And I swung from the seat and climbed on top of the descending machine. While falling I noticed particularly the position and condition of the aeroplane. Though upset, the machine was intact; and until it smashed against the ground no part of it was broken.

"Did I stay on top till she hit? I did not. Fifteen feet above the ground it occurred to me that if I should separate myself from the machine I could drop clear. So I swung as far out as I could and let loose. When I regained consciousness I was in an ambulance. I had not quite cleared the descending plane; and the doctors told me my left arm was dislocated at the elbow, one rib was out of place and my frontal bone was slightly fractured. Also my side was badly bruised and my left leg lacerated.

"Don't kid yourself into thinking you are a bird—'cause you aren't!"

Curtiss had one of the strangest experiences in an aeroplane that any man ever had. The wind nearly blew his eyelids off—lids, mind you, not brows or lashes. "Any one who has traveled sixty or seventy miles an hour in an automobile," relates Curtiss, "can realize the discomforts of such a trip if continued over a long distance. In an aeroplane, the operator, sitting out in front unprotected, gets far more head resistance. As an illustration of this resistance when flying I recall that, while racing with Ely at Los Angeles and going probably sixty-five miles an hour, I looked up to see just where he was. As I raised my eyes the wind got under my eyelids and with a snap puffed them out like tiny balloons. For a moment I was blinded and confused, and I thought the lids had been torn from my face; but when I lowered my head the wind pressure forced them back into their normal position and I suffered no serious discomfort afterward. In racing after that I made it a point never to look up."

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, N. Y.

Woman Aviator Being Carried Over the Field After Winning the Women's Cup

As every profession has its hoodoos, every game its jinx, you would expect to find superstition rampant among men who risk their lives as often as aviators. And find it you do. Preëminent among the superstitions of airmen—at least from the standpoint of the number of them who in some way or other look upon it as talismanic—is the old thirteen belief. Among those who, in the immutable belief that therein lay a charm against all accident, have insisted that their aeroplanes and hangars be numbered thirteen, or else, in the contrary faith, have refused to accept the number from a contest committee, are Miss Moisant, Hugh Robinson, Earl Ovington, the late St. Croix Johnstone, Leon Delagrange, Ely, and others.

Miss Moisant is a firm believer in thirteen as a lucky number. She was born on September thirteenth; and, as she herself phrased it recently, she "thought it lucky enough to be born on the date and to stick to the number through life." Accordingly she began her training as an aviatrix on July thirteenth last, got her pilot's license on August thirteenth and made her first public flight on September thirteenth—the anniversary of her birth. Her monoplane and hangar bear the number in bold figures. Hugh Robinson, of the Curtiss staff, also was born on the thirteenth of the month, in October. He regards the number as so lucky that he announced he would start his Minneapolis—New Orleans flight, down the Mississippi, on Friday, October thirteenth, his birthday. Bad weather prevented, however, and he did not get away until four days later. This proved his undoing; towns along the route that had promised to subscribe funds failed to do so, and the flight was abandoned at Rock Island, Illinois. If he had gotten away on his lucky day, as planned, Robinson believes he would have finished. Incidentally, Robinson is the only aviator in the business who turns to the left—against the thrust of his propeller. By others this is considered dangerous and difficult.

The Elys' Pet Aversion

ELY hated thirteen and Friday with the ardor of the devil's proverbial antipathy to holy water, and worried whenever he had to make a flight on that date or day. At the Chicago meet he was a bit unnerved when, on the thirteenth of the month, he walked into his hangar and was confronted by a cross-eyed man. Pretty little Mrs. Ely, who was nearly always with him, was as worried as her husband. They discussed it seriously for a moment, but Ely went up notwithstanding. Though nothing happened, he looked upon thirteen as unlucky until his death. At Los Angeles he grew panicky at the dawn of a Friday, the thirteenth, on which he was to make a flight. He was on the point of refusing flatly to go up, when rain caused a postponement and saved him and his manager from embarrassment. Before he went up at Macon for

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PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, N. Y.

Mlle. Valentine Dueig in Her Farman Biplane

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, N. Y.

Mlle. Niel, French Aviator

THE CALL

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

VI

UNA lost no time in renewing her friendship with the man with the cough. The thin yet cheery "Come in!" that piped out in answer to her timid little knock that same afternoon seemed to translate the visit into something casual and decorous.

She found herself in a much larger room than she had expected. Its walls were lined with photographs—pictures of theatrical people in costume and street dress—many of them odd and old-fashioned; many of them slashed across with heavy-inked inscriptions. Beside these pictures were framed theatrical programs, yellow with age. On a mantel stood a silver memorial cup, a pair of crossed rapiers, a plate of apples and a row of empty milk bottles. About the floor scampered Tim, the Irish spaniel, and two older and more agile terriers. The place had a look of settled disorder, but its very untidiness, suggestive as it was of something homelike and permanent, appealed to the girl from the bald little room at the back.

"I guess you never heard o' me," piped the skeleton in the well-worn dressing gown as he motioned Una into one of his armchairs. "I'm Jim Sayles, of the Sayles Team; but I've been laid off this season with a little throat trouble—touch of bronchitis. Now, what am I going to call you?"

Una, playing with a pup, told him her name. She was afraid, she added, that it would not make a good stage name.

Jim Sayles, of the Sayles Team, agreed with her in this. He accepted her, in fact, with the utmost gravity.

"How old are you?" was the next question he piped out at her.

Una, with a flush, told him she was almost eighteen. He put the bottle of creosotic-smelling syrup, of which he had been taking a spoonful, back on the littered mantel and stood blinking down at her out of his wistful and owl-like eyes.

"Eighteen! That is a wonderful age—eighteen!" he said as though to himself.

"I wish I was older," confessed Una.

"You'll get over that," he said with his withered smile. "And now tell me about the stage and your plans."

She had very little to tell him, but she found it easy to be candid and open with him. If she rambled on a little inconsequentially he accepted her ramblings with the utmost solemnity.

"It's pretty late to pick up anything for this season," he told her; "but it all depends on what you're after. There are always new road companies going out, or a stopgap being thrown in, or a bunch o' supers wanted for some big production. Ever supe?"

Una did not understand him. He explained that a "super" was an "extra person," with no lines to speak, who merely walked on or became one of the mob and was paid for these services at the rate of sometimes fifty cents and sometimes a dollar a performance.

"I wouldn't like that," declared Una.

"No; they usually don't—but the poor devils have to do it whether they like it or not. A lot of us don't like vaudeville, but we make our money that way. Now, if you'd only keep from growing and filling out you'd make a good 'flapper' type. That's a young girl for chorus work—a 'broiler' they used to call 'em. They can't get 'em too young-looking nowadays. There's nothing a tired baldhead likes more'n looking at youth!"

Una asked if she would have to sing or dance as a "flapper." Sayles slowly wagged his head up and down as she confessed that she had no voice and no knowledge of dancing.

"You want to act, of course," he said in his mild and plaintive voice; "but acting's the last thing you can get into on the stage. Take it from me—the very last."

He stood tapping his bald head with his lean forefinger as though perplexed by an all but hopeless situation. He looked down at his two dogs absently, and then as absently at the girl with the pup on her lap. She seemed to give an air of warmth, of vitality, to that worn and faded room. She seemed to bring back, as she sat with her warm and wide-set hazel eyes fixed on his, something he had outlived and lost. He knew, as he looked down at the warm red lips, slightly parted with expectant eagerness, that she was the miracle of youth—the miracle that is commonplace until it has been passed and left behind.

He walked to the window and back, stopped for one of his coughing fits, tapped his skull again, and came and stroked the pup on Una's lap.

"Now, we're going to see what we can do," he said with a forced lightness of tone. "You say you haven't got a voice; but what do we know about that until we've had it tried out? You can't dance, of course; but if there's any stage steps Jim Sayles can't put you on to I wish somebody'd mention 'em!"

He sat down at his crowded little table and began to write on a sheet of paper.

"I'm going to give you a list of agencies—the best agencies. You can go to the addresses I'm writing here and see if they can do anything for you. Then you come and let me know how it turns out."

"I Guess I Know the Kind of Accident It Was!"

He went on writing gravely, with the veiled face of a doctor making out a prescription that he knows will prove bitter to the taste.

"After you've tried this list I can give you another; but of course you want to try the best first. You've got to satisfy yourself. Then, if you can give me an hour or two every day I'll teach you a few steps. And I'll rubber round and see if I can dig out a music man who'll try your voice out!"

Una, as she took that precious list from his hand, tried to thank him. Her gratitude, however, only seemed to embarrass him. He waved it aside with his throaty cackle of a laugh.

"This isn't costing me anything," he protested. "And if you want to find out how tight Jim Sayles hangs on to the rhino just ask anybody in this house!"

Una, standing before him, hesitated a moment. Then she said:

"Could you help me to—to meet some of the other people here?"

"Sure," was the answer with a shrug. "But, take it from me, you won't get much good out of this bunch. You'll learn though—you'll learn!"

And again the owl-like, lean head fell to wagging. He turned and opened the door for her. Then he closed it again as he stood facing her.

"You got anything to keep the pot boiling, so to speak?" he inquired.

Una explained that she had an engagement for posing and the promise of another in two days' time.

"Good!" said her adviser. "We've got to keep the old pot going someway. And you let me know how things turn out."

"I will," Una said with her warm and vivid smile of gratitude. And Jim Sayles stood at his door watching her until she had vanished inside her own room.

VII

THE girl from Chamboro did not let the grass grow under her feet. Armed with her list of agencies she began her rounds that same afternoon. These offices, she soon discovered, all lay along Broadway, between Herald Square on the south and Longacre Square on the north. She was much disquieted by a further discovery—the discovery that, instead of being a woman heroically intent on stage-work, she was only a small and ill-equipped individual in a vast and restless army seeking the same end. She saw, to her surprise, that she was only an atom—and an atom without so much as a printed calling-card—in a constant flood that eddied up stairways and boiled and bubbled through elevator shafts and swung into the back-waters of agency waiting rooms.

Yet she kept up her round of these offices systematically, doggedly. From most of them, indeed, she was dismissed with the mere form of having her name and address written down. In others she found her words falling on preoccupied ears the moment she confessed to having no "experience." One agent, looking her over, turned her about as though she were a tailor's dummy and shook his head with the curt verdict of "Too thin!" Another, swinging about in his swivel-chair, pulled the skirt of her dress tightly to one side, passed a critical eye down the line of her limbs and swung back to his desk.

"You'd better feed up, little one," was all he said as he resumed his labor of checking off a list of names at the head of which Una could see written "The Morning-Glory Girls."

It was at the office of the last agent on Una's list that any shred of encouragement was offered her. This agent sat with his coat off, side by side with a man as rotund and ruddy as King Cole himself. The two men listened to her apathetically through a haze of cigar smoke. Then the man in his shirtsleeves put his feet on a chair and turned to his listlessly preoccupied companion.

"Abe, ain't this girl about what you want for that page-boy in The Green Parrot?"

The man called Abe solemnly regarded the tingling and rapt-eyed girl.

"Sing?" he succinctly demanded.

Una, weary and discouraged, was touched by the sudden audacity of desperation.

"A little," she murmured.

The fat man turned a trifle in his chair.

"Ned!" he called into the room beyond—"Ned! Try this girl's voice!"

And Una, motioned into the next room by a wave of the fat hand, found herself facing a tired and boyish-looking man, with a cigarette between his lips.

This youth, without a word, crossed the room to a piano, quickly threw up the lid and struck a note.

"Run the scale!" he calmly commanded.

Una, remembering her schooldays and her youthful excursions into the tonic sol-fa system, steadied herself for the ordeal. It was only with the second effort, however, that she could emit an audible note.

"Do—Re—Mi—Fa—Sol ——"

She was interrupted by the lid of the piano dropping with a thump. The young man, whose youth had

impressed her with a bond of companionship, whose boyishness had given her the one touch of confidence she needed, went back to his desk without even looking up at her.

"Nothing doing!" he called out into the next room.

Una, standing perplexed, was waved impatiently away by the smoking cigarette. Through the open door she could see the two men still in deep yet seemingly listless talk.

The youth at the desk, except for that handwave of dismissal, continued to ignore her. There was nothing for her to do but move on.

She paused before the two talking men, still hoping that she had misunderstood, still praying for another chance.

"Nothin' doin'!" reiterated the fat man with a quick and curt head-movement toward the outer door. He resumed his talk with the shirtsleeved agent.

Una made her way out into the smoke-filled hallway and down into the street with the same sense of obliteration, with the same wave of blind and impotent revolt, that had marked her dismissal from dressing room number one at the hands of Miss Wimbleton's maid.

Broadway had in some way lost its glamour. As she brushed elbows with that ever-moving stream of office-haunting actresses and chorus girls, adorned with their factitious finery, pink-lipped with their fictitious youth, the crestfallen girl began to realize the odds against which she had to struggle. She groped toward a vague realization of her handicap. She did not give up—she did not accept the situation as hopeless; but she had lost an ideal or two. And to lose an ideal is sometimes as painful as to lose a tooth.

She was cheered by the thought of having Jim Sayles to talk it over with. She thanked her lucky stars for Jim Sayles and his wizened and withered old face. She even became impatient to hear his blithe and piping voice. As she ate a frugal fifteen-cent meal that night, however, she scanned the advertisements of an evening paper for music-teachers' announcements. From this list, when she had found it, she selected three names. The first was that of Signor Muselli, a *coloratura* vocalist, an "artist of the *bel-canto* method," with a studio on Forty-seventh Street. There was something alluring to her in the mere foreignness of the name and phrases that figured in that advertisement.

Before she went home that night she called at the Forty-seventh Street address and had the good luck to find Professor Muselli in his studio. This sanctum of "the *bel-canto* method" proved to be the back parlor of a shabby and exotic-odored boarding house, forested with four artificial palms in green-painted tubs. The professor was a man of about forty, small and dark, with an oily skin and purplish shadows under his somewhat protuberant eyes. He received his visitor with great gallantry, covertly studied her face and finally agreed to give her voice-culture lessons on credit, payment to be made when she had succeeded in securing a theatrical engagement. He then tried her voice off-handedly, almost gayly, asking her to sing with him, humorously scolding her for being nervous, and prompting her to begin again.

When it was over he meditatively stroked his mustache, telling her that her voice was soprano—a soprano that was light, but true. There was as yet no verve, no spirit; training alone would bring that out. After a number of somewhat pointed questions, Una took her departure, with the promise of four lessons a week. She saw a point gained, an advance achieved; but she was not altogether happy. Some inner voice of instinct was filling her with indeterminate uneasiness. From the first moment she had looked into Professor Muselli's somewhat protuberant eyes, in that slovenly and crimson-draped studio, some inarticulate fear of this swarthy little man awakened in her.

She tried to tell herself that she was tired and finicky. She warned herself that she must not have too many scruples—from now on she would have to take the world as it came; but that night, when recounting to Jim Sayles her adventures of the afternoon, she made no mention of Professor Muselli.

Her history of repeated failure, as she sat with the pup in her lap and a freshly made cup of cocoa in her hand, neither startled nor saddened the chuckling skeleton in the faded dressing gown. He merely wagged his head at each record of calamity.

"It's what they all have to go through," he chirped. "You've been to the best. And you've still got the others. Who knows what you'll have to face among that riffraff?"

"I don't mind, if it only leads to something!" protested the weary girl.

The man in the dressing gown sat blinking at her for a meditative moment or two.

"So they didn't break you, eh?" he croaked. "I was afraid they might—afraid they might!"

"I'm going to get on the stage," the girl declared. Her words were accompanied by a movement of the body which, though not an actual gesture, was touched with actual passion.

"Then you take my advice," said the old vaudevillean, "and wait a while. Get yourself ready when the chance comes. We'll begin tomorrow practicing those steps. Then we can be looking round and see what's what!"

And on the following day Jim Sayles began teaching Una her first stage steps. These acrobatic feats he accomplished with a nimbleness that at first tended to take her breath away. That hollow-cheeked and cavernous-eyed figure, in fact, more than once reminded Una of a figure of Death in some uncouth revelry. There was something almost ghoulish in such unlooked-for agility in that tattered and attenuated figure; but the exercise, he claimed, was good for his grippe. It made him forget his troubles. It took him back to old times. "And, once I get this attack out of my system," he valiantly proclaimed, "I'm going out in a new sketch!"

Una herself was none too graceful at these new stage steps. But her teacher was both patient and painstaking. "You just keep pegging away," he told her again and again as he stopped her, held up the skirt of his dressing gown, struck his pose and demonstrated the intricacies of some new evolution. All the while, too, he explained to her the conditions and customs of stagework, the meaning of professional phrases, what a manager looked for in a beginner, what an audience liked.

The Exercise, He Claimed, Was Good for His Grippe

As these lessons were repeated day by day Una did not overlook her hours for posing. She worked hard, adding another artist or two to her list, tramping from one side of the city to the other in her search for engagements. Riding was a luxury beyond her; every penny was counted and guarded with jealous care; for, above all things, even beyond the need of knowledge, she felt the need of clothes. Without new raiment she knew she could never be on an equal footing with those other seekers for stagework, those gayly appareled ladies in suspiciously frayed stock wardrobes and light suède slippers with runover heels—smiling and self-assured in finery which only a second glance revealed as soiled and patched.

During those so-called dancing-lessons, too, Jim Sayles kept testing her speaking voice, insisting on the necessity of "throwing it out," of "getting it over," of "putting the punch into it." He threw up his bony hands in horror at her burred r's, teaching her how to trill them, making her hide them away as though they were the earmarks of an ignoble birth. Una, compliant yet bewildered, repeated his test sentences over and over, louder and louder, until his head-wag of approval showed that she was groping toward what he wanted. He also fell into the habit of handing her a single ticket for some theater or other, explaining that these kept raining in on him when he had no means of using them. Una, as she sat in rapt and solitary delight before different Broadway productions, saw nothing suspicious in the fact that her cards of admission were regularly printed tickets and not scribbled passes such as are extended gratuitously to the profession. Her mind was too centered on the spectacle before her, on the steps and movements of the chorus women, on the bearing and speech of the actresses—on the hundred and one things that for the first time she was studying from a technical standpoint. Yet, busy as those days were, she was not ignorant of what Sayles was doing for her. He took pleasure out of it she knew. She was not unconscious of the fact that he liked her, that he enjoyed the lessons and the visits and the talks. She could not quite understand, however, what she meant to his meager and lonely existence.

"What makes you do all this for me?" she asked one evening at the end of one of their lessons.

The old actor was stirring cocoa on a hot plate. He stopped and lowered the gas under the steaming milk.

"I like your grit," he announced with a judicial but not quite genuine abstraction. "And I think you're going to make good, somehow or other!" He sat down on a chair-arm and explained to her that all the stars he ever bumped into were stars not because of their great acting, but because they had made up their minds to succeed, and had got to know men and women and how to manage them, and made everything bend to their one object in life.

"But why do you do all this for me?" repeated Una, letting her eyes meet those of her newfound friend. Her smile was all the more ravishing for being touched with girlish pensiveness. Yet her color was still high from the exercise of her dancing-lesson.

"I guess it's because I envy you," was Jim Sayles' answer. "Because you haven't eaten your pie and I have. You're young. You've got all your life in front of you. All mine's behind me. You've got something that's better than money and success and full time and Broadway hits. You make me think of rosebuds on a June morning back home! All I've got is a little money and a temporary touch of the heaves and those three onery dogs."

He cackled one of his ironical and deprecatory laughs as she stared at him, round-eyed and wondering.

"Oh, you don't understand it, my dear! You don't know what I'm driving at. And you won't, either, until after about ten or fifteen years' time!"

"Abe, Ain't This Girl About What You Want for That Page-Boy in The Green Parrot?"

He poured her a cup of cocoa, passed her a carton of biscuits, and sat thoughtful and silent until she was ready to go. He stopped her at the door.

"I think you ought to can those clothes o' yours," he said a little uneasily. "Ought to get something niftier, something that'll suit you better. I've—I've been wondering if you'd like to borrow a couple of ten-spots until you get started!"

Una, in the twilight of the ill-lighted hall, turned pink and red. Her voice even shook a little as she answered him.

"I'd never take money from you!" she said.

"You wouldn't?" cried the startled Jim Sayles. He stood staring after her, for even old age was presenting him with a unique experience.

A voice, cutting and clear, rose out of the darkness belowstairs.

"Pipe that rube flapper stringin' old Jim Sayles!"

It was a woman's voice, shrill, unmodulated. Another woman's voice, a slow and contemptuous contralto, answered it:

"There's certain parties in this house'd zoo an unweaned infant!"

"When he might better be gettin' ready for the grave!" were the words that rose up through the momentary stillness.

Una walked into her room and closed the door; but even through that closed door she could hear the answering voice of Jim Sayles as he leaned over the banister and addressed the darkness below him:

"If you two old washed-out has-beens 'a' got any dirt to dish, come up and dish it to this certain party, who'll show you where you belong!"

And he flung down at his eavesdropping critics a broadside of vituperation, shrill with oaths, rhapsodic with rage, ending only with a fit of coughing that drove him back to his room and left him inarticulate.

VIII

JIM SAYLES had advised Una to postpone her canvassing of the minor theatrical agencies. She failed to comprehend his motive for this until, taking things in her own impatient hands, she began her visits to those offices where casts were secured for cheap road companies, popular-priced romantic dramas, burlesque shows, sketches and acts.

Her experiences were both disheartening and humiliating. No one seemed to want her for legitimate dramatic work. She began to feel, in fact, that such a thing as legitimate dramatic work no longer existed. She was sent to visit a stage contortionist; she interviewed a mirror-illusionist; she coldly declined to become the stage assistant of a glassblower because she would have to wear tights. There was one tragic offer, it is true, of a leading part in a new production for the road—only it was stipulated that she must supply her own costumes and advance two hundred and fifty dollars toward financing the company. For five hundred dollars she would be featured.

The bitterness of this was obliterated one day later by events of a more moving nature. A lean-faced agent, with a crooked smile and an eye like a hawk's, after listening to her automatically reiterated formula, shot a question or two at her, sized her up with his aquiline gaze and asked how she would like an engagement for a year in Europe.

Una, with her heart palpitating, asked for particulars. If she was stirred she did not show it. She had learned by this time to drape the veil of discretion over her true emotions.

"With Finley," answered the agent.

Una inquired who Finley was.

The agent looked at her with wonder touched by contempt.

"Where you been buried this last ten years anyway?" he mockingly demanded. "There's only one Finley—the Great Finley, the tramp juggler!"

"What does he do?" asked Una.

"He's got a new juggling act, but he's got to have a helper for it. It's a cinch, for it's all pantomime and he can play it anywhere on the map. Not a word to speak. He's booked up for a solid year in Europe—good for a month in London, another month in Paris, another in Vienna, Berlin, Budapest!"

These magic words swam before Una's vision dizzily. A year of travel, of experience in the capitals of Europe, of seeing what was best in all the world!

"What would I have to do with Mr. Finley?" she soberly inquired.

"Work his accessories in the wings—his props and things. Then at the finale of the sketch you come in wearing a Paquin gown, swell hat and all that, and he does the balancing act with you on his three trick chairs. You're light. He's got to have a light woman. And what's more, you're a good looker—at least, you will be when you get rigged out proper. And Finley won't have anything but a good looker!"

"Why?" Una asked.

The man with the crooked smile stared at the girl. Then he threw away his cigar stub.

"Huh! Who wants a year's travel wit' a lemon?" was his oratorical yet ambiguous demand.

"When can I see Mr. Finley?" asked the girl.

"I'll 'phone and have him over here from his hotel in fifteen minutes." He caught up the receiver and asked for his number. As he sat there waiting he turned to the girl between his desk and the window. "And it's worth remembering that when Finley travels he travels with that swell car o' his!"

An endless half-hour dragged itself away before the Great Finley made his appearance in the office. He was a slight and mild-eyed man of about thirty, with an audible and asthmatic manner of breathing. In his scarfpin he wore a diamond as big as a wren's egg. From a ring on his little finger flashed another stone of equally prodigious dimensions. Una saw little that was intimidating about him.

"I've got just the right woman for you, Dan."

The Great Finley was slow to participate in the other's enthusiasm. He sat down and studied the silent and waiting girl opposite him.

"This her?" he said, putting his hat on the desk.

"Yep," was the agent's answer with an undulatory flourish of the hand in abbreviated symbolism of an introduction. Finley, still studying the girl with his mild-eyed and meditative directness, nodded his head. The girl, watching the man on whom so much depended, nodded back, a deeper color tingeing her cheek as she did so.

"You're willing to take this trip?" Finley at last asked her as though something about her still puzzled him.

"Yes," Una answered.

"It's a full year on the Continent."

"I know," she said.

Finley smiled a slow and sheepish smile of satisfaction. Then he rubbed his chin.

"Er—think you'll get along with me?"

"I think so."

He was silent for another moment or two of deep thought. Then he nodded his head—half to the agent, half to Una.

"It's sixty a week and all expenses paid," he announced. "Is that satisfactory?"

"Yes," Una murmured.

It was the agent who spoke next.

"You'd better advance her something, Dan, to get togged out on."

"How much would you like?" the Great Finley asked.

Una looked at the floor, considering the question.

"Would a hundred dollars be too much?" she hesitated. Her color deepened again as she asked it. She was annoyed at the thought of her own timidity.

"A hundred dollars down when contracts are signed," agreed the Great Finley. Una stood up. She felt the need of getting away before something should happen—before some untimely word or act on her part should snap the charm and end it all. It seemed too good to be true.

"Can I give you a lift in my car?" the Great Finley said.

Una said that she had an engagement. She was quaveringly afraid of offending him. She began to wonder just what the new relationship implied.

"How about dinner tonight?"

"Not tonight, please!" she almost pleaded, terrified by the look of puzzled resentment that crossed his face. She could see the two men exchange glances. She could not understand the unspoken message that passed between them, but she knew that some message had been given and received. It was the agent who spoke next with his large and perfunctory smile:

"We'll have everything fixed up by this time tomorrow; contract drawn, check ready—everything settled!"

Something about that asymmetrical face and its largely condoning smile held Una's attention. Somewhere, beyond the radius of actual thought, a vague and far-off apprehension, as small and remote as a tunnel-end, wakened and vanished and wakened again before the girl's bewildered eyes. She watched the stage juggler as he turned to answer the hail of a fussy and red-faced man passing in the hallway outside. She looked after him as he stepped out and began talking to this red-faced man. Her trouble had grown like a cloud on a threatening skyline.

She turned back to the agent at the desk. "Will Mr. Finley's wife travel with him on this trip through Europe?"

The agent swung about on his swivel and looked at her.

"His wife!" he gasped.

Una leaned with one hand on the desk-edge. The feeling that swept over her was strangely like that which had once possessed her on a lake excursion steamer. It was mental misery so keen, so overmastering, that it translated itself into physical distress.

The glimmer of the tunnel-end exploded into sudden open light. It was all over after all. The charm was snapped. It had all been too good!

She controlled herself much better than she imagined possible. She even explained, quite calmly though a little weakly, that she would be back the next day, that her time was up and her other engagement must not be broken; but she made her way out of that office with a certain blind precipitancy.

In her hallroom that night she wrote a brief letter to the agent, telling him that she would be unable to accept the engagement with the Great Finley. She went to a corner drug store, verified the agent's address in the directory there, bought a stamp and dropped her letter in a mailbox. When, half an hour later, she went to Jim Sayles' room for her lesson, that wizened invalid turned her face to the light, looked her over and told her to sit down.

"No pirouetting this night!" he announced as he poured out a glass of stout and put it in her hand. "You drink that porter and get to bed for nine hours!"

IX

IT WAS Andrew Hempel who brought a tinge of color on the following day to Una's gray skies. He came and told her he was taking a cheaper studio in East Twenty-third Street; that he was giving up his more

(Continued on Page 44)

"Eighteen! That is a Wonderful Age—Eighteen!"

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 16, 1911

China Leading Russia

REPLYING to a question in the Duma recently, Premier Kokozoff said that owing to complete failure of crops in twelve provinces and partial failure in several others, eight million people out of twelve and a half millions inhabiting the affected territory were in immediate need of relief. Actual starvation was not widespread as yet, but the expenditure of some sixty million dollars would be necessary to prevent wholesale famine.

In other words, a crop failure brought two-thirds of the population immediately to the verge of starvation, as in India or in the Dark Ages. To get a comparison, imagine our Government announcing that, crops having failed in two states, steps must be taken at Washington or more than half the population would perish before spring.

Such is Russia under the Czar. That that government will not honor American passports in the hands of Jewish citizens of this country, or protect its own Jewish citizens at home, should surprise no one. That, also, is part of the Dark Ages régime. It looks as though China were about to take the lead of Russia by a century or so.

The Kind of Guns to Buy

A CORRESPONDENT on the Pacific Coast writes: "From Saturday to Monday evening in November a steamer lay on the beach near the mouth of the Columbia River threatened with destruction. There were fifty persons on board. The patrols from the life-saving station were on hand, but they could not get a lifeline to the imperiled vessel because, though the distance was only a few hundred yards, their gun would not carry far enough. We spend millions for bigger and bigger guns to destroy life; but, so far as I know, there has been no improvement in life-saving devices in twenty years."

About the time our correspondent was watching the ineffectual attempts to reach this stranded steamer, the Italian ministry acknowledged that the first sixty days of the Tripolitan war had cost one hundred million dollars—interest on Italy's funded debt already amounting to nearly three dollars a year a head against twenty-four cents in the United States. The excuse for seizing Tripoli is that Italy desires territory under the Italian flag for her people to migrate to. In ten years two million Italians emigrated to the United States. When the tax burdens of this war are added to those theretofore existing, probably more Italians than ever will come to this country.

The Presidential Primary

WISCONSIN had twenty-six delegates in the last Republican national convention. Twenty-five of them favored certain resolutions offered by Cooper, the Wisconsin member on the platform committee. These resolutions included direct election of Senators, physical valuation of railroads, downward tariff revision, regulation of telegraph and telephone rates, trial in contempt cases and opposition to ship subsidies. A. J. Hopkins, of Illinois—Senator Lorimer's predecessor—was chairman of the platform committee and characterized the Cooper report as "these Socialist-Democratic utterances of Wisconsin."

The Cooper report was rejected by eight hundred and sixty-six votes to one hundred and fourteen. Out of two hundred and eighty-four delegates from Southern Democratic states all but three voted in the negative. New York's machine delegation of seventy-eight and Massachusetts' thirty-two unanimously said "Nay." In Illinois' machine delegation of fifty-four there was but one affirmative; while of Pennsylvania's sixty-eight, fifty-five were against the Wisconsin proposition. That made a majority and eight to spare.

Without the presidential primaries which the Insurgents demand, giving the bulk of Republican voters an opportunity to express their will, the Southern mercenaries, representing no Republican constituency, and the machine delegations of New York, Massachusetts, Illinois and Pennsylvania may control the next Republican national convention, running the steam roller over any Socialist-Democratic ideas from Wisconsin with the same celerity as in 1908; but election returns since 1908 show that a great number of Republican voters will view the performance in a quite different spirit.

The Right to Labor

IN CONFIRMING an injunction against a strike, a New York court recently delivered itself of the following familiar but meaningless language: "The right of every American citizen, whether employer or employee, to gain an honest livelihood by his own toil and endeavor is inherent in our organic law and should be protected by all the power of the Government."

If this were true, when a quarter of the Union workmen of New York were out of employment in 1896 and again in 1908 it would have been the duty of the Government to exert its whole power to procure jobs for them; but the Government did nothing of the kind. When women in sweated trades were unable to gain an honest livelihood it would be the Government's duty to see that wages were raised; or when a lockout deprives workmen of employment the Government should intervene—but the Government doesn't, in fact, recognize any such obligation as the court implies.

Much poppycock is uttered about the right to labor—a right which is and always has been restricted by law on every hand. Since Adam no man has ever had a right to labor except upon such terms and under such conditions as the social intelligence of the times prescribed, with a view to the general well-being.

The court's language is very familiar and sounds well, but it really means nothing.

How to Live by Proxy

BEFORE us lies the prospectus of a highly recommended concern that will "study the various departments of your business, find out where waste occurs and show you how to remedy it; attend to all details of a trip, secure your ticket and make your business appointments and engagements; see that your office is artistically furnished; do your research work; report your lectures and addresses; prepare your book and periodical reviews; outline courses of study and reading; explain and analyze the grand operas for you; chaperon your wife or daughters at theaters, operas or on shopping tours; decorate and furnish your home; decorate the nursery, providing hygienic furniture and toys; do your marketing daily, selecting the freshest, purest foods, and teach your cook how to prepare your favorite dishes; entertain guests for you if you are too busy to do it, or, if your wife is indisposed, send a refined woman to assume the home responsibilities."

Much else will this amiable organization of experts do for you. It is the age of specialization. If you are a shoemaker devote yourself exclusively to shoes, hiring competent experts to select your wife, furnish your home, buy your clothes, prescribe your diet, rear your children, entertain your friends, form your tastes, shape your opinions—and lay you away at last under the epitaph: "Sacred to the memory of eight million pairs of shoes!"

About Knowing Thyself

WE SUPPOSE Old Doctor Whiskers' Family Guide to Medicine and its kindred, including the patent-medicine almanacs, have caused more suffering than all other literature combined, though this is a tall statement in view of the pain that may be caused by one little book of bad poetry. It comes to mind upon reading of a grand hygienic exposition in Germany, where every member, organ and function of the human body was graphically illustrated by charts and wonderful working models, so that the thousands and thousands of lay visitors could see exactly how their hearts, livers, stomachs, lungs, veins, arteries, nerves and muscles operated, and just what derangements resulted from various causes, such as mouth-breathing, bolting one's food, overeating, overdrinking, eyestrain, and so on.

Know Thyself was the motto. We hope the spectators went away wiser. Unquestionably they went away sadder and in a condition to sadden others. Thinking about one's canals, tissues, circulation and reactions is not only the most depressing of mental exercises, but a wellspring of the most lugubrious conversation. He is a wise doctor and social benefactor who never tells his patients what he thinks ails them, except in scientific terms which they can neither understand nor repeat. To know thyself may sometimes be useful; but, for goodness' sake, keep it to thyself!

The Cocoa Pool

WE HAVE heard little lately about the scheme to "valorize" rubber; but the London Economist reports an international project to control the price of cocoa in behalf of the growers. Cocoa-planters of Brazil, St. Thomas and Ecuador are more or less enlisted, it seems; and at the last session of the Congress in Ecuador an ineffectual attempt was made to secure a government loan in aid of the plan. The idea was derived, no doubt, from Brazil's successful "valorization" of coffee. Nothing may come of it or of the larger project—favored by governors of the Southern states and many others—to form a huge pool for the purpose of controlling the price of cotton in behalf of the growers; but both plans indicate how producers the world over are trying to rid themselves of unrestricted competition and to stand together in order to insure a fair, stable price for their products.

Vindicating the Law

THE execution of a murderer in the latter part of November was generally regarded by the press as a noteworthy vindication of law. The man belonged to a prominent family and the evidence against him was wholly circumstantial; yet he was tried quite promptly and condemned to the electric chair—and he left a confession showing that the sentence was just. Some newspapers which regard this as a noteworthy vindication of the law are published in the state where the execution occurred. A statute of that state says: "No newspaper shall publish the details of the execution of criminals under this act. Only the fact that the criminal was executed shall be published." Local newspapers, however, contain full details of the affair.

We all go in strong for vindicating the law except when the law happens to interfere with our own interests.

The Wrong Road Policy

THIRTY-SEVEN counties in Michigan have adopted the county road system. A county tax is levied and three commissioners are elected to expend the money thus collected upon permanent improvement of the main-traveled highways. For every mile of macadam road thus built the state pays to the county a reward of a thousand dollars, and five hundred dollars for each mile of gravel road. Thus if a county builds ten miles of good roads the state presents it with enough money to build approximately two and a half miles more.

Other counties of the state retain the township system, by which each little locality attempts to look after its own roads. Estimates show that of all the money spent last year under the township system about seventy-five per cent went for merely patching up poor dirt roads, so as to make them more or less passable for some months longer, when the same amount will have to be expended over again for more patching; while of the money expended under the county system ninety per cent went to make permanent roads that can be kept in good condition at comparatively small expense. The patching-up plan would bankrupt any railroad in a few years.

Profits from Others' Money

INHABITANTS of the United States who are not millionaires have many billions of surplus capital invested on which they receive three to five per cent interest. There are, for example, four billions of savings-bank deposits, two billions of state and city bonds, nine billions of steam-railroad bonds, two billions of street-railroad bonds, and an unknown amount of real-estate mortgages.

A good many persons, however, who are millionaires expect ten, twenty, thirty per cent on their capital, usually because, along with a relatively small amount of their own money, they employ a great amount of other people's money for which they pay only four or five per cent. It would be a fine thing if the small investor—who really supplies the great bulk of business capital—could get a larger share of the profits coming from the use of that capital. Enthusiasts from time to time dream of bringing about that condition by making investment in stocks as safe as in bonds. On the other hand, stock of the Third Avenue Railroad in New York recently sold at four cents on the dollar. For many years this was regarded as a prime investment stock, paying handsome dividends and selling well above par. The road, of course, was looted; and unfortunately there are still too many pirates abroad to make stock investment, as a general proposition, quite comfortable sailing for the small capitalist.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Major Jim

THOUGH he has been burdened for most of his seventy-three years with the cares, responsibilities and duties of the preferments his fellow-Kentuckians have thrust upon him; though he has been weighed down by the solicitudes and concerns of the people and irked by the constant necessity of signing the public payroll, whereby he was granted some slight emolument for his patriotic services rendered; though he has given almost his entire time to his country and his state, and has been harassed by the perplexities such a generous gift entails; though he has spent years and years in the turmoils of office—years and years!—Major James B. McCreary's hair still remains as black as a raven's wing.

Black as a raven's wing! "More black," as the poet says, "than ashbuds in the front of March." Not that there is such a dickens of a lot of it in front, you understand; but that what there is of it in front—there's plenty behind—is black. One would naturally think, realizing the usual fate of hair, that Major Jim's would be shot with gray about the temples, to say the least, if not turned to silver long ere this. But no! Notwithstanding his long and active life in the service of the people the major's hair retains its pristine and pronounced black. Really, a raven's wing—the blackest wing that ever raven fluttered in the vagrant breezes of a Kentucky spring—has nothing on the major's hair. Of course the major's hair is hair and the raven's wing is feathers; but it is color we are discussing, not materials.

"His hair," says an admiring biographer, in discussing the many likenesses of the major to Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, "like theirs, is lank and sparse." Lank it may be, but not so very sparse. I refuse to admit the sparse part of it. The major has had his hair a long time, and it is perfectly good hair and not deserving of such designation. The point about the major's hair, as I have endeavored to show, is that it is black. Put it down for a fact that the major's hair is as black as ashbuds in the front of March—which, as every one knows, is reasonably dark. And it is fine and fitting to have it so, for we read in the papers that the major, campaigning like a youth through the entire length and breadth of the Blue Grass State, has been elected governor by forty or fifty or some such number of thousands of plurality—elected governor just as, away back in 1875, he was elected governor once before. You positively cannot keep a black-haired Kentucky major down! Here is Major Jim, at the age of seventy-three, and black-haired, elected governor—triumphantly returned to the office he filled with such distinction thirty-five years ago, and his raven tresses not looking a whit less raven than in those earlier days when Marse Henry Watterson was shouting for the seating of Tilden in the presidential chair or another Civil War—take your choice, but let's have the war!

Major Jim was governor cotemporaneously with the Great Fraud of Seventy-six, just as he was Speaker of the Kentucky House of Representatives contiguously with the Crime of Seventy-three; and he has always been on polite speaking terms with the star-eyed Goddess of Reform. Also he synchronized with that other exciting moment when Marse Henry decided to raise one hundred thousand fighting men and march on Washington to seat Grover Cleveland; for Major Jim was placed in Congress by his admiring constituents in 1884—and at that time his hair was also black.

Never Deaf to Party Calls

YOU cannot keep a black-haired Kentucky major down!—not that anybody ever tried to keep Major Jim down, but that it would have been useless so to attempt. In early manhood the major dedicated his life to the service of the people, and he kept the vow. Never for a moment did he falter or forget. "Who am I," he said, "to resist these appeals to keep in office? Who am I not to answer my party's call?" And he answered it every time the party peeped. Sometimes he anticipated the call a trifle, but that was due to an excess of zeal in the cause of Kentucky and Kentuckians.

Far be it from the major not to provide both call and answer if so be the call was not clarion enough to be heard distinctly. Far be it from him to wait in listening attitude if there was an apparent delay.

Not the major—not the black-haired Major Jim! For why did he fight the blood-stained battles of the Confederacy for four long years if not to get his ears so sensitized that no call should escape their radii? For why, I ask you? There is no answer save the long and imposing record of the major's public services. That, I should say, suffices. It silences every carping query.

His Hair is as Black as a Raven's Wing

The major was born in Madison County, Kentucky, in 1838, and early showed his aptitude for getting what he went after, for he secured his diploma from Center College, Danville, at the age of eighteen; and later, turning to the law, was first in a class of forty-seven when he finished at the Cumberland University, in Tennessee. He entered the Confederate army in 1862, and was lieutenant-colonel of the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry when hostilities were over. However, it would be a *faux pas* to refer to him as Lieutenant-Colonel Jim. He is and always has been "the Major" to the boys who followed him under the bonny blue flag both in battle and to the polls.

They offered to make him a presidential elector on the Democratic ticket in 1868, but he declined—and rightly, for being a presidential elector is a lean honor for a returned war hero. However, he went to the national Democratic convention that year as a delegate, and one year later was sent to the Kentucky legislature. He was reëlected in 1871 and 1873, and was Speaker in both those terms. Black-haired and vigorous, he was the pride of the Democracy, and they made him governor in 1875, where he served four years. The calls for his services continued and he heard them all. They sent him to Congress in 1884 and kept him there twelve years. Presently, in 1902, they put him in the United States Senate, where he served for six years; and now they have made him governor again. I'll leave it to the general public—Is it possible to keep a black-haired Kentucky major down?

The major is no extremist in his political views. To him a public question always has two—or several—sides; and instead of arbitrarily taking one side or the other, thereby making clear the assumption that those who have taken another side may be wrong, the major has always and sedulously refrained from hurting the feelings of any citizen—or losing his vote—by maintaining a masterly balance in the exact middle or by encompassing, with a skill born of long practice, the satisfactory position of being on every side. It has always been a tenet of the major's that there is virtue in each angle of a public discussion—and votes. And it may be remarked, in passing, he was recently elected governor at the age of seventy-three.

However, there was one subject on which the major took a positive stand, hewed to the line and let the chips fall where they might. I refer to peace, as typified and exemplified by international arbitration. Caring no whit what the propagandists of war might say, the major stood firmly and aggressively for international peace and arbitration, subjects which, as he frequently said, were of nation-wide—nay, world-wide—importance; and also cutting no figure in the total vote of Kentucky. As chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, he made a speech that began the movement that culminated in the Court of Arbitration at The Hague.

His life has been a busy one and fruitful. Of a broad and comprehending nature, he has understood all sides of all questions, and has never been so set and narrow in his views as not to adopt any policy that would work for the glory and increment of his beloved native state—with such incidental honorarium as might befall himself. Splendidly educated in the classics, and the recipient of an LL.D. degree years ago, he early chose for his motto that single eloquent Latin word: "*Salve!*" And his hair is as black as a raven's wing.

A Fair Commission

AKANSAS clergyman received a letter from a Kentucky whisky firm that said the firm was supplying a large number of Kansans with a good article of whisky, and asked the minister to send in the names of any men he knew in his community who might want some of their product.

As a joke, the minister sent the whisky firm the names of twelve men of the town, all good friends of his. Later he received this letter:

"*Dear Sir:* We are in receipt of your letter giving us the names of citizens in your community. We have made six sales resulting from your information and we herewith hand you our check for six dollars as your commission."

Not Dry

FESTUS J. WADE, the St. Louis banker, had a friend, a police captain, who died. The friends of the dead policeman wanted to give the widow an appropriate memorial and subscribed enough money to have a large oil portrait painted by a local artist. The dead policeman's name was O'Brien. When the portrait was finished it was taken to the house of the widow and placed on exhibition. All who subscribed to the fund were invited to come and see it, and they assembled one night. The portrait was unveiled by the artist. Half of those present said it was a good likeness and half said it was very poor. The dispute was warm. Finally the artist, seeing his fee slipping away from him, as there seemed no basis of settlement as to the merits of the picture, suggested that a fire captain named Mullen, who lived near by and who was an intimate friend of O'Brien, should be called in and the merit or demerit of the picture left to him.

Mullen came and was shown the picture.

"Who is it?" asked the artist.

"It's O'Brien!" said Mullen. "By my faith, it's O'Brien! It's my old friend O'Brien."

Mullen walked up and put out his hand to touch the picture.

"Don't do that!" exclaimed the artist. "It's not dry."

"Not dry!" shouted Mullen. "Not dry, is it? Then, if it isn't dry it isn't O'Brien!"

One on Stanley

REPRESENTATIVE A. O. STANLEY, of Kentucky, chairman of the House committee that is investigating the Steel Trust, was once a prosecuting attorney in his home county.

A man was being tried for murder and Stanley was conducting the case against him. The prisoner had shot a man three times in the breast and killed him.

Stanley was addressing the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "this man carried a pistol—a reprehensible practice. He had this dangerous weapon in his pocket, and he drew it on the occasion of this quarrel and shot the victim—shot him deliberately and with murder in his heart! Like the criminal he was, he carried this murderous pistol—and he used it like the murderer he is!

"Gentlemen of the jury, let me show you where those bullets entered the body of this unfortunate man."

Stanley took off his coat the better to illustrate on his own body where the bullets did hit the victim, and turned again to the jury. A large pistol protruded from his hip pocket.

"Mr. Stanley, will you kindly suspend for a moment?" said the judge.

"Certainly, your Honor," Stanley replied, turning in surprise to the bench.

"Very well," said the judge. "Following your argument about the reprehensibility of carrying firearms, I fine you ten dollars for carrying one yourself. Kindly step up and pay the clerk before you proceed."

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

VI

THAT curt letter of Oglebay's, my dismissal, gave me but ten days' notice. I still owed six hundred and fifty dollars. A little more than half of this was due the firm; the balance was made up of current bills and the chattel mortgage on my furniture. Six hundred and fifty dollars—and I hadn't a cent in the world!

My dismissal meant, of course, that my pay ended with it. After the firm had deducted what I owed them—as naturally they would—I would receive less than thirty dollars. On this I must again make my start in the world. It was not even thirty dollars capital. It was thirty dollars that rightfully belonged to others.

Figler handed me my letter. Doubtless he knew its portent, for I was aware that the man eyed me covertly, almost contemptuously. Frank's threat to discharge him had been pure buncombe. Merely to cozen me he'd said I was to replace Figler; I hadn't, and Frank had never intended that I should. The speech had been merely a means to string me along just as Frank, whenever it served his purpose, strung every one else along.

The letter was not unexpected. For this reason though I indeed felt my heart leap once, then sag dismally—for this reason I faced Figler with outward calmness.

"Is Oglebay in his office?" I asked.

"My, no!" exclaimed Figler with an emphasis that divulged clearly that he knew why I asked. "He went South this morning for a fortnight."

A fortnight?—humph! It meant that on his return he would no longer find me a figure in his office. Outraged, hurt to the heart and inwardly boiling, I reflected that after all it was a thing I could have expected of him. I should have known from the first he'd do something like it. Any man that used his other friends as he had, only to advance himself, was not likely to make me an exception. What is further true, more than one of those other friends of his I'd seen used by him until the friend was broken, penniless. In particular there were those whom Frank, through his college popularity, had induced to dabble in stocks. Once they had been cleaned out their usefulness to Frank ceased automatically. But why dwell on it? In Wall Street popularity is a mere asset, and presumed friendship merely a means to feather one's own nest.

Prentiss was in the office. If I could not see Frank I could at least see him. Why I sought the interview I cannot say. Possibly I was driven to it by desperation.

"Say!" said Figler.

He stood before me, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, and no longer was he the effusive, fawning sponge I had always known. Instead he now patronized me from the shoes up. "I say, old chap, funny thing now," he laughed. "Hodge was saying—Sam, you know—that you and the old man have been having a scrap."

What old man? For an instant I looked at him puzzled; then I froze. He meant, of course, my Uncle Jessup.

"Eh, what?" interrogated Figler impudently.

For a moment I stared hard at him. Now I knew, to be sure, the reason why Frank had sent me that letter. My confession to Hodge, one bit of frankness on my part, had cost me heavily. It was Hodge—he to whom I already owed much—almost as much, in fact, as I owed to myself—it was Hodge, I say, who had wrecked me.

"You're all right, Figler," I drawled at him. "Yes, I'm sure you are."

"Eh, what say?" exclaimed Figler, and bounced back a step or two.

I smiled at him. "The only trouble with you, Figler," I said deliberately, "is that you'll always be a Figler—and Wall Street's full of them."

He was still gasping and spluttering as I tapped on the glass of Prentiss' door.

I merely summarize what followed. Prentiss I found in this interview to be less the bear, less vulgar and roaring than was his wont. Strange as it may sound I think Prentiss meant even to be kind. He seemed even sorry.

"Oglebay makes me tired," he growled, openly frank as he shrugged himself. "He's always jumping wildcat schemes on me that never in the world'd pan out. Now I knew it was all gas when he brought a green hand like you down to Wall Street and said you was a paying card, ace high. Son," he added, "nothing against you, of course—no offense—only I knew from the first you were only another of Dot Oglebay's dreamy four flushes. Why, if you'd brought in the half of your pay in trade, honest now, I think I'd have bust a rib in wonder. . . . And as for your uncle's ——" At this point he leaned forward and asked flatly whether Jessup Agnew was really my uncle. When I assured him that he was Mr. Prentiss relieved himself of a grunt, then resumed: "Well, as for your being able to land that old screw's trade—my! my!" grumbled the fat man, and in expressive pantomime fanned himself with his hands. "But that ain't nothing," he presently observed. "I call it rotten of Frank to yank you out of a good job, then to throw you down like this! I'm going to have a real little pillow-to-pillow talk with him, I am, the minute he gets back."

"Mr. Prentiss," said I quietly, "this comes at a pretty serious time with me. I think your firm might at least have let me remain till I'd finished out my year."

Prentiss slowly shook his head. "It'd just be wasting time for you. . . . Now you take it from me what knows—you ain't cut out for Wall Street. Of course you're not asking my advice, but I say: You go back to Ohio."

It was kindly meant and I saw in it nothing to offend. But Ohio! I hadn't even the money to buy a ticket home. I think it was on the tip of my tongue to say so but Prentiss forestalled me.

"Say, now," he remarked bluntly, "I shouldn't wonder if you was a little short on ready money. . . . Well, I tell you what," he observed as he bit the end from a cigar and vigorously struck a match on his trousers: "I want to do the right thing. It ain't fair to chuck a man like this, so you just step out to the cashier's cage and I'll have him fix you out with an extra two weeks' pay."

Two weeks' pay! In fact, more than two hundred dollars! It meant almost salvation, and I felt my heart bump. With that amount I could do much to relieve myself of my momentary embarrassments. On the first, furthermore, ten days from now, I'd owe a month's rent. If it were not paid on the dot I felt sure of what would happen. The agents must long have had wind of my difficulties, and what they might do was evident. Two hundred dollars would save from this anyway—this last shock to my already overtortured pride.

"Yes," drawled Prentiss as he blew out a cloud of fragrant smoke, "I'll make you a gift of it outright."

"There Ain't a Thing in the World I've Got That Jim and You Can't Have of Me for the Asking"

That settled it. I refused the offer, much to the fat man's wonder.

"Eh? Won't take it, what? Well, have a cigar then," he invited awkwardly, evidently nonplused.

I declined also the cigar. However, I did not decline to shake the fat, really sincere hand that Prentiss stretched out to me. Ten minutes after this friendly parting I turned up Broadway, leaving behind me for good and all Wall Street and all of Wall Street's life. At a brisk pace I headed toward the Western Union Building.

There I wrote and dispatched a telegram. It was to Ainsworth. What it said speaks for itself.

"Will you lend me six hundred dollars on my unsecured note? Urgent. Wire answer."

Afterward I walked out into the street and again faced northward.

It was the second time in three months that I had paced Broadway debating what to do. Now instead of the snow and the wintry darkness of Christmas Eve the sun of a windy March morning stared down on New York's main highway. I walked among thousands, yet I might have trod Sahara. Solitude seemed to engulf me.

I was all in. The blow seemed final, for together with hope, ambition, too, had left me. I had only that deep desire all ruined men feel in the first moments of their ruin—I wanted to hide myself. My one desire was for some distant harbor of refuge where unknown and unremarked I might grub out obscurely the remainder of my life. I felt, too, that when again I sought work it must be humble work, humbly in keeping with my slight abilities.

Yet what I might do I didn't know. At college a course in political economy had been one of my electives, and in it I had learned the law that a laborer, if denied a living wage, returns to the soil. Perhaps I, too, might return to the soil—get a farm somewhere. Or in some place where I was known I might set up as a humble storekeeper. Only in this thought the image of Jennie behind a counter did not appeal to me. I thought of something else. I, in fact, mulled over in my brain all the thousand thoughts that come to a man who finds himself in straits.

Alone in life I might have laughed at my adversity. Had I been alone a hundred opportunities were open to me. And whatever you think, I was not ashamed to work, nor was I ashamed to lay my hand to any task, however small and mean it might have been. But I was not alone. I was married. I had the married man's pride in his circumstance. Any shame I might feel in taking offered work was a shame any married man would feel.

For hours I walked the streets. It was a fruitless walk filled with fruitless thoughts, for I arrived at no conclusion. I could not even decide whether I should tell Jennie. Perhaps I shouldn't. Every morning I must leave the house exactly as usual—exactly, in fact, as if I still had a place. At least I could walk the streets till I'd found a new place; then I could break the news to her.

Yet no sooner had I decided this than I had another thought. What if I could find no other place? Ultimately Jennie would be sure to learn my distress, and the longer the discovery was delayed the greater it would shock her. I knew then I must tell her at once. Hurrying now, I headed straight for home.

Jennie had not left the house all day. At the click of my key in the latch I heard her cry out sharply.

I think that for months she had awaited the final disaster. She knew the instant I opened the door that the expected had befallen. "Jim, it's happened?" she asked, her voice low yet controlled. "Has it?"

I nodded. Then to my utter and inconceivable astonishment Jennie drew a deep breath, swelled out her breast as if she freed herself from a burden and cried devoutly: "Thank God, at last!"

"You're glad—glad!" I cried, astonished—bitterly astonished, I'm afraid. "Glad?" I rasped again.

"Yes, glad—glad—glad!" she answered.

I stared at her momentarily, then turned away. "Oh, well," I muttered hopelessly.

"Wait!" cried Jennie, and faced me. "Wait till I tell you why I'm glad—I'm glad because it's all over. From

the moment you took that place it's brought us nothing but pain, misery. I knew from the first that Frank Oglebay took you only for a purpose. And the purpose, too, was only a part of the sham, the pretense, the lying make-believe that from the first has surrounded you and me. And what have we had for it—had even for the place—the five thousand that it brought us? We've had pain, misery, that's what we've had! That and our own share in this sham and pretense. . . . That's why I'm glad. I've hated it from the moment we had to give up our first little home. Out in Ohio we were on the level anyway."

The flow of words, sharp, even brutal, came angrily. It amazed me. Rarely if ever before had I seen her angry. My own irritation was forgotten, buried under by hers. "Look here too," said Jennie in that same masterful key; "for ten months now you've had your say unhindered. I mean to have mine now. . . . What plans have you?"

Plans? I had none. After a pause I told her so.

"Well, I have," retorted Jennie, tossing her head.

I shrugged myself. No doubt her plan or plans would include nothing more extensive than a hasty removal from this home, the scene of our downfall. Possibly she might even suggest going home—back to Ohio, that is. "Ohio? Yes, if it's for our good!" she cried, and added: "It's of little consequence to me where we go so long as it'll aid us to make good. You'll go anywhere you get a good chance to go, and I'll go with you. . . . And let me tell you too," she announced bluntly, "we'll stay in New York if it's in New York that the best chance is offered us. Here, see what's in this," she ordered, and with that handed me an unopened telegram.

It was Ainsworth's answer. I snatched at it as a drowning man might snatch at a life-line. My fingers trembled with eagerness as I tore it open. Then I read, stared for an instant at the typewritten script, and slowly crumpling the sheet of yellow paper in my hand flung it to the floor.

I had asked Ainsworth for six hundred dollars. His answer was in one word. It was: "No!"

Ainsworth too! The one friend I'd felt I could depend upon—he had failed me.

"What's in that telegram?" Jennie demanded.

"Nothing," I muttered.

"Do you mean that you'll not tell me? Who's it from?" she insisted, again mandatory.

It gave me a queer satisfaction, then, to divulge this last shot at my already shot-to-pieces pride. "It's from Ainsworth," I answered. "I asked him to lend me money to pay my debts—to get a start again. He refused."

Jennie caught her breath. "Ainsworth! I can't believe it. He refused you?" she faltered.

In answer I picked up the telegram, and after smoothing out the paper handed it to her. She read the one word, flushed, and then like me threw the paper to the floor. To my astonishment Jennie turned swiftly to me and burst into tears.

"Here, here!" I began, my harshness at once melting.

Jennie gave me no chance to finish. "Jim! O, Jim!" she cried desperately; "I'm so sorry for you. It's not your fault. I didn't mean to be so cruel."

The afternoon was already waning. In the drawing room, deep down in the airshaft, it was dark now, as if night had come. There in the dark Jennie clung to me, shaking and sobbing, crying out that she hadn't meant to hurt me. In the midst of it the doorbell rang.

I started. Jennie, too, quickly raised her head. Again the bell rang, then a heavy hand knocked upon the panels.

"Where's Olga?" I asked—or rather, let me say, I whispered it.

For I felt sure I knew who rang that bell, then knocked so rousingly. It would be a dun. No doubt they'd already had wind of what had happened, and the one outside would be but the advance guard of the little army that soon would flock to my door.

It was Olga's day out. "I'll go," said Jennie, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief.

I would not let her. The dun I would face myself; besides, Jennie's tear-stained face was not one to show outsiders.

So with about as much willingness as a convict feels when he goes to the gallows I walked down the hall, heaved a deep breath, then deliberately threw open the door.

Ainsworth stood there and he was smiling.

Gad! My knees grew weak. "You?" I gasped.

"Got my wire, didn't you?" rumbled the big fellow. "All right, that's why I'm here. I want to talk to you!"

As I still clung to the doorknob, giving him no invitation to come in, Ainsworth calmly brushed me aside. Entering he closed the door, slowly removed his hat and overcoat, then as slowly hung them on the hatrack. "Where's Jennie?" he demanded, adding that he wished to see her too.

Silently I led him into the parlor.

At the sight of him Jennie arose with an exclamation. "Butch! Not you?"

"Yes, me, Jennie," answered the big fellow easily, whereupon Jennie stiffened like a poker.

"Humph! How do you do, Mr. Ainsworth?" she murmured.

Ainsworth eyed her briefly. "Cut that out," he remarked, his tone severe. "Jim here sent me a telegram this morning, and I take it you've seen the answer. All right. After I'd sent it I got on a train to come and tell you why I sent it."

"Indeed!" returned Jennie acidly; "did it need an explanation?"

Again Ainsworth eyed her. Again he said: "Cut that out, I tell you." After this, without our invitation, he helped himself to a chair. "Jennie, my girl," said he with the utmost freedom and familiarity, "I want you to know this right now—there ain't a thing in the world I've got, not one thing," growled Ainsworth, banging one huge fist against the table in emphasis, "that Jim and you can't have of me for the asking." Here he noisily cleared his throat. "That is," he added, "anything but money."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jennie meaningly—sarcastically, too, I fear.

"Say," said Ainsworth instantly, inelegantly, "just hold your horses, will you? Jim can have even my money, provides he uses it right."

I saw Jennie start—why, I didn't know. Now, however, I know it had just dawned on her what the big fellow meant. I still sat speechless and wondering. A clam at a clambake could not have had less understanding of the proceedings about him in which he was so vitally concerned.

"If I've got it doped out right," Ainsworth rambled on, "Jim wants that money for one of two things: either he wants to speculate, or he's got in over his head and needs it to pay his debts."

"See here, Butch," I began testily, when instantly Jennie cut me short. "Keep still," she tersely ordered.

I obeyed instructions.

"Well, which is it?" Ainsworth demanded. "Gambling, debts, or both?"

Jennie supplied the answer. "Debts," she answered simply.

"Oh, I see," observed Ainsworth. "You young folks, I shouldn't wonder, have been playing with the gang we met at dinner that night. Eh? Those Skiglers—Zigler, was it? Those what-do-you-call-'ems, anyway. Figler? Oh, yes, those Broadway swells."

Not only had we been playing with the Figlers, but with many others like them. However, neither Jennie nor I volunteered this.

"Anyway," said Ainsworth, "looks to me as if you'd got in over your heads. . . . That ain't the point though. What I want to say is, Jim can have the six hundred—or six thousand either, if he wants it—so long as he'll let me have a look in on what he's going to do with it. If he wants it to keep up the Broadway pace—nix! Or if it's needed to let him hang on to Frank Oglebay's flimflam outfit—nix again! And this time, too, it's nix real good and hard! I ain't strong for any man—a college man too—that'll work his way to money by making a come-on of every friend."

I made no comment nor did Jennie. She waited quietly, expectantly eying me as if to read in my face what I intended to tell him. I said nothing though. I had nothing to say. Somehow I did not relish telling Ainsworth that I was no longer in Wall Street—and why.

Jennie had no such reservations. As I still kept silent she forthwith plumped out all the facts.

Ainsworth started. "Well, if that ain't bully!" was Ainsworth's joyous but not too flattering comment. "Fine!" he cried, then added: "Such being the case, let's us three get down to brass tacks right away."

Briefly what he offered was this:

Whatever I needed, however large the amount, he would advance me. In addition he offered me a place. "It ain't much of a place maybe," he advised, "because I don't cotton to shoving in new men over the heads of others. You'll have to begin at the bottom and take your chances with the rest. If you're patient though"—I looked up sharply—where had I heard the words before?—"If you're patient," Ainsworth drawled, "your chance is as good as any one's."

Before I could digest the offer, even thank him for it, Jennie spoke. "Thank you, Butch! I knew you'd do something kind."

Ainsworth grunted anew. "Tommyrot! No such thing!" he growled. "He'll get the same as I started on—fifteen a week. If you folks can't live on that I'll lend you what extra you need. . . . But you've got to pay me back," he grumbled. "You've got to pay me every blooming cent of it!"

For the first time in months I heard Jennie give a free, natural laugh. "Of course we'll pay it back," she returned; "but before we accept I want to be frank with you. If we can get something better Jim and I are going to take it. Is that understood?"

Ainsworth grinned at her momentarily, then chuckled outright. "Gee! but you're the busy little business woman! If I had a wife like ——" But there he broke off, blushing furiously.

"You see," said Jennie, "Jim's had nine years' business experience. He's a good business man, only just at the moment he doesn't think so. Now do you, Jim?"

I made no response. A savage scowl instead spoke for me. But Jennie, smiling openly, went on speaking. "The fact is," Jennie announced abruptly, "Jim may have another offer—today, in fact."

A what—another offer? It was news to me. Never before had I known Jennie to bluff on any pretext whatever. Jennie added blandly: "You know it's just possible Jim and I may go back to Ohio."

(Concluded on Page 27)

"For Ten Months Now You've Had Your Say Unhindered. I Mean to Have Mine Now"

"When do we eat?"

THAT'S the question which agitates the normal healthy youngster three times a day—at least. And if you are his mother, thank your lucky stars for this ravenous appetite of his.

Give him the wholesome simple foods that build up a vigorous body and wide-awake brain.

Start off his dinner or supper every day with one of the 21 kinds of

Campbell's Soups

It will make the whole meal relish better and digest better. And he will never grow tired of them.

Pure, full-flavored, nourishing, these perfect soups include ample variety for every taste and every occasion.

Order them by the dozen. Keep an assortment on hand. That saves time and bother and makes you always ready for the unexpected.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
	Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

Slumber sweetly
And completely
Little one so fair
If through your dreams
That label gleams
You'll wake to find
it there.

Commercial Paper as an Investment—By Roger W. Babson

IN A PARIS paper I read last evening was a most interesting account of the analytical mind of Thomas A. Edison. The article described how Edison, during his recent European trip, after closeting himself for half an hour with the map of Paris, seemed to have a perfect knowledge of the city, being able to locate every street of any section and to find his way about as if he had been born in Paris and had always lived there. In short, according to this Paris paper, he was able to grasp the details and fundamental questions of every important matter in such a wonderful manner that all were simply astonished at his versatility and thoroughness.

Though this story has nothing to do with commercial paper, it reminds me of an evening I spent in Mr. Edison's home, when we discussed different classes of securities. On this evening Edison told me that, though he was no banker, and, owing to his optimism and large-heartedness, often got the worst of a deal, he had many times made a most careful study of comparative forms of investment, and had concluded at the end of each analysis that the safest investment today is high-grade commercial paper maturing in from three to six months and issued for merchandise either in stock or in transit. In previous articles I have explained why Edison is opposed to the purchase of certain long-term bonds, preferring listed stocks of our large and established railroads and industrial corporations. He also has opinions regarding other forms of securities, such as short-term notes. He has nothing against any legitimate investments or forms of securities; but, whatever the character of the securities described or whatever the conditions under which they are issued, he always comes to the final opinion that theoretically the very best investment is high-grade commercial paper maturing in from three to six months, issued by successful merchants and secured indirectly by merchandise.

Three Kinds of Paper

Commercial paper is really issued for three purposes—namely:

1—To provide additional permanent or semi-permanent capital for carrying either a larger stock of merchandise or assets of a more fixed nature.

2—To enable an increase in credits.

3—To carry over the "peak of the load" peculiar to every business.

Personally I do not believe in commercial paper issued for the first-mentioned purpose. I care not how large or how small a firm's capital is—provided it is in the form of contributions by members of the firm if it is a firm, or in the form of capital stock if it is a corporation. I do, however, believe it is a mistake for any manufacturer, merchant or storekeeper to borrow money on notes for an increased capital. It is necessary to renew such notes continually when they become due, and a firm or corporation which has issued notes for capital for any length of time finds it almost impossible to break away from the habit. It is a bad habit and is at the bottom of many commercial failures today. It is comparatively easy to borrow money, but it is a vastly different thing to pay up the notes. As a good relative of mine used to say: "Roger, if you want to have the winter last but a short time discount a four-months' note about the first of November!" Therefore, to repeat, I do not believe in the first class of commercial paper above referred to; and, though the majority of commercial paper today belongs to this class, I advise against its purchase—and, what is more, I advise every reader of this weekly against borrowing money for permanent merchandise-capital requirements.

The second class of commercial paper—that issued for enabling a firm to increase its accounts receivable—should in many cases be treated the same as the first class; but there are exceptions to this rule, and these exceptions depend largely upon the character of the accounts. For a manufacturer of millinery, an article that is very perishable and of large profits, to issue paper in order to increase his accounts receivable does not appeal to me as very good business, as the accounts of certain small retail millinery concerns may not be especially attractive. On the other hand, for a concern that deals in copper, pig iron or some other commodity, which over a comparatively few months fluctuates very little in price and is very marketable, to issue paper in order to increase its accounts receivable may be good business. Of course, when judging class two, everything depends upon the character of the firm issuing the paper; and each instance should really be decided independently on its own merits. Otherwise the loaner of the money had better purchase what are known as "receivables."

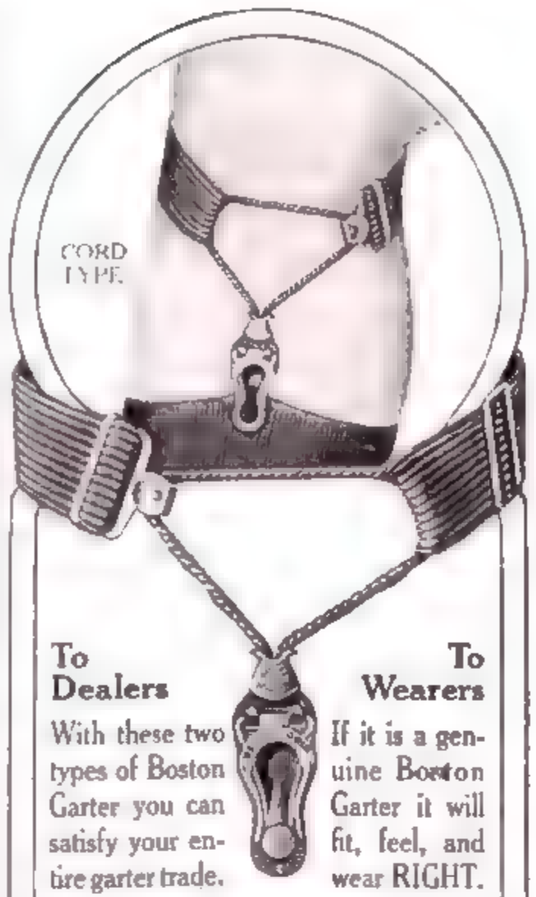
Receivables Explained

Some of the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have written to ask what is meant by "receivables," and the following is a brief explanation: If a medium-grade concern came to one of my banks and wished to borrow ten thousand dollars in order to extend twenty-five hundred dollars additional credit to four good customers, I should say to them: "I really do not wish to loan you permanently the money for additional capital purposes; but if you will get four notes of twenty-five hundred dollars each—one from each of the firms you mention—and will indorse and bring these notes to me, I will discount them for you." Now by doing this I accomplish three things: First—I make sure that the money is to be used for increasing accounts receivable rather than for buying more unsold merchandise. Second—I have a definite lien on a certain portion of these accounts receivable that I believe to be good, rather than an indefinite general interest in them all. Third—I need not look to my local firm for the payment of the notes except as a last resort. In short, I place my eggs in four baskets instead of one, and then have all the baskets guaranteed by the local firm which indorses all four notes.

Therefore, by receivables are meant notes that a firm has received in payment for goods sold, which notes it indorses and discounts at some bank. Of course some firms feel that it is poor policy to give these receivables, not desiring to expose their customers. Moreover, if one bank is given receivables, all banks loaning to the firm expect receivables likewise. Therefore many large corporations refuse to give any of their customers' notes to their creditors, but keep said notes in their own safes, refusing to use receivables on any account. Of course, for large firms this is an entirely proper practice; but smaller and medium-grade firms which have not clearly established a high credit should not object to giving receivables when the money is desired for temporarily extending credits—still less for permanently extending credits.

This brings us to the third class of commercial paper on which money is borrowed simply to carry a firm over its busy season. This is the kind of paper I endeavor to purchase for the banks in which I am interested. There are many illustrations of this third class of commercial paper; but perhaps the best is that put out by wool houses in Boston. These wool houses are obliged to buy wool in the summer and hold it for a few months until the manufacturers take it off their hands; and often in the spring they have no wool. Of course they all have large capital and often they loan this capital in the season when they are not carrying wool; but in a business like that it is almost as bad to have too much capital as too little. Consequently the wool merchant begins in the summer to purchase wool with his own capital so long as the capital lasts, which is nearly up to the peak of the harvest-time, when he borrows money with which to purchase more wool. This money is used for carrying him over the "peak," or winter; and the first wool he sells after the first of the year is used for paying up his notes, though he does not get his own capital from all the wool until it is almost time for another shearing.

Therefore it will be seen that the best kind of commercial paper is that of firms that borrow only for a certain season of the year to carry them over the "peak of the load." Such firms have sufficient capital



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If it is a genuine Boston Garter it will fit, feel, and wear RIGHT.

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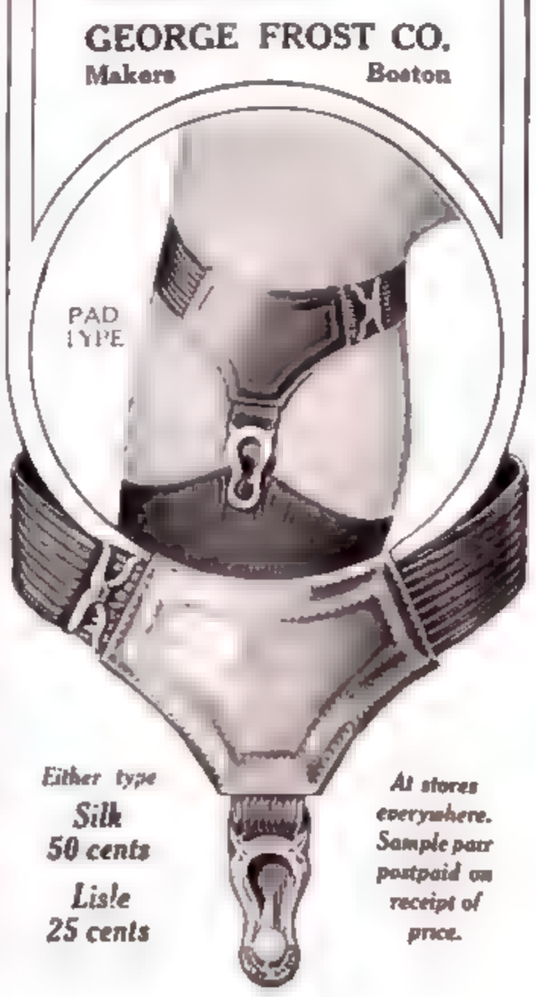

Either type
Silk
50 cents
Lisle
25 cents

At stores everywhere. Sample pair postpaid on receipt of price.

for their ordinary business, but desire an increased capital for three or four months. Rather than have a surplus of funds for eight months of the year, these firms feel that it is better judgment to borrow for four months of the year, and they are certainly justified in such a course. I have in mind a manufacturer who spends eight months of the year in making goods which are sold mainly during two or three of the summer months. Now this firm feels justified in borrowing money for a large portion of the material consumed in the manufacture of its goods during the winter, paying up these loans in the summer-time when the sales are made. In short, the largest institutions in the country seek borrowers who "clean up" once a year and are entirely out of debt for a portion of the year, even though it is but for two or three months. This money is not borrowed for permanent capital requirements, and therefore the bank is almost always sure to be able to get the money, if it so desires, when the note becomes due.

For the benefit of borrowers, I wish to state here that the easiest way to establish credit is to pay notes when they mature and never ask for an extension! So arrange your maturities and loans that when your notes become due you can pay them, even if you must go back at the end of the time to reborrow the money. Strange as it may seem, the average bank does not consider security, or even a financial statement, so much as it considers the moral risk—and by moral risk is meant the personal character of the borrowers and their record for paying notes when they come due.

Rules for Buyers of Paper

For the benefit of readers of this weekly I have drawn up the following five rules that may be intelligently used by any investor in the selection of commercial paper:

1—Buy only through established note-brokers, and purchase only from brokers who are universally recognized as the most conservative. Never buy direct from the borrowers, for the brokers act as a check on the genuineness of the paper—and the difference in rate, the commission paid the brokers, is but a small premium to pay for the insurance of thorough investigations.

2—If possible, buy "two-name" business paper, preferably receivables or accepted drafts. A wholesale house sells goods to a large dry-goods house in some other city and takes its note for six months. The wholesale house then indorses it and gives it to a broker to sell. The buyer then virtually has the note of two distinct concerns in different sections of the country, and the buyer knows for what his money was used. If one cannot obtain this paper obtain as many valuable indorsements as possible on the best paper in the market.

3—Purchase paper the names on which are well rated by both Dun and Bradstreet and are also recommended by the banks of the vicinity in which the borrowers do business. Banks are human and sometimes make mistakes; but certainly one should not purchase paper which a good local bank refuses to recommend.

4—Purchase paper of borrowers who use the money either to increase accounts receivable or to carry them over their busy season. As previously stated, I do not believe that any firm should do its normal business on borrowed money, but rather should have sufficient capital of its own to carry on its regular operations. Therefore it is well to insist on the payment of all notes at maturity rather than to permit renewals.

5—Buy only the paper of firms that furnish full and satisfactory statements and that the established notebrokers state is the very best. Moreover, to insure the genuineness of the statement, find out something about the moral standing of the borrower. Whether considering stocks, bonds or commercial paper, the average bank today gives altogether too little thought to the moral character of the owners and operators of the business. Of course a good statement should be insisted upon; but unprincipled men can make a statement show about anything they wish it to show.

In short, the above resolves itself into the practice of gradually accumulating a list of names which the brokers, the banks, the local community—and, in fact, all—agree are the very best. It is a great mistake to buy paper of a firm with which one is unfamiliar. It is wise to be continually looking up new firms; but they should be looked up with the idea of buying the next time the notes are offered, rather than the first time the notes are observed by the buyer—and then only in case all investigations have proved satisfactory! A careful record should be kept of these names; and, though gradually the list may be extended or curtailed, only such paper should be purchased as is offered by firms in this list. Moreover, these names should be kept constantly in mind, and an acquaintance with the business growth of the firms formed. Some bankers confine their purchases of outside paper to two or three cities and then systematically visit these cities and keep in touch with the moral and financial status of the firms whose paper they discount.

Of course there are various methods of "checking" commercial paper, which term simply means looking it up to see whether or not it is good. We have the commercial agencies, such as Dun's and Bradstreet's; but, as brokers will not usually offer paper unless the firms issuing it are satisfactorily rated by these agencies, one should look much farther and make an independent examination. The first thing that occurs to one when making an independent inspection is the statement; but often it is impossible to rely upon the statement of even public accountants. To begin with, a public accountant may be a wizard at figures and able to add four columns at once; but he may be utterly unable to appraise a stock of merchandise or even make an examination into the value of the accounts receivable. Of course the statement will give both of these items, but for a public accountant to ascertain whether these items represent real value or not is a very difficult proposition. Very few accountants are properly paid or properly equipped for the appraising of assets; and, outside of the moral element brought by the public-accounting business, its value is to be questioned. However, I am very much in favor of public accounting as one of the aids in selecting and establishing a clean record for commercial paper; in fact, one of the banks in which I am interested has passed an official vote requesting the investment committee to endeavor to select only paper of firms that systematically have public accountants audit their accounts.

Another reason why one cannot depend too much upon a statement is because, the day after the statement is issued, some property may have been sold or some obligation assumed which may very materially weaken the standing of the borrower.

Getting a Line on Borrowers

Probably the best method is to ascertain the standing of the concern in the trade. Many large banks with credit departments, after much inquiring, without hearing a word against the borrower, are almost certain that the paper of such a borrower is absolutely good for the next twelve months. On the other hand, the paper of a firm not recommended in the highest terms—or of a firm on which banks report "We are not well enough acquainted to give an opinion"—is best let alone. Of course, in checking the standing of such a concern, one should go beyond the banks which the borrowers or their brokers refer to, as such banks usually have an account with the borrowers—and it is not to be expected that they would speak otherwise than favorably.

When studying commercial paper it is well to write or talk—a personal talk is infinitely better than writing—with banks that do not have an account with the firm and with competitors in the trade, as this is the best way to obtain good independent and impartial information.

However, the most important of the suggestions above given is the moral test, so to speak. It is impossible to give an intelligent opinion on the value of any commercial paper unless one knows something definite relative to the moral caliber of the borrowers. It is necessary to know what the members of the firm or the officers of the corporation that issues the paper stand for—whether they are upright men standing for what is best in the community, or whether they are men who are careless and indifferent concerning such things. This was considered a very important element some years ago by the old school of merchants, but in recent years it has become more or less forgotten. Bankers today, however, are beginning to return to the use of this old test; and the young man of the

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Macey Book Cabinets are the first sectional bookcases ever built after the designs of the old masters. These old masters, Sheraton, Chippendale and Fra Junipero, were as great in Furniture as Shakespeare in Literature, as Mozart in Music, as Michael Angelo in Painting.

The new Macey Book Cabinets are the only sectional bookcases that can be added to, both upward and sideways, and still not look like sectional bookcases, but like heirlooms of furniture. Can be taken from or rearranged without destroying their beauty and style.

So artful is the cabinet work that dealers frequently have to take them apart to convince customers that they are sectional.

Macey old master designs harmonize with any furniture you now have, and are made in such variety of popular prices, sizes, woods and finishes, that they fit any requirement of space or purse.

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If you wish to give your home and your children the most inspiring influence you ever gave them, you will go to a furniture store and see these new Macey Book Cabinets before you forget it.

Or send for the new Macey Style Book and price list. It is the most complete and extensive work published on the subject of sectional bookcases, giving the history of their invention, manufacture and development, as well as suggestions on library decoration and arrangement. It also contains the following original articles by the "Father of Sectional Bookcases," O. H. L. Wernicke—"Get Acquainted With Your Furniture;" "What Constitutes Good Furniture," "The Forces Which Govern Furniture Development;" "Origin of the Unit Idea."

Address The Macey Company, No 940 South Division St., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Macey
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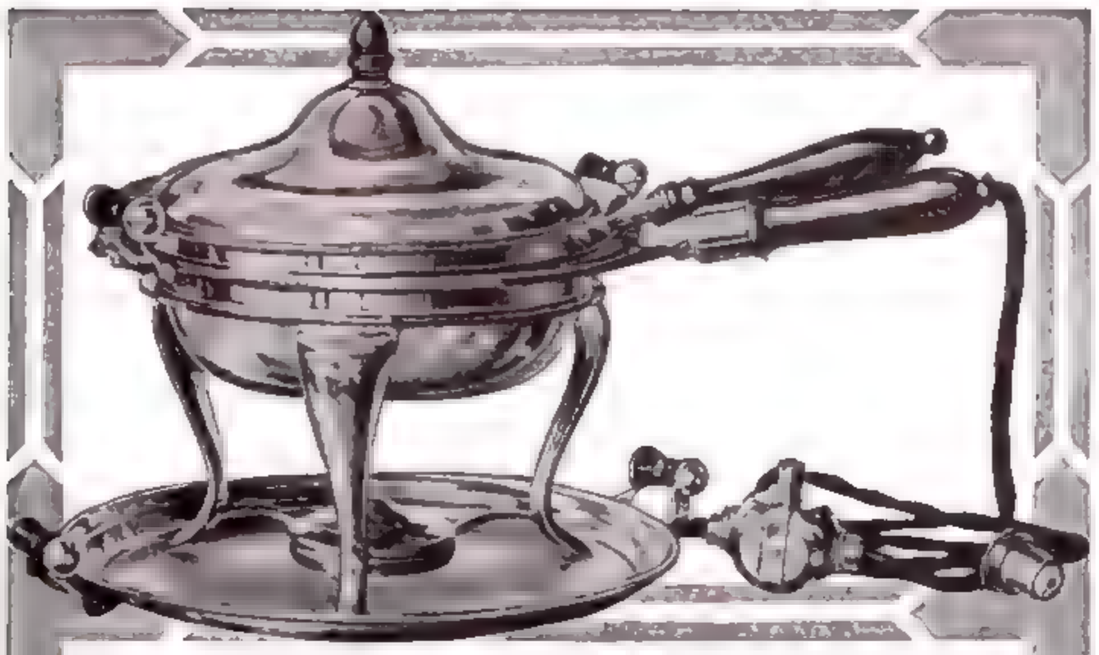
FOR THE HOME



Westinghouse Electric Chafing Dish for Xmas

CHAFING dish cookery is a delightful pastime with the Westinghouse Electric Chafing Dish. In homes that boast one there are few winter evenings in which it is not put to some use.

Every real woman likes to fuss with a chafing dish. It's a fine way to try new dishes and methods of cooking them.

The Westinghouse Electric Chafing Dish is in a class by itself. It is more economical to operate than any other chafing dish no matter how it is heated. It heats much quicker.

No fuel to renew. No special electric fixtures necessary. Just attach to any electric outlet.

It is a handsome ornament to any sideboard or serving table. It has the Westinghouse *quality*, and looks it.

You must have the booklet for the full line of Westinghouse Electric Ware for Christmas before you finish your holiday shopping. It shows the Westinghouse "quality" goods—percolator, toaster-stove, samovar, frying pan, milk warmer, laundry and traveler's irons and other goods.

Send a post-card today for a copy to "Westinghouse, Household Dept. P, East Pittsburgh, Pa." If you wish we will tell you of a dealer or lighting company or department store near you that will give you Westinghouse goods and the best of service.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.
Pittsburgh

Sales Offices in 45 American Cities Representatives all over the World

coming generation who expects to build up a credit should make up his mind to do right, be honest, clean and just.

Though I am a churchman myself, I do not mean by this that the note of a church deacon or any other "very pious" individual is any better than that of many men who avoid any public participation in church affairs. I care not what a man says he believes—and when looking up a man's character I do not care whether or not he attends church every Sunday. I do, however, give great consideration to his actual character, and whether he is honest, just, unselfish and manly. I often talk with the man's employees in order to learn about him rather than with his pastor, or with his customers rather than with his bankers.

I mention this because I have been criticised for certain previous remarks made along these lines by men who interpreted my writings as simply references to men who profess character, whether or not they possess it. The profession of character means nothing, but the possession of it is all-important! Therefore I advise all purchasers of commercial paper to select paper only of concerns of strong moral fiber; and conversely I advise all borrowers to acquire character and to have no connection with dishonesty, injustice, graft or any other undermining practices.

An Ideal Investment for Banks

When the commercial paper of concerns of such high character is purchased, and when this paper has passed the other tests mentioned, the bank or individual possessing the same has the finest kind of an investment—an investment secured by liquid assets; an investment that can be sold at any time; an investment that will be paid when it becomes due, and an investment that should show no depreciation, with a fair rate of income. I only wish that I could sufficiently forcibly express myself regarding my great admiration for this character of investment.

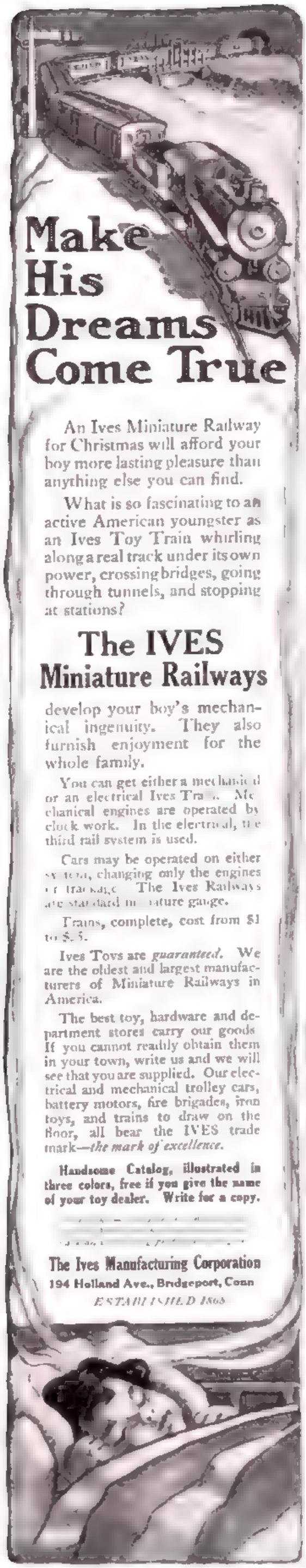
Banks especially should give more attention to this form of investment. Though banks are justified in buying a certain proportion of bonds, they were not formed for such purchases—the natural and ordinary investment of national banks being commercial paper. Therefore I take every occasion to urge banks to use this form of investment more and more. During the panic of 1907 commercial paper was a great asset; for though stocks declined fifty per cent in values, and it was almost impossible to sell bonds within five per cent of their value, all high-grade commercial paper was paid instantly as it became due from week to week; in fact, banks in which I am interested had a large amount of paper come due during the very worst week of the panic—and every dollar of it was paid; though municipal bonds of our large cities were temporarily held up in payment until the worst of the storm was over.

Therefore I thoroughly maintain that high-grade commercial paper, such as is recommended by conservative notebrokers, is the most attractive form of investment for all classes of people. All banks should buy more of it, estates should purchase a fair quantity of it, and every individual investor should have a certain proportion of it. It is especially attractive to business houses with a surplus of funds for a portion of the year.

Of course, in some years, rates on commercial paper are low—and on the highest-grade paper during a portion of the present year rates have been but three and a half per cent. Yet I have often seen the rate at six per cent and even higher, and a firm regularly purchasing commercial paper is sure, over a period of years, of a good rate of interest—approximately five per cent. At any rate, one obtains the market rate when purchasing commercial paper, and to obtain more than market rates means taking some risk, with a possibility of a large loss. Possibly I can close best by urging my readers to give no attention to the rate when purchasing commercial paper. Simply say to your broker that what you want is his best paper, and hold him morally responsible for the same, giving him no instructions as to rate. The man who goes into a four-and-a-half-per-cent market and asks for five-per-cent paper runs the chance of making a loss: but the man who goes to reliable, established brokers and asks for their best paper—irrespective of the rate—should get the full market rate, with absolute security.

"RICHMOND"
Vacuum Cleaning

IT'S quick to brooms, mops and dust-[illegible] and [illegible] and leaves every thing [illegible] Then it puts an end to the dust and disorder and [illegible] of weary sweeping days. It [illegible] ever stops the [illegible] of Spring and Fall house-cleaning. With this method [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



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What is so fascinating to an active American youngster as an Ives Toy Train whirling along a real track under its own power, crossing bridges, going through tunnels, and stopping at stations?

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develop your boy's mechanical ingenuity. They also furnish enjoyment for the whole family.

You can get either a mechanical or an electrical Ives Train. Mechanical engines are operated by clock work. In the electrical, the third rail system is used.

Cars may be operated on either system, changing only the engines or trackage. The Ives Railways are standard miniature gauge.

Trains, complete, cost from $1 to $25.

Ives Toys are *guaranteed*. We are the oldest and largest manufacturers of Miniature Railways in America.

The best toy, hardware and department stores carry our goods. If you cannot readily obtain them in your town, write us and we will see that you are supplied. Our electrical and mechanical trolley cars, battery motors, fire brigades, iron toys, and trains to draw on the floor, all bear the IVES trade mark—*the mark of excellence.*

Handsome Catalog, illustrated in three colors, free if you give the name of your toy dealer. Write for a copy.

The Ives Manufacturing Corporation
194 Holland Ave., Bridgeport, Conn
ESTABLISHED 1868

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

(Concluded from Page 23)

This was a little too much—too much to stand. If for ten months I had been bluffing, shamming, making a fraud of myself, it was still no reason why now Jennie should do it. I wanted to blurt out that it wasn't true that I had another offer. I wanted to show Ainsworth, himself brutally truthful, that I could be as brutally truthful as he was. "Look here, Butch ——" I began, but Jennie gave me no chance.

Ignoring me, she asked instantly of Ainsworth: "Can't we leave it just as it is? Won't it do just as well if we decide tomorrow?"

"Why, sure," assured the big fellow. "Take your time about it." As heartily he added: "Now let's forget it for a while. This swell flat of yours feels kind of stuffy to me, and if you don't mind you and Jim'll have dinner with me somewhere, then we'll go to a show."

I go to a show? Not much! Not even would I go with Ainsworth tonight, though even my future depended on it. However, Jennie decided. Laughing at Butch's stricture on our home she gayly shook her head. "Thank you for the invitation, but no. I'm cooking dinner myself tonight and you've got to dine here. If you and Jim will only take a walk I'll air this stuffy bandbox so that you can breathe by the time you get back. Now go on, hurry!" Jennie ordered; "I'm expecting a visitor."

I wondered who. While Ainsworth was putting on his coat I got a word with Jennie. "What's all this folderol, and who's your visitor?" I demanded.

"Wait and see!" laughed Jennie, then flitted away to the kitchen.

It was six o'clock when Ainsworth and I returned. In the drawing room I heard a woman's voice. "Eh, what? Women in there?" cried Ainsworth, alarmed.

Indifferently I shrugged myself. "Only a friend of ours, a Mrs. Hodge," I answered, all the more listless. "You remember her, don't you? She was at Sherry's that night."

"Aw, one of that bunch, eh?" drawled Ainsworth. His tone was expressive. I knew from it that in this brief meeting he had read Amy's character to a T.

"Come along," I said, and dawdled into the drawing room.

Amy, however, was not there. Another woman rose to greet me. It was Mrs. Ousley—she of all women!

"Butch," said Jennie, laying her hand fondly on the big man's arm, "you won't mind if I say something, will you?"

Ainsworth grinned.

"Fire away," he ordered.

Jennie smiled up at him. "We're going back to Ohio, Butch. Mrs. Ousley has just brought us a message from her husband. Jim has his old place again."

(THE END)

The Cup That Cheers

THE Union Club, of Cleveland, Ohio, is a large and imposing structure. At luncheontime it is one of the most populous and popular places in the city, but at night it is about as gay as the House of Usher.

A man from New Orleans, in Cleveland on business, was given a card to the club by a friend. He didn't know a person in Cleveland except his sponsor. Naturally he was lonely and naturally he went up to the Union Club at night to see if he could find company. Nobody was there but the servants. He wandered about in the big rooms, growing lonesomer every minute. He sat first in one room and then in another, vainly hoping for company. Finally it seemed as if the very silence of it all would make him scream. He was plunged in a big chair in the lounging room, which was quiet as the grave, when his sponsor at the club came in.

He touched the New Orleans man on the shoulder and said:

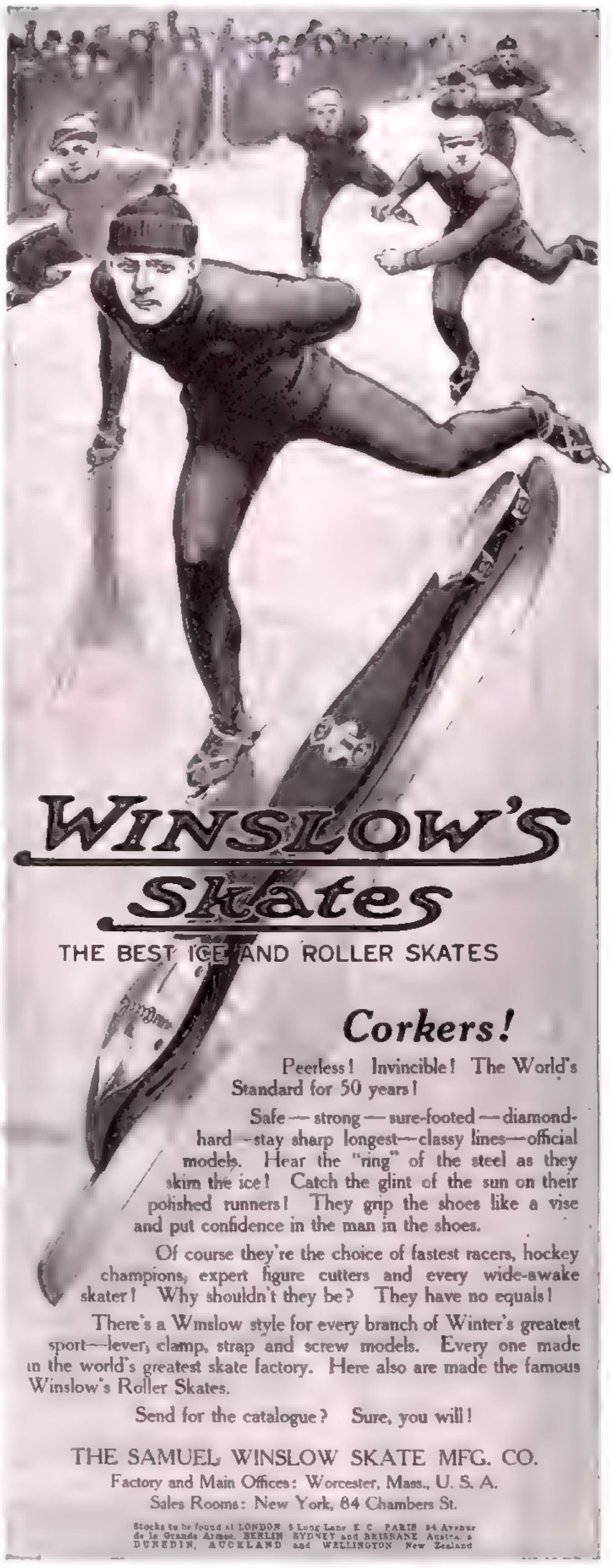
"I say, old chap, will you have a drink?"

The New Orleans man jumped up, grabbed his friend by the arm and shouted:

"Yes, by Heavens, I will! You have talked me into it."

PUBLISHER AND AUTHOR

Robert Sterling Yard, the writer of the article, Publisher, Author and the Devil, printed in The Saturday Evening Post of October 14, states that he was misinformed in regard to the circumstances upon which he based the paragraph An Author Without a Home, and that the facts reflect no discredit upon the author to whom it referred.



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There's a Winslow style for every branch of Winter's greatest sport—lever, clamp, strap and screw models. Every one made in the world's greatest skate factory. Here also are made the famous Winslow's Roller Skates.

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Every stick is a blessing after feasting. Every package is a present by itself.

Give boxes of this delicious tid-bit that gives the finest flavor for the longest time. The refreshing juice of fresh mint leaves is a pleasant aid to teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.

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FLAVORED WITH THE JUICE O
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The Gift for the Man Who Loves a Pipe

A pound of his favorite tobacco—Prince Albert, "the joy smoke"—in the dandiest crystal glass humidor. Any man would like *that.*

The humidor has a glass lid, you know, with a hollow glass knob that holds a sponge to be moistened. That keeps the tobacco fresh and fragrant all the time. ***His pleasure in this gift'll only begin with Christmas.*** You'll be giving him just lots of long, cozy, comfy evenings, with his favorite pipe going and giving real pleasure. And he'll always have the humidor. It can be filled again and again.

This is the tobacco that's *so* fragrant. You don't mind a bit having him smoke it in the house. You rather like it, in fact. Prince Albert *never* leaves that stale, rankish odor that some tobaccos give a room.

Better order this humidor *now* from any tobacco or cigar store. 'Most all dealers have it now, but they'll be nearly all gone before Christmas.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Sold also in 10c tins, 5c cloth bags, and in pound and half-pound tins with moistener top.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE FUN OF GETTING THIN

(Continued from Page 9)

I was not an amateur at the game. I had been through the mill. I spent several days in going over the whole matter. It was reasonably simple, too, and needn't have taken so much of my time; but I was protecting myself, you see, gold-bricking myself—trying to find a way out that would not deprive me of things I liked to do, of pleasures I wanted to enjoy. It was pure selfishness that dominated me and made me do so much figuring on a proposition I knew was contained in a sentence: but I did fight to hang on to the old way of living.

After each session of false logic and selfish hypothesis I invariably came back to the same proposition, which is the only proposition—and that was: What makes fat? Food and drink. How can you reduce fat? By reducing the amount of food and drink—that is all there is or was to it. The only way to get rid of the effects of overeating and overdrinking is to stop overeating and overdrinking.

I went over my food habit. I was accustomed to eating a big hired-man's breakfast—fruit, coffee, eggs, waffles, hot bread, sausage, anything that came along; and I heaved in a lot of it—not a little—a lot! I didn't eat so much at luncheon, but I ate plenty; and at night I simply cleaned up the table. I wasn't so strong on sweets and pastry, because I usually drank a few highballs during the day, and highballs and cocktails and sweets do not go well together—that is, the man who takes alcohol into his system usually does not care for sweets. Beer was one of my long suits too—Pilsner beer. I did like that!

I looked this food habit squarely in the face. I impaled the drink habit with my glittering eye. I knew I was eating about sixty per cent more than I needed or could use, and that I was drinking a hundred per cent more. I knew that nothing makes fat but food and drink. I knew excess of food will make any animal fat and I saw I had been eating freely of the most fattening kinds of food. I knew beer and liquor were made of grain, and that grain is used to fatten steers and cows and pigs. I refused to adopt a diet like any of those unpalatable ones I had experimented with, but the remedy was as plain as the cause. It was simple enough if I had the nerve to go through with it.

A Terrible Renunciation

Inasmuch as an excess of food and drink make an excess of fat, it follows that the reduction in the amount of food will stop that fat-forming and give the body a chance to burn up the excess fat already formed. That was my conclusion. Mind you, I reached that conclusion before I made any of my arguments; but I didn't want to admit it as reasonable or logical, for I hated to give up the pleasures of the table and the sociability that came with the sort of drinking I did. I was trying to find a way out that would be easy and comfortable. And all the time I was getting fatter! The scales told me that.

This backing and filling and argument with myself lasted all through January and part of February. It took me six weeks to get myself into the frame of mind where I admitted the truth of my conclusion. I was no hero. I didn't want to do it. I loved it all too well. I was as rank a coward in the beginning as you ever saw! It appalled me to think of restricting myself in any way, for I liked the pleasures that I knew I must forego. However, when I got up to two hundred and fifty pounds I sat down and had it out with myself.

"Here!" I said to myself. "You big stuff, you now weigh two hundred and fifty pounds! In another year or two you will weigh two hundred and seventy-five pounds! You are uncomfortable and heavy on your feet, and you are gouty and wheezy; and it's a cinch you'll die in a few years if you keep on this way. You know all this fat is caused by an excess of food and drink, and you know it can be taken off by a reduction in those fatmakers. Are you going to stick round here so fat you are a joke, uncomfortable, miserable when it's hot, in your own way and in the way of everybody else, when, if you've got the will-power of a chickadee, you can get back to reasonable proportions and comfort merely by denying yourself things you do not need?"

All the old arguments obtruded. See what I should lose! Life would be a dull and dreary affair—a dun, dismal proposition. I admitted that. On the other hand, however, life would not be a wheezy, sweaty, choked-heart, uncomfortable proposition. I finally decided I would go to it. And I did.

My method may be utterly unscientific. I suppose it hasn't a scientific leg to stand on. Still, it did the business. And I maintain that results are what we are looking for. The end justifies the means. I didn't figure out a diet. I had a dozen of them at home that had cost me all the way from two dollars to two hundred and fifty dollars each. I didn't buy a system of exercise. I read no books and consulted no doctors. What I did was this: I cut down the amount of food I ate sixty per cent and I cut out alcohol altogether! I carried out my argument to its logical conclusion so far as it concerned myself. I didn't give a hoot whether it would help or hurt or concern any other person in the world. It was my body I was experimenting on, and I did what I dad-blamed pleased and asked no advice—nor took any.

Twenty-five Pounds Lost

Instead of a hot-bread—I have the greatest hot-bread artist in the world at my house, bar none!—waffle, sausage, kidney-stew, lamb-chop, fried-egg and so forth sort of breakfast. I cut that meal down to some fruit, a couple of pieces of dry, hard toast, two boiled eggs and coffee. I cut out the luncheon altogether. No more luncheon for me! I cut down my dinners to about forty per cent of what I had been eating. I diminished the quantity, but not the variety. I ate everything that came along, but I didn't eat so much or half so much. Instead of two slices of roast beef, for example, I ate only one small slice. Instead of two baked or browned potatoes, I ate only half of one. Instead of three or four slices of bread, I ate only one. I didn't deprive myself of a single thing I liked, but I cut the quantity away down. And I quit drinking alcohol absolutely.

What happened? This is what happened: Eating food is just as much a habit as breathing or any other physical function. I had got myself into the habit of eating large quantities of food. Also, I had accustomed my system to certain amounts of alcohol. I was organized on that basis—fatly and flabbily organized, to be sure, but organized just the same. Now, then, when I arbitrarily cut down the amount of food and drink for which my system was organized that entire system rose up in active revolt and yelled for what it had been accustomed to get. There wasn't a minute for more than three months when I wasn't hungry, actually hungry for food; when the sight of food did not excite me and when I did not have a physical longing and appetite for food; when my stomach did not seem to demand it and my palate howl for it. It was different with the drinking. I got over that desire rather promptly, but with a struggle, at that; but the food-yearn was there for weeks and weeks, and it was a fight—a bitter, bitter fight!

When I went to the table and saw the good things on it, and knew I intended only to eat small portions of them, especially of my favorite desserts and my beloved hot-bread, I simply had to grip the sides of my chair and use all the will-power I had to keep from reaching out and grabbing something and stuffing it into my mouth! My friends used to think it was all a joke. It was farther from being a joke than anything you ever heard about. It was a tragedy—a grim, relentless tragedy! It was acute physical suffering. My body cried out for that same amount of food I had been giving it all those years. I wanted to give it that same amount. I have had to leave the table time and time again to get hold of myself and go back to the smaller portions I had allotted to myself. I liked to eat, you know.

Nothing much happened for a few weeks, though the waistband of my trousers grew looser. Then a lot of the excess baggage seemed to drop away all at once. I weighed myself and found I had taken off twenty-five pounds. Friends told me to quit—that I should overdo it. I laughed at them. I knew I was still twenty-five pounds too heavy and I was just getting into my stride.

It is strange how men, and especially fat men, who haven't the nerve to reduce themselves, think a man must be sick if he takes off flesh. I knew I wasn't sick. Indeed, I was just beginning to get well.

By the end of three months I had taken off thirty-five pounds. It was coming off well too. My face wasn't haggard or wrinkled. I looked fit. My eye was clear and my double chin had disappeared. Also I had conquered my fight with my appetite. I had won out. I was satisfied with the smaller quantities of food and I felt better than I had in twenty years, stronger, fitter and was better, mentally and physically. After that it was a cinch. I kept along, eating everything on the bill-of-fare, but in small quantities. I didn't vary my diet a bit, except for the eggs at breakfast. If I wanted pie I ate a small piece. If I wanted ice cream I ate a small dish. If I wanted pudding I ate some of that. I ate fat meat and lean meat and spaghetti, and everything else interdicted by the reduction dietists—only in small quantities! And I kept on getting smaller and smaller.

The fat came off from everywhere. I had been incased with it apparently. My waist decreased seven inches. A big layer of fat came off my chest and abdomen. My legs and arms grew smaller but harder. Even my fingers grew smaller. My excess of chin evaporated. And at the end of the fifth month I had taken off fifty-five pounds. I weighed then one hundred and ninety-five pounds, which is what I weigh today.

A Wardrobe Gone to Waste

Every person, I take it, has a normal weight; and if that person gives his body a chance, and ill health does not intervene, the body will find that normal and stay there. I take it that my normal weight, on account of my big frame and bones, is about one hundred and ninety-five pounds, at the age of forty-three. At any rate, it has stayed at a hundred and ninety-five since the first of last July, and in that time I have loafed for two months and ridden on Pullman cars for two other months, and have not taken any exercise to speak of; but I have maintained my schedule of eating and I have not taken any alcohol. I figure I can stay where I am indefinitely on that program—and that is my program indefinitely.

There are certain economic phases of a campaign of this kind that should be mentioned. It is expensive. Not one item of clothing, save my hat, socks and shoes, which fitted me last January is of the slightest use to me now. I didn't get to cutting down clothes until I was sure I would stick. Since that time the tailors have had a picnic at my expense. My shirts were too big. Instead of wearing a seventeen-and-three-quarters collar, I now wear a sixteen-and-three-quarters. My waist is seven inches smaller. I even had to have a seal ring I wear cut down so it would not slip off my finger. While in the transition stage I looked like a scarecrow. My clothes hung on me like bags.

Since I have had my clothes remade and new ones constructed I am an object of continual comment among my friends. They all marvel at my changed appearance. They are all solicitous about my health. They do not see how a man can take off more than fifty pounds and not hurt himself. I do not see how he can keep it on and not kill himself. They tell me I look like a boy—and I feel like one. I'm as active as I was twenty years ago. When I was in the mountains this summer, at an altitude of seventy-five hundred feet, I could climb slopes with no exhaustion that I couldn't have gone fifteen feet up the year before. My mind is clearer; my body is better. I figure I have added a good many years to my life.

And all this time I have had everything I wanted to eat, but not all I wanted to eat until I got myself readjusted to the new system. I missed the alcohol at first, but that is all over now. It was a part of the game and I used to think a necessary part. I have cured myself of that delusion. If there is a thing on earth the matter with me the ablest doctors in this country can't find out what it is. I am a rejuvenated, reconstructed person, no longer fat, aged forty-three—and the White Man's Hope!

As to the exercise end of it, there wasn't any exercise end. It happened that I met a man last March, when I was in the first throes of this campaign, who had made some study of the human body. I liked him because he was modest about what he knew, and not a faddist. We talked about exercise. He told me one thing that stuck. He said: "Walk a little every day. If you have half an hour walk a mile. If you have an hour walk two miles. Don't try to see how many miles you can walk in the half-hour or the hour, but take your time. Look at things as you go along. Be leisurely about it. When a man goes out for a walk and walks as hard as he can or does anything else in the shape of exercise as hard as he can he is subjecting himself to just as much nerve strain as he can subject himself to in any other way. Be calm about your walking, or whatever else you do."

Formerly it had been my custom to plug out after breakfast and gallop three or four miles as hard as I could and then go to work. I cut that out. I walked an easy, leisurely mile or two miles, looking at the trees and flowers and watching the people and looking into shop windows, and I got a lot of good out of it. Then it grew hot, and I cut my walking to half a mile or so down to my office in the morning and back at night. Occasionally, after dinner, I would walk a couple of miles. This summer I went fishing and tramped about some, but not much. In reality, I had no scheme of exercise, and I took little. I didn't need it. I didn't have masses of food and drink in me to be burned up. I was normal.

As I said, I suppose all this is absurdly unscientific—and I don't give a hoot if it is. It worked for me. I don't know whether it will work for any other person on this earth. Nor do I care. If you want to try it on, provided you are fat, here are the specifications: I assume it is an axiom that we all eat too much. I know I did—about sixty per cent too much. Still, I guarantee nothing. I make no claims. I have set down the facts; and the only warning, advice or admonition I have to give is that any person who makes up his mind to try this method and thinks he isn't in for the hardest struggle of his life would do well not to try. This isn't a frolic. It's a fight!

A Square Deal

Me an' Jem Simmons used to set
On his back porch; an' Jem ud say:
"A really honest man don't get
No chance in this world nowaday.
A man that labors with his hands,"
He says, "don't get no just returns
An' unearned increment's what stands
Between him an' th' wealth he earns."

An' then Jem's wife comes out an' goes
Out to th' clothesline with th' clothes;
An' Jem jest grinds his teeth—but he
Is helpless, jest like you er me.

Me an' Jem Simmons used to talk
Of how th' System grinds us down;
An' pleasant afternoons we'd walk
All through th' purty part of town.
Jem says that interest's what saps
Th' very lifeblood of th' land
An' hopes that some fine day, perhaps,
Folks may wake up an' understand.

An' when we get back home, perhaps
Jem's wife is out a-pickin' scraps
Of wood fer kindlin'—an' he'll grind
His teeth, but has to be resigned.

Me an' Jem Simmons would discuss
Th' woes an' sorrows of th' pore
As if th' worst has come on us
Right there by his back kitchen door.
"It's special privilege," he says,
"That makes th' cost of livin' high,
Till dollars jest buy less an' less——"
An' what is he to do, or I?

An' when his wife comes out to feed
Th' chickens his big heart'll bleed
To think she has to work, when she
Had ort to live in luxury.

Me an' Jem Simmons often set
An' smoke on his back porch, an' try
To figger out a way to get
A square deal, sech as you an' I
Had ort to have; an' he says he
Ain't got th' courage to resist
Th' System—an' says he can see
He's mighty nigh a Socialist.

An' then his wife comes out to draw
Some water from th' well; an'—pshaw!
"Ain't that enough," he says—jest
hissed!—
"To make a man a Socialist?"

—*J. W. Foley*

KING AIR RIFLES

A KING 1000-Shot will teach you how to handle a real repeating rifle when you are older, my boy.

IT is a gun that your father and mother will be willing to trust you with, and yet it's a real gun that you can be proud of, and that will test the marksmanship of a grown man.

It isn't a dangerous powder-gun; it shoots Air-Rifle (or BB) shot by compressed air and is very accurate. Air-Rifle shot is preferable because it is more uniform in size.

The magazine holds 1000 shot, and you can shoot them out one by one, just as you could with a Winchester or Remington lever-action repeating rifle.

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This King of air-rifles is the famous "Thousand Shootin' Air-Gun," the

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$2.00

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It trains you in expert marksmanship, and sturdy character.

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If you can't find the genuine KING in your town, send for our catalog of all models; select the one you want, send us the money, mentioning your dealer's name, and we'll ship direct, express prepaid.

The guns shown and described on this page are only two out of many KING models

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LITTLE Brother can start with one of the 25c pop-guns and graduate from one KING to another till he is the proud owner of the big 1000-shot.

No. 1 KING Single-Shot
Shoots air-rifle shot and darts, length 41 inches, polished nickeled steel, black walnut stock. *Price $1.00*

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Hammerless repeater magazine holds 350 shot, length of rifle 36 inches, polished nickeled steel. *Price $1.50*

No. 4—KING 500-shot
Exactly like No. 5, but 2 inches shorter. *Price $1.75*

No. 5—KING 1000-shot
Hammerless magazine repeater lever action; 36 inches long; polished nickeled steel. *Price $2.00*
Same gun-metal finish. *$2.50*

No. 7—"The Chicago"
The original air-rifle; mahogany finish; shoots air rifle shot and darts. *Price $3.00*

No. 10 KING "Junior"
Nickel-plated steel, black walnut stock; 29 inches long. *Price $4.50*

No. 11—KING "Three-in-One"
Shoots air-gun shot, cork and rubber arrow; length 24 inches; polished nickeled steel, black walnut stock. *Price $5.00*

No. 12—KING Pop-Gun
Shoots cork; polished nickeled steel, walnut stock, 15½ inches long. *Price 25c*

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RICKEY BURNS A PACKAGE

(Continued from Page 7)

Jimmie watched him a moment, approving his dexterous slide of the shovel-blade, his easy and rhythmic lift, the clean precision of his every movement.

"I never thought it of you, Rickey," he said. "Dog me if I can get over the idee of you working!"

"I'm a right smart surprised myself," admitted his partner. "I wouldn't wonder if I could make a living at it if I done it for wages. It may come to that too. There! That's about as much as we'll want to hois "

The two put their shoulders to the car and trundled it to the foot of the shaft, where a block and tackle dangled from a rude windlass above. After attaching the tackle by an ingenious clutch of hooks they ascended the ladder and then slowly and painfully hoisted the car a little above the surface level, where they locked it preparatory to sliding planks across the shaft's mouth. This done, they lowered the car to the planking and pushed it toward their loading chute. It was a primitive contrivance, but fairly effective; and the partners rather resented the smile of a stocky young man in corduroys who stood watching the operation.

"It's the best we can do right now; so you mustn't be too hard on us, Mr. VanOpdom," said Rickey, answering the smile.

"I don't see anything wrong with it," declared the Top-Notch engineer kindly. "How's she running, gentlemen?"

"We've been just a-wondering about that," replied Rickey blandly. "You see, we ain't got anything to go by except what they tell us at the smelter. Still, we get a little something back after you fellows have taken your rake-off—enough to encourage us to keep on; so far be it from us to register anything in the nature of a kick. How's Top-Notch?"

"We're working out the low grade on the thirty-foot level, I believe. I'm doing considerable prospecting myself; and that's what I want to ask you about. Any objection to me setting up the drill on your ground and sinking a few feet here and there? I've got some theories about the formation on this end of our properties that I'd like to verify."

"I ain't got no objection if you'll let us see the cores," Orr answered.

"Wait a moment, Jimmie," Rickey interposed. "We haven't made our bets yet and I don't believe the gentleman has anteed. If he wants the privilege of calling he's got to sit in; and then he'll have to pay to satisfy any curiosity he's got concerning and otherwise appertaining to what we've got."

"I think you have the wrong idea, Mr. Raymond," said the mining engineer. "We aren't prospective buyers. We've got ore enough to run us a hundred years."

"At the same time you wouldn't mind annexing a little old fifty-per-cent vein that happened to be straying in our back yard," suggested Rickey.

VanOpdom laughed good-humoredly.

"Oh, well, if you've got any notions of that sort there's no use talking!"

"There's another point about this drilling," pursued Rickey apologetically. "If you bore our claims full of holes we'll have the rain running down the backs of our necks when we're tunneling; and if the water ain't got no place to run off it's apt to breed mosquitoes, and we'll have to screen the cabin. You see how it is yourself. Another thing: if you find that vein for us we won't have the fun of hunting for it, and if you prove there ain't no vein we'll get discouraged—so there you are! I hate to be unaccommodating—but you'd feel the same way."

"That's all right," said VanOpdom cheerfully as he turned to go. "It won't make any particular difference. Good day!"

"I reckon he's right about that," observed Rickey, looking after him. "It don't make no difference unless we can get some kind person with a bundle to build us a smelter of our own."

"What do you mean?" inquired his partner.

"I'm ashamed to mention it, because it sort of reflects on a leading citizen," replied Rickey. "All the same, I've got one of my hunches. Ever play freeze-out, Jimmie? No? Well, you'll get a chance to be in the game before long!"

There was no immediate confirmation of Rickey's hunch and that young man pursued the remarkably even tenor of his way, to all appearances happily. There were circumstances that might have daunted one less stout of heart and hopeful of soul too. He was not favorably regarded by Mr. Paul Jarley Cruser, for one thing. He had conducted Mr. Cruser across the desert to the field of his present activities and the association had not been conducive to mutual good feeling. When the two met Rickey's greeting was always urbane, if a trifle familiar and lacking in reverence; but the Top-Notch magnate confined himself to a stony glare through his imposing tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses and a curt nod. Old Man Ross, superintendent of the mine, omitted the nod and merely glared, with a contraction of his shaggy brows. This grieved Rickey but not so much as the altered demeanor of his daughter Maggie—Maggie, who had in the very snagteeth of parental opposition declared herself his friend! She bowed, indeed; but her blue eyes were unsmiling and her chin looked firmer than ever, so that there was small comfort to be derived from the added tinge of pink in her cheeks.

When a man has sacrificed all other joys of life on the altar of love—abandoned his chosen calling and its companionship, the illimitable spaces of the range, sun, air and motion, to burrow molelike in underground gloom and consort with crazed visionaries who mouthed strange jargon; when he has denied himself the dear delights of faro, roulette and poker, and all vinous and spirituous indulgence—and all for the sake of a girl, that girl might, in common decency, show some sense of gratitude. Rickey had done and was doing all this; but a certain reputation for good-fellowship is sometimes hard to live down; and a little thing like a game of poker, under certain circumstances, is capable of creating mischief.

"I told him I would always be his friend, when father was abusing him," Maggie said to her pillow. "He knew that I meant it—or he ought to have known—and what does he do? Goes straight over to The Only Show and gambles with that wretch, Burke, and —— I'll have no more to do with him!" And so she resolutely, definitely and finally put Mr. Raymond from her heart; and when she met him clad in his mud-caked garments, and walking clumsily in his unaccustomed miner's boots, these evidences of honest toil and aspiration to a nobler, better life moved her in no degree—no more than the whimsical half-smile with which Rickey regarded her. At first he had attempted to speak; but she had walked on. Only her color was heightened a trifle. Ever since then, though now Rickey never stopped, she found herself unable to control that rebellious impulse of the blood.

. . . . . .

Jimmie Orr, returning from a trip to the smelter, descended the ladder of the Lady Lou's north shaft so hurriedly that he missed a rung and fell the last three feet. Without waiting to take stock of damages he picked himself up and made his limping way to a yellow glimmer of light, where he found Rickey picking industriously at a ledge of shattered rock.

"Drop that!" cried Orr; and to emphasize his request he smote his partner between the shoulderblades with a slap that made him stagger. Rickey saw that his face was beaming.

"We're all right, boy!" shouted the optimist. "They want to buy the mine. Now what did I tell you?"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Rickey mildly. "Fine and dandy! Now suppose you simmer down, you pop-eyed lunatic! And let me tell you that the next time you thump me thataway I'll lay open your empty brainpan with whatever's handiest and heaviest. Who wants to buy the mine?"

"Cruser," replied Orr.

"Then our fortune's made," declared Rickey sarcastically. "Now get out of my way and let me loosen up this rock. Coming whooping and yelling round here about a little thing like that! I thought dinner was ready or something else exciting. Get out of my way!"

"He wants us to come up to the office," Orr continued unabashed. "I told him I wouldn't talk business without you; so he says to me to get you up there."

"I wonder if I'll go," Rickey speculated. "I reckon he wouldn't take up our time and waste his own unless he was going to offer us something less than a million, do you?"

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"I wouldn't say a million, Rickey," said his partner innocently. "He'll make it something worth while though. Stop that now and let's go up and see him."

"Do you know *where* I'll see him?" asked Rickey.

Nevertheless he yielded to his partner's entreaties; and when the capitalist looked up at their entrance with his customary disparaging expression, Rickey's greasy hat was clasped becomingly to his bosom and he appeared meek and deferential in the extreme.

Mr. Cruser settled his glasses more firmly on his thick nose and signed a letter before swinging his chair to face the partners.

"I'm told that you men own the two claims north of us," he began, addressing Rickey. "Now we are going to put up a number of buildings—sheds, stables, a machine shop; perhaps a sawmill. That sort of thing." He waved a pudgy, diamond-decorated hand. "Where you are would be a handy place to build 'em and I'd be willing to pay you what the ground is worth for building purposes. I understand they aren't any good for anything else."

Orr started up indignant.

"Why, them claims ——" A dig from Rickey's elbow silenced him.

"I'm going by the smelter's figures of the ore you've got out," proceeded Cruser, reaching for a package of slips and turning them with a dexterous finger. "It's clear that you've never got out enough to pay ordinary expenses—to say nothing of wages; so I'm assuming that the ground is practically valueless—entirely so from a mining standpoint."

"We've got the father and mother vein of all the copper in the district!" Orr broke out excitedly. "You let me show you ——"

"Don't talk foolish, Jimmie," interrupted Rickey. "You listen to the gentleman. He's talking sense. If the ground's good for anything besides copper, why not let him have it if he's willing to pay us what it's worth to him? What is it worth—please, sir?"

"I would be willing to give you five hundred dollars apiece—and that's a liberal offer," said P. J. Cruser impressively. "A thousand dollars in cash. Cash, mind!"

"You just want it to build on?" said Rickey. "You don't have no idea that there may be some good ore on it?" he continued anxiously.

Mr. Cruser laughed contemptuously.

"Don't these answer that question?" he demanded, shaking the smelter slips. "Well, if you think you've got a mine go right ahead. I guess I can find another site for my buildings." He tossed the slips aside and wheeled back to his desk.

"A thousand dollars!" Rickey murmured thoughtfully.

Orr got up.

"Come on," he said gruffly. "Let him go to thunder with his thousand dollars!"

"Wait, Jimmie," said Rickey. "Don't let's do nothing we might be sorry for. The gentleman says cash money. Of course it ain't no fortune; but —— Would you be willing to make that fifteen hundred, Mr. Cruser?"

"I said a thousand," the capitalist answered crisply.

"Well, I'm in favor of taking it," said Rickey.

Orr looked at him in amazed reproach.

"I mean it," declared Rickey doggedly.

"Well, of course, if you want to lay down, that's all there is about it," said the miner sadly. "You've been putting up the money from the start and it's your say-so. Only ——" He sighed. "You fix it up. I'll sign the papers when you're ready for me."

"You needn't go, Mr. Orr," said the magnate of the Top-Notch. "I'll have the papers ready in a few minutes." His eyes gleamed with satisfaction and triumph as he leaned forward and struck a bell. "Take these names and descriptions, and fill them into a couple of quitclaims," he ordered the pale clerk who answered the summons. Then he drew a checkbook to him and picked up a pen. "I make this payable to ——"

"Ricardo Raymond," answered Rickey—"R-i-c-a-r-d-o. Cheer up, Jimmie! This ain't going to interfere with you finding that vein if you're plumb set on it. Mr. Cruser don't want only surface right. That's all he's after."

"What's that?" snapped Cruser, swinging round.

"I was just explaining to Jimmie here that you don't want nothing underground," said Rickey with his ingenuous smile. "He seems to think you're after his copper

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vein; he doesn't seem to get it through his head that we're only selling surface for your buildings. He's considerable slow-minded, is Jimmie."

Mr. Cruser's face assumed a slightly purple tint.

"Do you think I'm buying surface right only?" he snarled. "Well, I guess not!"

"I think that's all you're likely to buy with a thousand dollars, P. J.," Rickey answered suavely. "You don't calculate on building a subway system, do you? Why, P. J., I'm surprised at you—almost! Don't say you thought you was acquiring our vein, with all its dips, spurs, angles and variations, for such a sum!"

Cruser gave him one malevolent look and struck the bell again—three times in rapid succession.

"Tear those quitclaims up," he said to the pale clerk. Then he turned to the partners. "Get out!" he barked.

"If you please!" suggested Rickey, lounging to the desk. "Say it, P. J.!" He extended a thumb and bent forefinger toward Mr. Cruser's nose. "Can't I learn you to be polite nohow?" His finger and thumb advanced.

The pale clerk heroically made a motion to interpose. Orr, who was chuckling with enjoyment, brushed him aside without troubling to look at him.

"If you please!" insisted Rickey.

Cruser had leaned back in his chair to the limit of equilibrium and the purple had completely faded from his complexion.

"If you please!" he gurgled, and toppled over in a heap.

"That's nice," remarked Rickey approvingly. "Come along, Jimmie. I'm afraid he doesn't want us."

As the two walked back they discussed the situation.

"I don't see how the son-of-a-gun can do us any harm!" Orr opined.

"No harm, but a right smart of inconvenience," said Rickey. "For one thing, we'll have to pack our ore to Los Dragones if we want it smelted, and little Nigger-horse ain't much on the pack."

That supposition proved to be entirely correct. At the week's end, Orr took his customary load to the smelter and the foreman told him he might take it back again.

"What's the reason?" asked Jimmie.

"Orders," replied the foreman laconically.

Upon this Jimmie turned his mules and drove back.

"But I think we can whip the devil round this partickler stump, Rickey," he said to his partner. "What's the matter with getting one of the other boys to haul it up and let on it's his?"

"That would be real deceitful!" Rickey objected. "Besides which, they'd catch on to it and then we'd be getting another fellow into trouble. They'd refuse his ore."

"Then what will we do?"

"Rub a pork rind on the bucksaw and keep right at it," was Rickey's counsel. "We can stick it out for a month yet—and a whole lot of things can happen in a month. One thing, I'll write to Curran. Curran is white; and if our friend P. J. and his crowd didn't chisel the Curran crowd on that Top-Notch deal it's because they didn't get no chance, in which case they wouldn't have touched it with a ten-foot pole. We might work up an independent consolidation. I'll study on it, Jimmie."

He was still studying an hour after his partner's snores first rumbled through the shack. Seated on the rough board stoop, his hands clasped about his updrawn knees, he gazed at the stars and meditated, the while indulging his pernicious habit of brown-paper cigarettes. Presently the moon came up behind Escobedo and masses of fleecy white clouds drifted slowly across and enveloped it; so that vast and luminous avenues to the central glory opened and were obscured, changing so imperceptibly, seeming so tangible in their weird beauty, that the young man felt his spirit drawn in longing to penetrate the celestial mystery.

And so he studied and let his cigarette go out; and sometimes he imagined Maggie Ross moving, spiritlike, along the radiant pathways—aloof, unattainable. Then the exaltation departed and he pictured her on the porch of the superintendent's house with a stocky brute, who broadened his a's, altogether too close to her; and, with that, Rickey got up—but he had arrived at a decision. "I'll see her tomorrow, whether or no!" he muttered as he entered the cabin.

. . . . . .

It so happened that Rickey had no difficulty in carrying out his intention of seeing Maggie Ross; and she did not pass on as she had meant to. They met almost at the gate of her home and Rickey motioned her to the shade of the pepper trees.

They stood for a moment in silence. She met his determined look steadily, gravely. It seemed to him there was something almost contemptuous in her regard—and it stung him to speech.

"Maggie," he cried, "I can't stand this no longer!"

She made no reply, but trembled slightly at the half-suppressed passion in his voice.

"Are you through with me, Maggie?"

"I don't know what you mean," she answered coldly. "There is nothing to be through with, is there?"

"I thought there was at one time," replied Rickey haltingly, after a pause. "There was a night—nearly four months ago—when I thought there might be. You've probably forgotten it and I reckon I oughtn't to remind you."

"I think you have forgotten very often since then," she said.

"I've been a no-account, feather-headed fool—I know that," the young man admitted. "I've slipped up where I didn't aim to, and I ain't excusing it; but I allowed you'd give me a show, Maggie. I wasn't raised to look at some things the way you have. You want to think of that."

"I have thought of it," the girl told him. "But there are other things, and —— It's no use talking about it. I must go in, Mr. Raymond. Please let me go."

Rickey stood aside.

"I suppose there are other reasons," he said bitterly. "I know one of them. I've seen him with you right often lately—but that ain't none of my business. And—I reckon he's a heap better man than I am." He smiled mirthlessly. "Goodby, Maggie."

He was turning to go when she spoke.

"If you mean Mr. VanOpdom—and I'm sure you do—I think it right to tell you that you are mistaken. He is engaged to a girl in Boston; and, anyway —— He is nothing but a friend to me and never would be anything more."

The feeling of relief with which the young man might have heard this announcement at another time was dulled by her manner. He caught at the word.

"That ain't much, is it? You told me that you would always be my friend. That was the last thing you said to me. I had a different idea about it though; I thought friends overlooked things and forgave things, Maggie."

The pleading in his tone had anything but a softening effect on the young woman. She looked at him and there were both scorn and anger in the look. No doubt about the expression this time.

"You showed me just how much you thought of our friendship then!" she flared out. "I took your part against my father, and you—you showed everybody that he was right."

"I got into a game," Rickey admitted. "Yes. I was a considerable worked up over them few brief remarks the old gentleman made. I had a chance to win the little horse back too—and I think a heap of that little horse!"

"So much that you took the chance of losing him at cards—and lost him."

"But I won him back!" Rickey put in.

"There are some things you can't ever win back," said Maggie. "There was a present you wanted to give me, Mr. Raymond. What did you do with that?"

A dusky red mounted into Rickey's face and suffused it to the hair-roots.

"I—I played that," he acknowledged humbly. "I didn't think you knew; but I see you do, and—and I'll take my medicine. It was sure a dog's trick and I reckon you'd be a fool if you did forgive it. Well, I won't trouble you no more."

He pulled his hat down over his forehead and walked rapidly away. The girl opened the gate and then stood looking after him, her eyes moist and her lip quivering.

"Trouble me!" she murmured. "Oh, Rickey, you won't do anything but trouble me to the last day I live!"

. . . . . .

A few days later another bolt from the blue, of a peculiarly deep indigo tint, descended upon the proprietors of the Lady Lou Mine. Rickey Raymond sustained the first shock of it. Entering the company store, which had absorbed the small general merchandise emporium of Bill Hockins and was rapidly absorbing the surplus wealth of the community, Rickey laid a flabby five-dollar bill on the new counter and demanded a sack of cornmeal and the balance

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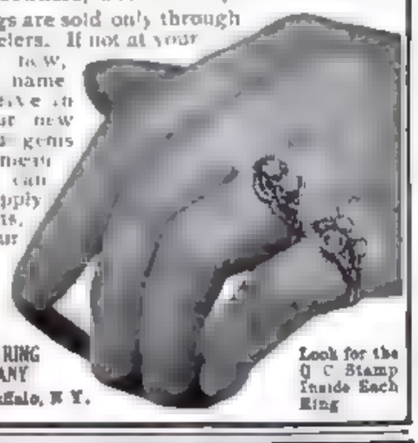

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in what he euphoniously termed "sowbelly." Thereupon the company storekeeper pushed the bill back and informed the would-be purchaser that he had none of the commodities mentioned to sell to him.

"What's the reason you haven't?" demanded Rickey.

"Orders," replied the storekeeper.

"In that case, you can give me a pair of gum boots and a can of sardines—or we'll say a paper of hooks and eyes and a post-hole digger," Rickey amended. "I ain't particular, so's I can spend some money."

"Sorry, but you can't spend enough to buy a slab of chewing gum in this here joint," said the storekeeper. "You boys' money ain't wanted, so I'm told."

"I reckon we can buy what we want in El Paso," remarked Rickey when he had digested this information.

"If you don't find it there you might try Tacoma," suggested the storekeeper. "All the same, Rickey, I've got my own private and confidential opinion of them kind of orders. If you'll bend over I'll whisper it in your ear."

"I won't take no risks," said Rickey. "You might have orders to bite it off."

The partners got their cornmeal and thereafter such supplies as were strictly necessary; but they had to buy through the medium of interested and sympathetic third parties until, after many days, a relief train arrived from Sentinel Butte. No serious harm was done, as Rickey had forecast; but a hundred petty annoyances and inconveniences were inflicted upon them by the comprehensive orders. Meanwhile they toiled unremittingly in their drift, which lengthened foot by foot as the ore-dump piled up, bisecting the north claim in almost a straight line. Rickey had now become the enthusiast and the sanguine predictor of the ten-strike—though Orr sank daily into greater depths of gloom.

"It ain't no manner of use!" he declared. "That ——" He trailed off into forcible language, concluding with the patronymic of the Top-Notch potentate. "He's got us where he wants us—and we might as well quit while the quitting's good."

"Where's that swab?" Rickey asked.

The swab, a pliant stick of willow frayed at one end to a mop, was found and the drill-hole in the face of the rock cleaned out. Then Orr squatted and replaced the drill, lifting and turning it after each blow of the hammer that Rickey now swung with the accuracy of an expert. The operation was repeated again and again; and at last the drill was finally withdrawn and the giant cartridge, with its trailing fuse, pushed into place and tamped with moist sand. Orr struck a match and applied it to the fuse. Then the two hurried to the shaft and, climbing to the surface, sat down.

"Seems sort of slow," observed Orr presently. "Sure you capped that there fuse, Rickey?"

"What do you take me for?" asked the young man.

"You've got to be sort of absent-minded the last week or two," said his partner. "I hate to have an absent-minded man working with powder alongside me. She ought to have gone off before this."

They waited a minute longer. "Of course, if you don't light a fuse nothing is going to happen," Rickey remarked. "Well, I'm going to see what's wrong."

He jumped up and swung himself down the shaft before Orr could stretch a hand to detain him.

"You crazy fool, come back here!" bellowed the miner, leaning over the shaft. "Don't you know it's liable ——"

Rickey laughed and walked into the drift—and a moment later the blast went off.

. . . . . .

Maggie Ross was pouring the coffee for her father's breakfast the next morning when Ames, the nightshift boss, edged diffidently into the room to make a report. The superintendent received it with his customary comment, which was something in the nature of a grunt, and the man edged out again, but paused a moment with his hand on the doorknob.

"Too bad about Raymond, ain't it?" he said seriously.

Ross nodded, but with no change of expression.

"I'll see Joe about it," he said. "He can take the timber gang."

"What will that be about Mr. Raymond, Mr. Ames?" demanded Maggie peremptorily.

"Killed!" answered Ames. "Leastaways he ain't expected to live the day out. Blast ketched him."

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Maggie stood staring, her face blanched and her hand at her throat. Then the breath came from her in a long, shuddering gasp, and she swayed and clutched at a chair for support. In an instant her father was at her side and caught her, but she struggled against him and broke away to grasp Ames by the sleeve.

"Where is he?" she whispered.

"Lassie! Lassie!" cried her father.

She turned on him.

"Be silent! Let me hear. Where is he?"

"He's at the cabin," answered Ames.

"I'm going to him," she said in the same strange whisper. "I'm going to Rickey."

"Are ye distraught, lassie?" exclaimed the old man. He tried to bar the way, but she fiercely pushed him aside and sped like a mad thing through the gate, never pausing for an instant until she reached the cabin of the Lady Lou. Jimmie Orr stood at the open door, hardly seeming to see the girl who stood before him.

"I must see him!" said Maggie. "Is—Is it ——" The words failed her.

"They think he will live," said Jimmie. "And you shall see him if you will be very, very quiet. Can you be?"

Maggie nodded and he led her inside where, upon a cot by an open window, lay a form swathed in bandages, motionless, save for a hardly perceptible rising and falling of the chest. One hand lay stiffly extended outside of the sheet, and the girl dropped softly to her knees and kissed it.

"Come," whispered Jimmie; and Maggie arose obediently and followed him outside. Old Man Ross was with Orr on the porch, waiting.

"Maggie!" said Ross.

"I am to marry him some day," she said.

"Maggie, lass!" said her father again.

She went away, but was back within the hour, accompanied by Annunciata, who bore a basket laden with soft linens, precious limes for drink, and jars and bottles. There had been opposition from the old Scotchman, but in the end his iron will had bent to the steel of his daughter's purpose; and so, day by day she came, and on the third Rickey opened his eyes and knew her. With time, the wound healed and the bones began to knit; and, one by one, bandages were taken off and not replaced.

"I shall be leaving you soon now," said Maggie one morning. "You won't be needing me any longer."

"I wisht you'd wait till I don't, if it wouldn't put you out too much, please, ma'am," said the skeleton of Rickey. "And would you take a little present from me?"

"It depends," answered Maggie cannily.

"Jimmie, get into my warsack and take out a package you'll find there," directed the patient. "Have you got it? Give it to the lady—and get out for a minute."

Jimmie obeyed, but reluctantly.

"I was going to tell you something," he said.

"Get out," repeated Rickey. "Will you open that up, Maggie?" he continued as the door closed.

The package contained a peacock-blue plush case, inside of which were a comb, a brush and a mirror, silver-backed and elaborately chased, nestling in peacock-blue satin. Maggie looked up rather sadly.

"It isn't the same," protested Rickey. "I burned the one I staked—burned it in the smelter furnace. I don't know why I got this. I guess I had a hunch. Will you take it? Will you take me with it, Maggie?"

He tried to raise himself and the girl pushed him gently back, her arm beneath his head, her face close to his.

"You foolish boy!" she said. "I took you the day after you were hurt! Didn't you know that?"

About ten minutes later Jimmie Orr came in, discreetly heavy-footed.

"Now you may tell him," Maggie permitted; and Jimmie, beaming with delight, took a seat by the cot.

"It's the mine, old son!" he burst out. "That shot what smashed you smashed into the biggest and richest vein that's been found on this here great American continent in ten years—and we're rich, you crowbait! Curran's going to take hold of it with us, and he left three weeks ago to get machinery. Some of it's on the way now. Miss Maggie wouldn't let me tell you before, for fear of exciting you. How's that?"

"Fine and dandy!" replied Rickey. "But I don't see why you had to come butting in here quite so soon. You tell me about it later and take another little walk now. I've something important to talk about with Miss Maggie."

The Safe Candy

Christmas Day without chocolate candy is unheard of.

Get the purest chocolate candy made.

The children can eat

Peter's Milk Chocolate

and have a Merry Christmas.

It tastes good and is just as good as it tastes.

The Food and Candy combined.

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ADDS MULTIPLIES DIVIDES SUBTRACTS

"Say Mr. Jones, the bill clerk is ready to begin extending his bills and he wants the Comptometer."

"Tell him he'll have to wait until I finish checking my postings."

"All right, but how about Mr. Brown—he says to tell you he's been holding up some percentage work for two or three days, waiting for a chance at the machine?"

"Well, I won't keep it long, but there's nothing doing until I get through."

—This is typical of what happens in offices where they understand the Comptometer—where its value has been demonstrated by use on all kinds of figure work—addition, multiplication, division and subtraction.

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Special Inducements Now. Write for Particulars

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Give Him a Sensible Present

Here's a present that will bring true Christmas joy to every man that shaves with a safety razor—a compact little machine to keep his blades always sharp and ready for a clean, velvety shave.

Some men give up the convenience and economy of safety razor shaves because their blades get dull. The

ZIG ZAG

AUTOMATIC STROPPER

will bring them back quickly to the safety razor keen.

It makes no difference what make of safety razor he uses—you do not have to worry as the Zig Zag will sharpen any and all makes of safety razor blades. Two styles to choose from:

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THE REJECTED PLANET

(Concluded from Page 11)

"He shook where he stood, his eyes traveling always from me to the gir-rl. Finally he croaked out:

"'Is that thrue? Will yez kiss him again?'

"She stepped away from me and I saw the pretty eyes of her bur-rn.

"'I have promised Mickey,' she whispered.

"'And yez will marry him?' says me bould Tim in a fearful tone.

"'I will marry no man!' she answers him.

"He tur-rned on his heel.

"'K.ss him!' he said. 'But I will kill him afterward. His soul is bound to Purgat'ry as it is.'

"'Thin I will kiss him gladly,' says the gir-rl; 'for he has made me give him what I would niver have given to anny man but one. Come, Mickey, kiss me. I have swor-rn and I will do it. And thin I will laugh at yez in Purgat'ry.'

"'I am damned already for bringing yez here!' I responded. 'And I will fight wid Tim O'Shea. But I will not kiss yez! I kiss no gir-rl that another man may wed wid her; for I see clearly I have been made a fool of.' And I tur-rned me back and depar-rted.

"In three minutes me bould Tim came to me.

"'After all, I have been desaved,' he infor-rmed me. 'Fir-rst, 'tis that bogtrotter Murphy; thin you, Mickey O'Rourke.'

"I looked at him superciliously.

"'I undherstand,' I infor-rmed him. 'Yez will wed wid Moira Kelly. This new wor-rld is no place for me.'

"'Tis a poor thing annyway,' says Tim. 'Moira says there is no place for a cow and she cannot carry watther from the spring. There is a far-rm near her father's which is to let cheaply. We will live there.'

"I scor-rned him at the momint.

"'Thin what is all your wisdom worth?' I demanded. 'Yez have built a wor-rld; and now yez listen to a woman for three minutes—and yez abandon it and the man that helped yez.'

"'Do yez want it?' says me bould Tim. 'I will make ye a prisint of it.'

"'I am going to Ameriky,' I infor-rmed him. 'I have no use for this little wor-rld that we have built.'

"At the instant Moira came out, her white face shining undher her red hair.

"'And ye poor bhoys made this all yoursilves?' says she. 'Tis a sad place—wid no meadow for a cow, no well handy by the house and no turves dried for the fire!'

"'Tis thrue,' says me brave Tim, much ashamed. 'We will go back immediately.'

"So he took Moira in his sthrong ar-rms and we said the black wor-rds. As we rose in the air Tim O'Shea gave the wor-rld a kick wid his foot.

"'Away wid yez into space!' says he.

"As it rolled off, and we saw it getting smaller and smaller in the sky, Moira laughed.

"'Can yez build a wor-rld widout a woman?' she demands in his ear, me traveling beside thim.

"'Yez can build it; but no man can live on it!' whispers Tim."

A Nutty Name

JOSEPH EVERGREEN RYAN, of Chicago, has a friend in the priesthood who has a keen sense of humor. The priest told Ryan about a christening at which he officiated a short time ago.

The christening party consisted of the proud father, the baby—a girl—the grandfather and all the rest of the folks. The grandfather stood nearest to the priest during the ceremony.

"What's the child's name?" asked the priest of the grandfather at the appropriate moment.

"I dunno," the grandfather replied. And he turned to the father and whispered hoarsely: "What's its name?"

"Hazel," replied the father.

"What?" asked the grandfather.

"Hazel," repeated the father.

The grandfather threw up his hands in disgust.

"What d'ye think av that?" he asked the priest. "With the calendar av the saints full av gur-rl names—an' him namin' his after a nut!"

Young Women enjoy the hotel life in California

There is a romance for the young in this land that is young. There's a sparkle to pleasure and a zest to life. With the mountains at your back and the sea at your feet, with the skies soft and the air invigorating, with youth in your blood and life to be lived—it would be a pity, indeed, not to spend one glorious winter in California.

And certainly the best way to go is on the

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It gives you a great motion picture of the country in which you live. As you sit in the reception room of the Observation Car and the 2,300-mile film unrolls beneath your feet, you realize as never before the magnificence of America.

When you go, travel over the

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Sugar Wafers

These delightful dessert confections rightly have a place in every holiday repast. Their fragile goodness and delicate sweetness never fail to please. Their varying flavors comport with any dessert, with ices, fruits or beverages.

In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—
Another dessert confection, with an outer covering of rich chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THE WINGS OF ICARUS

(Concluded from Page 16)

what proved to be his last flight, Ely had a feeling that something would happen; and he asked his mechanic to be ready to telegraph Mrs. Ely at once if anything went wrong. She was in Iowa, having for the first time failed to accompany him. The telegram was sent.

J. J. Frisbie, who was jeered at by a crowd until he ventured into the air during a treacherous wind and was killed, always wore his watch aloft until that day; but just before he went up at Norton he handed the watch to his wife with the laughing remark that some one might pick his pocket. A moment later he had lost control of his machine, it crashed into a shed and he was picked up mortally hurt.

Tom Sopwith, the English aviator, has a sporty big racing car—as long as an ocean greyhound, more or less—and he insists that it be in front of his hangar before he leaves the ground. During a recent meet on Long Island some of his friends whisked it away for a brief joy ride. It came Tommy's time to fly, but he wouldn't budge till that machine was brought back.

Beachy has no superstitions, and Curtiss says he—Curtiss—hasn't any; but his mechanics wink and say that he never makes a flight until he putters with his machine and finds something wrong. As a stickler for proper adjustment and tuning up, he goes on the theory that nothing is ever perfect—that you can always find something to fix. A hidden screw tightened or an obscure wire adjusted, then Curtiss is ready to shoot away. If you look as he rises you will notice a greasy old leather cap with a small aviation emblem pinned on the front. Perhaps this isn't any evidence of superstition either; but Curtiss has worn that cap on every flight he has made. Now that he has ordered all his men to wear helmets, he will either have to abandon his beloved cap or break the rule he himself has made.

In the Animal Kingdom

Mixed in with its tragedy there is a great deal of humor in the aviation game. Seagulls, swarming about the cruiser Pennsylvania, almost brought Curtiss to grief while he was preparing to land on board during his navy experiments. As he swept up to the vessel a cook opened a porthole and emptied overboard a great quantity of kitchen refuse. This attracted a swarm of screaming gulls, and Curtiss narrowly missed tangling up a thousand or so in his planes and propeller. As it was, he was forced to change his course, fly round the cruiser and return to his landing platform only after the gulls had eaten and departed.

Harry Harkness who, as an ardent amateur, has invested several thousands of his reputed several millions in monoplanes and their equipment, startled a bunch of jackrabbits as he swooped down over the prairie surface of North Island, San Diego, California. One big, long-eared fellow was apparently fascinated with delight or paralyzed with fear. Ears erect, eyes bulging, he sat on his haunches, unable to move, until the knifelike propeller-blade cut off his head as clean as a whistle. At the instance of his wife, who objects violently to his going up, Harkness has abandoned aviation and has gone in for motor boats. He says he is going to put a thousand-horse engine in a fourteen-foot—or maybe it is a forty-foot—boat and attain a speed of a hundred miles an hour.

"How do you expect a boat of that size to keep from being jarred to pieces by such an engine?" he was asked.

"Easy!" said Harkness. "I'm importing all the wood from Borneo. I forget what it's called; but it's grown under water and will stand anything."

Hubert Latham, in a pretty Antoinette monoplane, armed with a shotgun, madly chased ducks along the coast near Los Angeles last winter and kept at it until he bagged one. The feat was heralded at first as the dawn of a new era for sportsmen; but the newspapers were inclined to make light of the incident, and even the most enthusiastic followers of aviation do not predict that duck-hunting from the hurricane deck of a monoplane will be one of the season's diversions just yet. California took the performance with serious humor, and some wit introduced in the legislature a bill designed to regulate hunting from aeroplanes.

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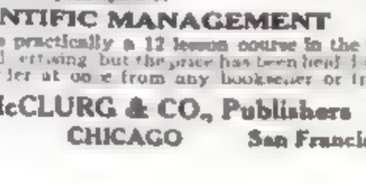

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The durability of its wonderful tone makes the Packard—style FF—the one best piano purchase at $500. The better dealers everywhere sell Packard pianos and player pianos—on terms. Get catalogue BB from The Packard Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana,—to-day.

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"ADS AND SALES"
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Garford MOTOR CARS

HERE is the Garford "Six"—the most advanced six cylinder car on the market. The wonderful performance of this motor during a series of unusually rigid tests, covering a period of over three years, rightly classes it as the most perfect six cylinder car made. Every six cylinder obstacle has been overcome. It has successfully weathered the storm.

¶ Under any condition the fuel distribution is perfect. At all times you get the full benefit of all of the cylinders—not occasionally. It has a self contained oiling system, guaranteeing perfect lubrication. Oil consumption is remarkably low. On one 15,000 mile test it averaged eleven miles per gallon of gasoline. In this car the six cylinder bugbear—carburetion—has been completely eliminated. It is as mechanically perfect as the best of the engineering world can make it.

¶ The wheel base of one hundred and thirty-five inches permits an unusually comfortable and luxurious seven-passenger body. The body itself is elegantly proportioned. The whole finish is magnificent. The car shown here is the six cylinder seven passenger touring car priced at $4500.

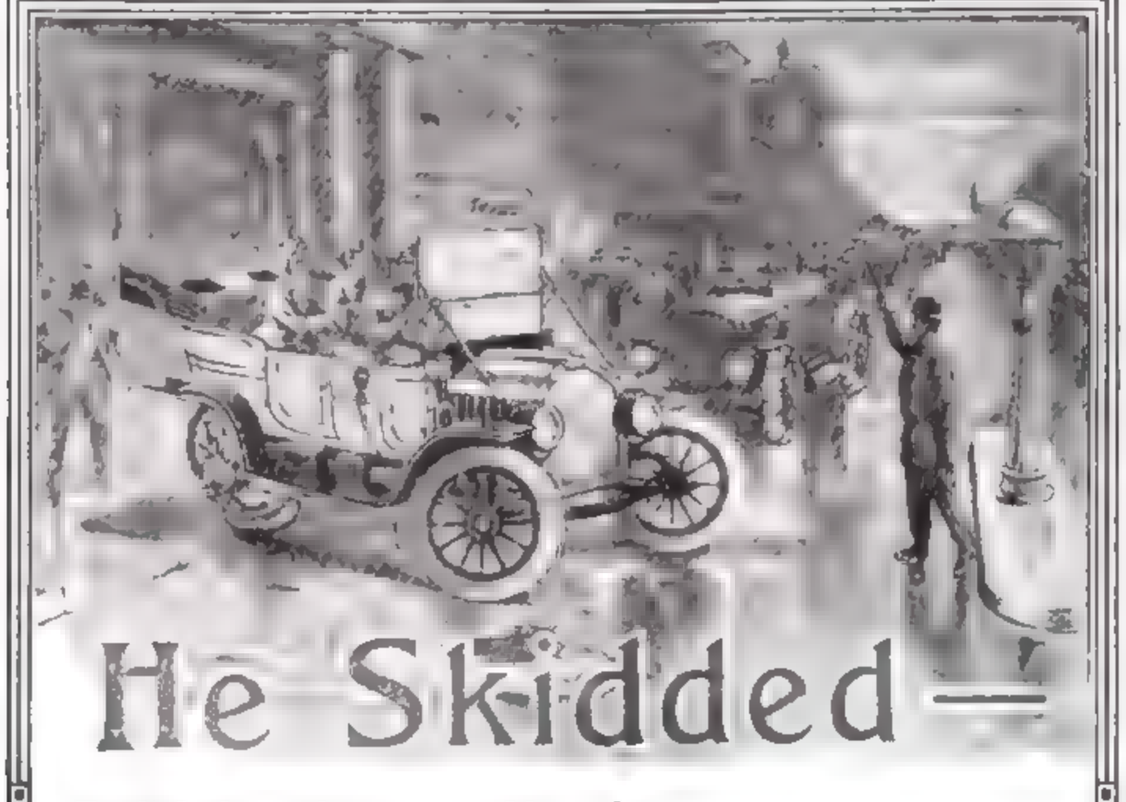
¶ A polished chassis of this most advanced "Six" will be shown at both the New York and Chicago Automobile Shows. If you attend be sure and look it over.

¶ We have a book about this "Six" which we know will interest you. We would like to send you a copy. Please ask for Book A.

The Willys-Garford Sales Company, Toledo, Ohio

If interested in trucks ask for a truck book.

Hotel Plaza, New York City



He Skidded

Foolish dependence on rubber alone

Some men think more of their money than they do of their lives—but suppose they do—*the cost of Weed Anti-Skid Chains is small—and—the cost of skidding is great!*

Just look at this! A man buys an expensive car. No money is spared to safeguard it against everything—*everything but skidding!*—and well he knows that Weed Chains make skidding utterly impossible—yet he neglects to get them.

"Pooh! Pooh!" he exclaims, "quite non-essential—the danger is remote—besides I am a very careful driver." One day a little rain—a slippery pavement—a little turn

S-Sk-Ski-Skid! Crash!

It's a short story—but a long list of repairs. Skidding certainly does injure a bank account.

Strange, isn't it? If any little breakage is sustained the car runs to the garage, quick—but when the bare rubber tires are wet and slick—and they commence to slip and slide and skid dangerously—you *do nothing*—*not a thing!* Strange, isn't it?

Think hard! Answer this question truthfully: *If you value either your money or your life—and if you know positively that if you do not use Weed Chains you may lose your money—or your life—or you may lose both—why in the name of reason don't you use them!*

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Weed Chains cannot injure tires because "they creep."

On front wheels give comfortable, easy steering—out of car tracks, snow drifts and "deep going" just like steering on smooth roads.

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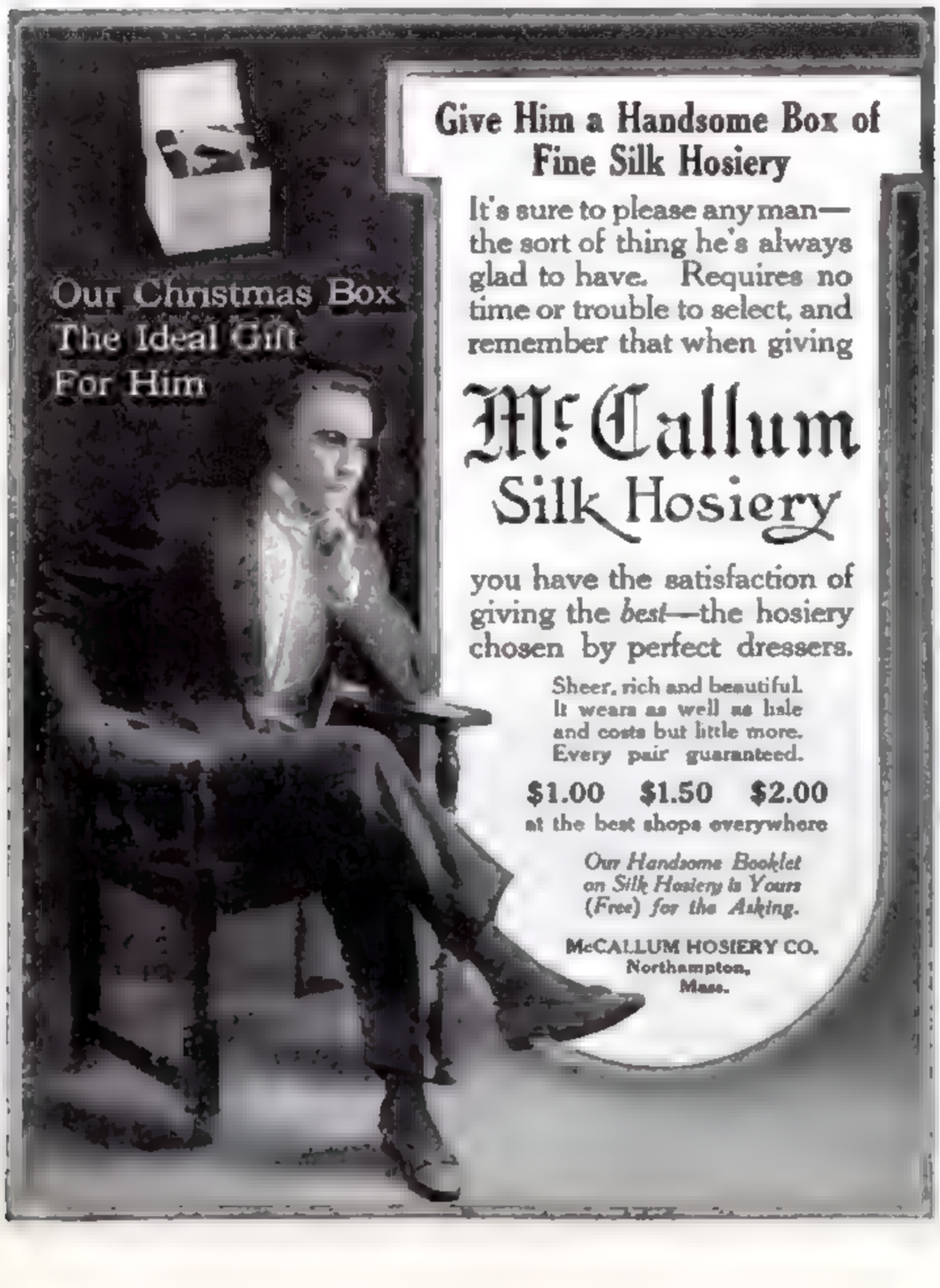

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you have the satisfaction of giving the *best*—the hosiery chosen by perfect dressers.

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Our Handsome Booklet on Silk Hosiery is Yours (Free) for the Asking.

McCALLUM HOSIERY CO.
Northampton, Mass.

SUPERANNUATED

Continued from Page 14

"No, they don't. We've had five July calves given us."

"If I was married, *she* wouldn't quit making butter!" quoth Abel vigorously. "Calves also is worth something."

"One died: Retta raised the other four. She's a great hand. I bought four cows with part of the ready money from my commissions and rented a pasture, and we run a little milk business for the folks right in town. Retta takes in a dollar-fifty to two dollars a day, and folks fetch their own cans."

"She's a fine woman," said Walzer with conviction.

They drove along through jolting, rutted bottoms, the mud-flecked curtains of the surrey slapping in and out, the Cousins Hall imperturbable on the front seat, the funeral procession straggling over the way before and behind them.

"You tell her," said the pallbearer to the officiating clergyman, "that I deliberately said so. Here we are. Dinged if Sol Myers ain't hustling to finish the grave still! You tell Henrietta."

Preacher Wicks nodded and smiled. Abel was a kind creature, though deaf and queer and alone; and if it pleased him to think that he could compliment a lady tastefully—why, let him do it. The hearing couldn't hurt Retta. And Walzer had ready money—he might as well buy gilt-edged securities as stow it in the bank!

So they laid Squire Hall to his rest and the college-made minister was allowed to say an extra prayer at the grave for his dignity's sake; and the mourners drove back up the hills to eat funeral-cake at a dinner of ceremony.

"Say," began Deacon Walzer as soon as they were back in the surrey, "you won't be fixed so nice now grass is gone already, by the reason your four cows goes on eating full as much as they milk. Feed's gone up." He seemed honestly worried. "And four heifer calves! Sho!"

"I'm providing for that, brother. I'm engaged in another line. I got started in it through Stocker, one of our members up to Oriola. I went to him about a cow; and in the course of business he makes it plain to me that himself, and certain other farmers too, was used to investing ready money very foolishly. They'd put it in an electric business in Colorado, maybe, or an oilfield in Texas, or something they had never set eyes on—nor would."

"Gold mines! Cigar fact'ries! Plate-glass mills!" exploded Walzer, sawing the air. "I know 'em!"

"Says I: 'My dear brother, why don't you put your money in farms?' But he wouldn't. 'Then put it,' says I, 'into an iron mine or a stone quarry or a tollbridge right here at home.' And that was a new idea to him."

"Sure is!" the other assented.

"So I made inquiries, and I found a slate-quarry proposition, just being financed, that he and a few others could get into on the ground floor. I put two hundred dollars into it myself. It's paid big. If we could quarry enough slate we'd run shingles off the market—we can sell so cheap!"

"Folks kinda stick to shingles still," said Walzer cautiously.

"And that led to other things. There's something now that I'm trying to get in on the ground floor for a little money I've laid away."

Abel grunted. Brother Wicks, by the new light of salesmanship that was in him, sensed the caution in the deaf man's soul and bore away upon confidences purely personal. Business tact came naturally to Brother Wicks—it may have been atavism.

"I've got twelve hundred and seventy dollars in the bank, and four cows and four calves, and my quarry stock—all since I went to Oriola. Now wouldn't you call that pretty good?"

"Sho!"

"And there's nothing that I can see to hinder me from more in the same way—commissions ——"

"Mister," said Walzer earnestly, "you sure was cut out for a business man! Why, you might very soon have enough to buy a farm!"

Emerson Wicks smiled. "Before Conference next April that's just what I hope to do; but I don't want it known till the last minute."

"By gosh! Who'd ever suppose such a slick idea would come by a preacher! Muster, you are all right! All right! If I was you, already, I would go up to Hazleton on the Conference and sell a grainbag full of Brazil coffee comp'nies among them other ordained preachers! Why don't you?"

"Oh, no!" said the superannuated one gently, shaking his head in reproof. "My brethren have a hard service and do the best they can. It's only the big city fellows, ten years in a place, that can save."

Abel Walzer gurgled and wheezed. "Say!" he choked, "I want to hear some more 'bout this! Oh, by gosh! By gosh! I been thinkin' all fall I might maybe come up a trip to Oriola for a day. Only, thinks I, maybe they don't want to see no visitors, the way they are fixed. Comp'ny's hard if folks are caught short. Ain't? But now I got to come. Might I could find you something of a good bargain in farmlands also, but I got, anyway, to hear the last of this business. 'Long in January you expect me sure'"

"All right. You come," responded Mr. Wicks. "You wasn't of our communion, Walzer; but I kinda got acquainted with you from the first, and you always proved a real friend to me while in this charge. I'm glad you remembered me the same way. You come, and welcome, and make us a visit. We got an extra bedroom. The womenfolks'll be real pleased."

"Will they?" asked Abel solemnly. "Will they? I wonder still! Ya—will they?" For the rest of the drive he sat in inordinate gloom.

. . . . . .

With butter-making out of the way for the winter, Oriola settled down to a round of church sociables, sleighrides, waffle suppers, Grange fairs, box parties, raffles, Sunday-school concerts, and even to those terrible sorceries of the devil—Friday-night dances. The town was never so well dressed or so carefree. Courting and marrying went on with an Edenic facility. Fathers were generous with money when the monthly milk-check came. John Stocker—who was understood to have mortgaged some cattle to go into quarrying on the ground floor somewhere, and to have made thousands and thousands by selling out to somebody and going into something else of a mining nature somewhere else—gave two of his daughters chests of solid silver at their weddings, and the third two hundred dollars in cash. Thus modern prosperity came to Oriola.

The Reverend Mr. Wicks, returning from the funeral to his charge and its rural whirl, thought infinitely less about Deacon Walzer, of Thompsonville, than the lonely Walzer thought about him. In December a letter from Abel announced a fine old farm in Zarepta Township for sale at two thousand dollars; and this, together with a novice's uneasiness in a sluggish falling market, impelled the minister to turn all his own stock investments into money. By drawing his last cent of commissions from Winkle & Watts, he made up the necessary two thousand dollars in currency—such a treasure as he had never seen. He kept the money in the house two weeks, then, when preliminaries had been attended to, sent it in an express parcel to Abel.

The deacon had said he would visit Oriola early in January; and he was as good as his word. In the dusk of New Year's Day Brother Wicks returned to the parsonage from a round of old-fashioned calls; he was sleepy from the late hours of the Watch Night Service and heavy with pound cake.

The house was warm, but dark. Brother Wicks lit the kitchen lamp; then, turning, almost dropped it. Deacon Walzer sat there before the oven, looking idiotically cheerful, hatless and at home. He had his arm round a drooping, contented Henrietta.

"Well," he stated absurdly, "I'm here already." The minister only stared.

"I come to bring your deed; but, now I am here once, I'll stay to get a license."

Mr. Wicks took the stiff legal packet held out to him. "Mah!" he called wildly.

"Oh, she knows," said Henrietta's fingers.

"Sure she does!" the suitor agreed viva voce.

"She's glad! She's crying! She's in her room," spelled Retta tersely.

"But she don't know not a word about the farm. You go on and tell her while I tell Retta."

$2.50

This swivel makes any angle possible

To get a clean, satisfactory shave without pulling, and without irritating the face, the blade of a razor must cut the beard at an angle. The straight, old-fashioned razor, in the hands of an expert, shaves in this way. The Young Safety Razor, in anybody's hands, does the same thing. A touch turns the blade at any angle with the handle.

Young SAFETY Razor

"The any-angle razor"

The Young Safety Razor has advantages beyond any razor you ever used. The complete outfit, including 12 fine, keen blades, costs only $2.50.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Get this razor from your dealer, or from us if your dealer does not carry it. Try it for 30 days. If you do not find it the best razor you ever used, return it and your money will be refunded.

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LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

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A superior seasoning for **Soups, Fish, Meats, Gravies, Game and Salads.**

Assists Digestion.

Lea & Perrins' signature is on label and wrapper.

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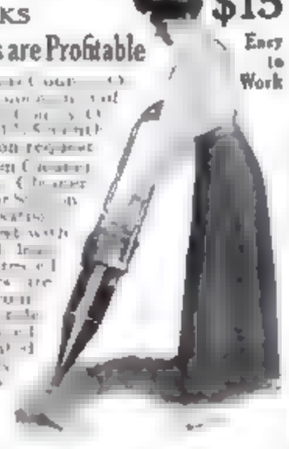
Success Vacuum Cleaners are Profitable

Price $15

Easy to Work



C. A. Reynolds, Tennessee, Colorado, made $125 in one week. J. W. Ray, Washington, Colorado, made $15 in one day. Month of April 1911 — Affidavits on request.

The Success Hand Vacuum Cleaner is as good as any Vacuum Cleaner made. Has Double Power or Suction. 30 Day Trial. We challenge the entire world to produce a better machine for the money. Any Cleaner manufactured is invited for comparison to demonstrate to people. Success Cleaners are used in largest hotels in country. Has made a place in the parlor of any home. Handle is finished in gun metal and nickel; looks like a high-grade gun. Shipped to any location on trial. Address

HUTCHISON MFG. CO.
325 Wood St., Wilkinsburg, Penna.

"I'm not prepared for this," remonstrated the father feebly. "I'm surprised! You never told me—no one ever told me! How long has this been going on?"

"When you turn away your head, like you are now, I can't see a word you say."

Mr. Wicks aligned himself before his prospective son-in-law and snapped: "How long has this been going on?"

"He came at one-thirty," said Henrietta with her fingers.

"Sure. And I begun courtin' at two sharp! There, now, mister, take your deed and the newspaper." He extracted a red-and-black sheet from his pocket. "Yes'day was a panic in Wall Street. You'll understand it. I don't. Go on and leave us be—but leave the lamp for me an' her to talk by."

It is ill bullying a complacent man who takes your remarks only by lip-reading. Mr. Wicks retired to the bedroom.

"Mah!" he cried in extreme exasperation, "Henrietta tells me you know what's going on out there!"

In the light of one candle Mrs. Wicks' faded eyes shone through tears. "God's heard my prayers for the poor child at last! She's been pining for him. She's been pining since April."

The father gasped and sat down heavily on the bed. Paper crackled under him. He looked and saw the quilt spread thick with fashion periodicals picturing bridal costumes. He smote a veiled lady with his open hand.

"What can she see in him?" he demanded.

"That's what my father said about you, Emerson; but I've never wished we hadn't." Mah smiled triumphantly. "I do b'lieve most marriages are made in Heaven, pah, if a few ain't — even if Heaven does kinda cut 'em loose to sink or swim after the first week or so. Do you suppose I darst spend six dollars for her white dress? It seems extravagant; but he's a well-off man and she'll be looked after all her days now. And you and me won't mind if we do have to pinch a little after she's gone."

"Take it out of the milk money. I'd give it to you, only I haven't got it. I just paid two thousand dollars for a farm. See here!"

The deed might have been an act of legislature for all Mrs. Wicks read of it; the outside assured her that Brother Wicks was speaking the literal truth. She dropped the shears and fell upon her knees.

"Oh, my dear! I knew you were gettin' in a little money, but I never supposed you could do anything like that! It's wonderful! Now we can settle down to get old decent, like other folks. Oh, I'd been dreading we'd have to go to the Indigent Ministers' Home after next Conf'rence!"

Old eyes looked into old eyes and the bitterness of that unspoken terror receded from their lives.

"We won't!" her husband assured her, patting her shoulder awkwardly. "There's more money where this came from. 'He shall give us a pleasant heritage.' I'm going to retire from the ministry next April."

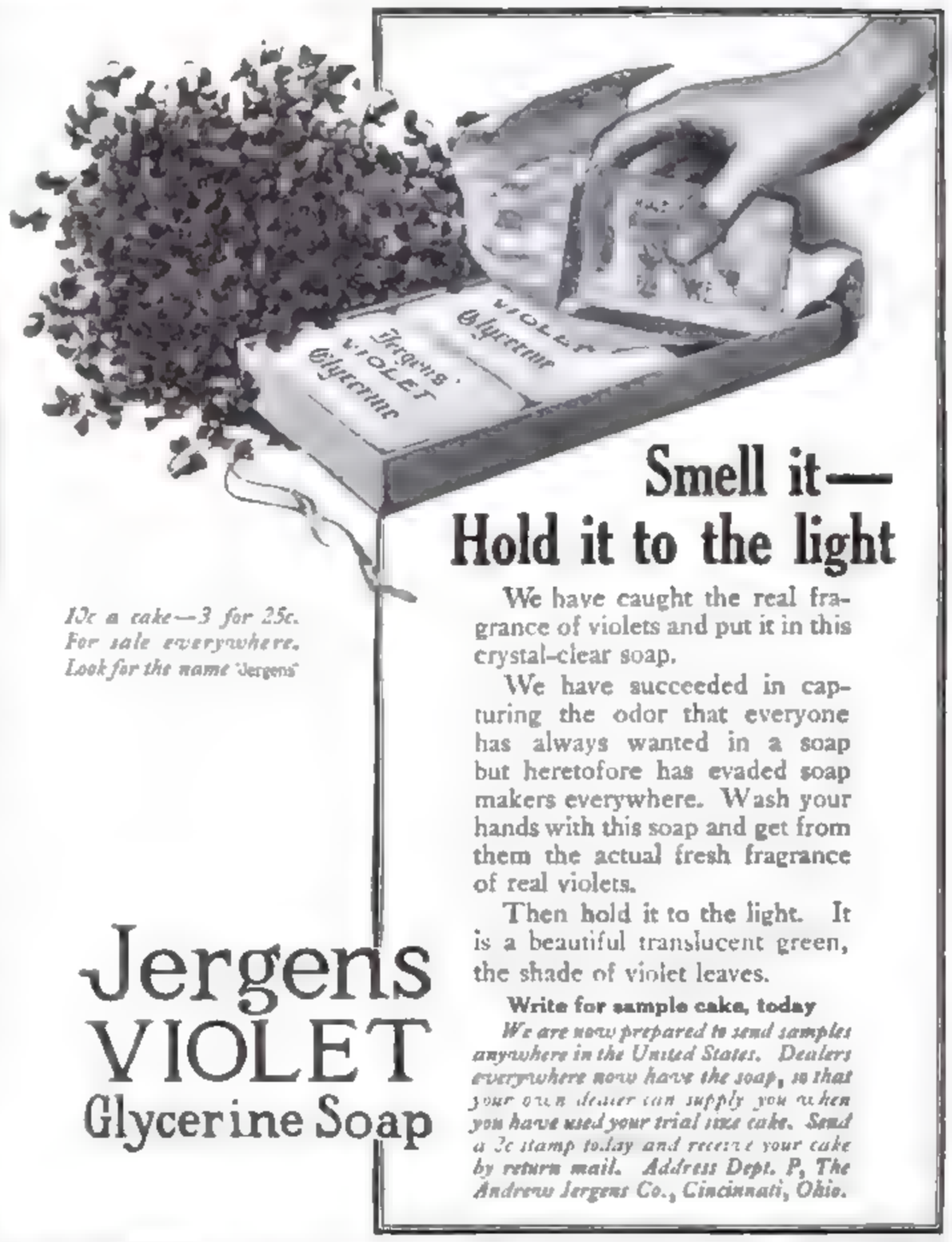
"We must!" breathed she. "I don't see as you've committed a single wrong act in doing business, pah; and certainly the Lord must have been with you so far. But it don't seem right for a poor servant of the Master to make money!"

"My conscience is clear. As for Conference, I can buy an' sell the lot of 'em before I get through. Everybody's satisfied with the milk contracts; they get paid reg'lar as Government. As for these other deals, nobody's lost money through me; in fact, I've saved several hayseeds from buying gold bricks, as Mr. Winkle says. Who's running up the walk?"

Wild knocking began at the front door. Henriet a's quiet step went through the hall. In the kitchen Deacon Walzer bumped chairs about, presumably in rearrangement for company. Then a woman's voice cried. "Oh, where's your pah?"

"It's Sister Stocker," Mr. Wicks said "There's some trouble." He went out into the sitting room, leaving the door open for his wife to follow.

Mah Wicks, from her knees, cast a happy, frightened glance at the deed and the bridal fashions on her Whig-Rose bedquilt, and stayed where she was. The newspaper, all red-and-black headlines, lay neglected. It said: "Bears Themselves Ruined in Wall Street Crash Yesterday"—which was jargon. New Year's Day had not brimmed with joy like this since that golden winter when she was twenty and young Emerson Wicks was indubitably getting ready to



10c a cake—3 for 25c. For sale everywhere. Look for the name Jergens

Smell it— Hold it to the light

We have caught the real fragrance of violets and put it in this crystal-clear soap.

We have succeeded in capturing the odor that everyone has always wanted in a soap but heretofore has evaded soap makers everywhere. Wash your hands with this soap and get from them the actual fresh fragrance of real violets.

Then hold it to the light. It is a beautiful translucent green, the shade of violet leaves.

Write for sample cake, today

We are now prepared to send samples anywhere in the United States. Dealers everywhere now have the soap, so that your own dealer can supply you when you have used your trial size cake. Send a 2c stamp today and receive your cake by return mail. Address Dept. P, The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Jergens VIOLET Glycerine Soap

Real Home Comfort

Sitting before the old open fireplace used to be the acme of home comfort, and we all agree that there is nothing more cheerful and cozy. But, after all, the old wood fire required lots of attention, it was dirty and sometimes smoky; and, besides, there are few city dwellers nowadays whose homes are large enough to accommodate the old-fashioned fireplace.

REZNOR Gas Heating Stoves

The Original Copper Reflector

give all the warmth and glow of the fireplace without any bother of smoke or wasted heat. This heater is different from any other gas heater you ever saw. It burns with a natural yellow flame, diffuses light as well as heat, and the reflector behind the burners directs this light and heat out into the room and down to the floor, instead of up to the ceiling as the ordinary gas heater does.

The Reznor may be installed in the chimney, as in above illustration, or it can be had in the portable form shown below, which can easily be carried from room to room.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the wonderful Reznor Gas Heating Stove. If you do not know where the Reznor is sold, your local gas company will either handle it or will tell you where it may be seen.

Prices range from $3.00 up

THE REZNOR MFG. CO.
Mercer, Pa.

REZNOR MFG. CO.
Mercer, Penna.

Please send me copy of "Consumer's Booklet" giving facts about Reznor Gas Heating Stoves. Address

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The watch of "style" and unfailing accuracy—The Waltham Colonial. It is a thin, graceful model possessing the sound principles of Waltham construction that have won preference for Waltham watches throughout the world.

WALTHAM

The discriminating man will take pride in carrying the Waltham Colonial. It is a watch of graceful design and is the thinnest reliable timepiece made. The Waltham Colonial represents the last word in watch making and from every stand point is an ideal gift for a gentleman. It is adjusted and cased at the factory, price $37.50 and upwards, according to the grade of movement and quality of case.

The Waltham Colonial, Riverside grade, is especially recommended as a life time investment. The Riverside has been a famous Waltham movement for a full generation.

Handsome booklet describing the various Waltham movements and full of valuable watch lore free on request. All Jewelers sell Waltham Watches.

"It's Time You Owned a Waltham."

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, Waltham, Mass.

Here's the File that Never Fails when you want Correspondence Quick

MULTOPLEX

It's the nearest fool-proof—nearest careless-clerk-proof filing cabinet ever devised. It's easier to file correspondence quicker, and more accurately in a Multoplex Cabinet, because the drawers have *Inside Metal Adjustable Partitions.* These keep each folder upright and easy to get at.

MULTOPLEX **Filing Cabinets** mean efficiency and economy for many reasons—

No Follower Block
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—they enable your file clerks to do quicker and better work
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—can be filled to capacity—5,000 sheets—without crowding
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Write for Our Book "*Faultless Filing*" Today It covers fully each money saving point, outlined here—tells of the high grade, guaranteed construction of our cabinets—tells of our new check the system, a wonderful convenience, tells you everything you want to know about our cabinet from your viewpoint as the man who has the filing system to finance. Write for the book today, mentioning your firm name and in what capacity you serve.

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There's money in merchandise

And there are big opportunities right now for good men in the retail field. Why not start a profit making retail store of your own? It's my business to find places where new stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information. And a two hundred page book telling how to run a store goes free. Edward B. Moon, 416 W. Randolph St., Chicago

speak his mind. Now she was old—but Henrietta was going to be married and Emerson owned a farm!

"Oh, he's desp'rit!" gasped the visitor's voice outside. "Eloise is off to Atlantic on her wedding trip an' I'm all alone! What shall I do? The telegrams was down to the post-office for him when he went for the mail; an' I come home to get supper—an' there he was with them all spread out on the table! 'Gussie,' says he to me when he seen me, 'your old John Stocker has been fool enough to lose the very shirt off his back!' An' he busted out crying. Oh, mister, but I'm scairt to pieces!"

"What's she say, Henrietta?" Walzer's voice broke in. Mrs. Wicks, through the doorway, saw Retta's fingers fly. Mrs. Stocker's green silk dress showed round the corner of the sofa.

"Let me look at the papers," suggested the minister.

"He was speculatin'," wailed the wife—"that's it. He spent so free and he wanted to make more. He's lost all his prop'ty! Oh, I don't know what'll become of us—him and little Benjy an' me!"

"You'll work, might be," suggested Abel Walzer practically.

"But I can't bear folks should know!" she cried.

Mr. Wicks ran through the papers and telegrams, then turned from the lamp with a gesture of sharp impatience. To his wife, looking on from the bedroom, his simple, open look had taken on reserves.

"I always told Brother John to have nothing to do with those people. I told him they weren't reliable. Why, they bucket half their orders! Of course they'd fail under him! But, even if they hadn't, the fool had no business playing the market both ways on margins." He struck the folded sheets smartly in his disgust.

Mrs. Wicks got to her feet and stepped to the door, praying silently, incoherently. This strength in old age that had come to her husband was not wholly of the Lord—men and the unhallowed warrings of men had part therein. "Oh, forgive—forgive him that awful talk!" she begged of the Power he had served so long. "Oh, pah! pah! Why, the poor man's in affliction! We must do something."

In the flick of an eyelash Mr. Wicks was smoothly grave again—wholly the ordained clergyman.

"I'll go down with you at once, Sister. Brother John ought not to be left alone with his sorrow. 'The Lord hath taken away'—and it isn't always easy to bless His name. I've had some experience in business too. I may counsel him better'n some would. You know he is one of our deacons."

"That's what I said to Stocker!" the parishioner exclaimed. "'Send for the minister, because he's cute about them Wall Streeters—an' see if you can't scratch round an' clip the farm into my name!' I says to Stocker. Don't you imagine he could, Rev'rend?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Wicks. "I don't know how he stands. We'll talk it over down there. Henrietta, you and Walzer shouldn't wait supper if we're held late. Mah, put on your bonnet and shawl and step down to this house of trouble with me—you'll be comp'ny for Sister Stocker while we discuss."

Sister Wicks had learned to suffer all things patiently. With a heartache keener than the pain in her tired old feet she went out of the house beside her husband and the sulken weeping matron.

Retta and her suitor stood in the lamplit room after the door had closed. Retta was very happy—almost young, warm with sheer human faith. "Pah is the kind of minister," she spelled, "that everybody comes to to get them out of trouble."

"Yes. He's top-match for 'em!"

"I'm glad he likes you."

Abel eyed her doubtfully.

"Lots of ministers don't want their daughters should marry anybody but preachers."

A broad smile of superiority gilded the prospective son-in-law's face. "Oh, well, your pah now"—he explained lucidly—"why, he's cut out for a business man!"

It Can Be Carried Anywhere To Light The Dark Spots

The FLEXILYTE consists of a light weight flat case of pressed and vulcanized rubber in which is wound, on a reel or spindle, 15 feet of extension lamp cord.

This cord can be unwound and wound up again at will. At the free end of the cord is a plug that fits into the socket of any standard electric light fixture. On the upper flat side of the case is a socket into which you screw the bulb taken from the fixture.

Flexilyte

(Flexlyte Trade Mark)

The FLEXILYTE has innumerable uses wherever electricity is used for lighting. High, centre lights cause severe strains on the eyes when used for reading or writing. Side-wall fixtures are seldom so located that they can be used to advantage for reading, writing, playing the piano, sewing, shaving or arranging one's dress or hair.

Ordinary drop or extension lights are fixtures, too, in the sense that their position cannot be changed at will or to suit a temporary purpose. The FLEXILYTE means light just **where** you want it and just **when** you want it.

Remember that you can take the FLEXILYTE wherever you go. It can be carried everywhere you take your trunk. For salesmen who travel, and what traveling man doesn't, for doctors, nurses, etc.—there is no more convenient device.

The FLEXILYTE is strongly made and handsomely finished. **Price, $3.50.** If you can't get it yet in your town write us, giving name of your dealer, and we will see that you are supplied. **Money-back guarantee** will protect you. Descriptive folder free.

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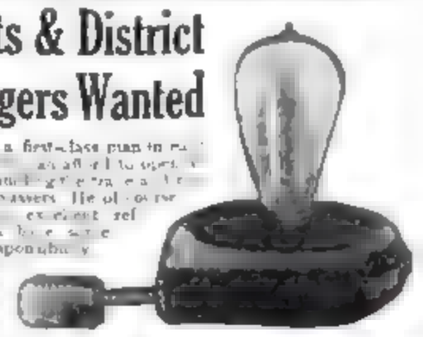

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L. A. WILLIAMSON COMPANY
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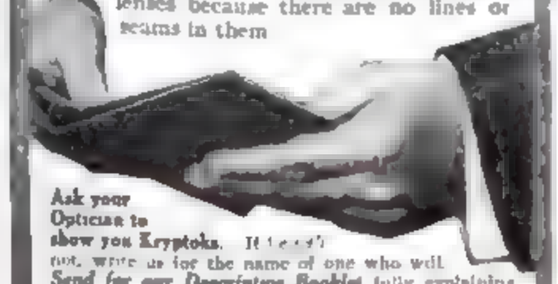
When your oculist tells you you need two-vision lenses—be sure to get

KRYPTOK LENSES

(Worn by over 200,000 people)

For in all other two-vision lenses there is a line or seam between the near and far vision portions that makes the wearer look less than his best, and unmistakably brands him or her with a sign of age.

Kryptoks are double-vision lenses that look exactly like regular one-vision lenses because there are no lines or seams in them



Ask your Optician to show you Kryptoks. If [illegible] not, write us for the name of one who will.

Send for our Descriptive Booklet fully explaining Kryptok Lenses and containing many facts of interest and importance to every person who wears glasses.

KRYPTOK CO., 185 E. 23d Street, New York

Take Ben Franklin's Advice in Choosing a Xmas Gift for a Man

Give him a razor. This is what Poor Richard said about it in his Autobiography:

> *"If you teach a young man to shave himself and keep his razor in order, you may contribute more to his happiness than in giving him a thousand guineas. The money may be soon spent. . . . . But in the other case, he escapes the vexation of frequently waiting for barbers. . . . . He shaves when most convenient to him and enjoys daily the pleasure of doing it with a good instrument."*

How Franklin would have appreciated this fine modern development of the razor, the Durham-Duplex. In it he would recognize the one correct principle of shaving, the diagonal stroke, made safe.

He would recognize it as a real razor, with the same hang and set as the good old straight razor, but without the dangerous naked blade.

He would praise it as a good instrument for proper shaving that could be used with ease, quickness and perfect safeness.

If Franklin were alive today he would advise you to give Brother, Husband, Father, Son, a

DURHAM-DUPLEX

the safe razor

You can buy Durham-Duplex Razors and Blades at any good hardware, cutlery, drug or men's furnishing store. Ask your dealer to show you the Standard Set, the Traveler's Kit and the superb Hold-all Outfit.

Durham-Duplex Blades are the finest example of a steel cutting edge that the world has known. They are double-edged and interchangeable, giving you a new, ready-sharpened edge whenever you wish. They can be stropped easily with the Durham-Duplex stropping attachment.

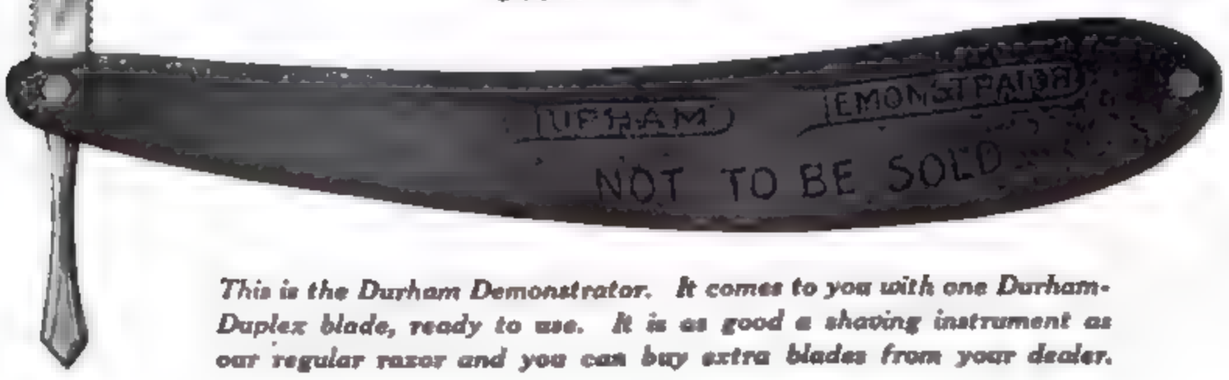
We Will Give You a Durham Demonstrating Razor as Proof

This is for men who have been disappointed in a razor, possibly, and want absolute proof that the Durham-Duplex is the superb shaving instrument that we say it is. We want to prove to them the superiority of this razor and Durham-Duplex Blades. This is the offer: Send 35 cents to pay postage, packing, mailing and distributing expense, and we will send you a Durham Demonstrating Razor without further obligation on your part. There are absolutely no strings to this offer. The razor will be yours.

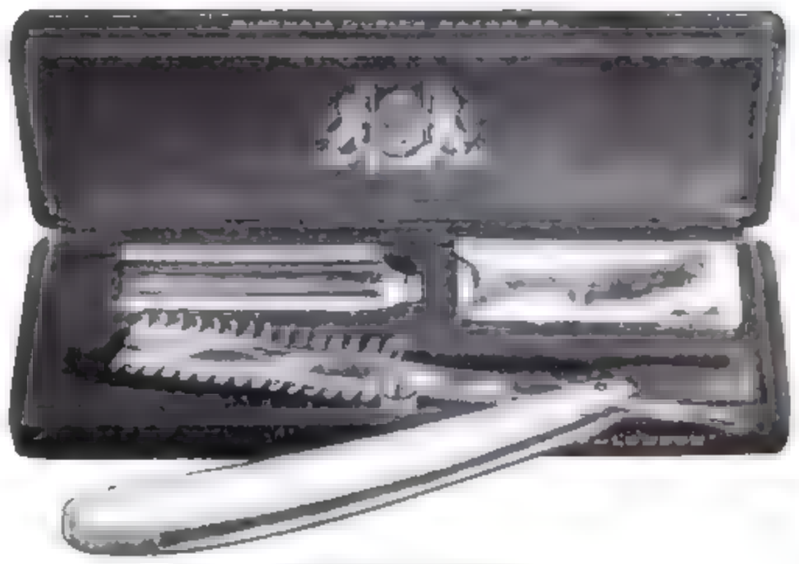
One Durham-Duplex Blade is given with each demonstrator. Extra blades are sold by dealers everywhere. 50 cents buys 12 cutting edges (6 blades).

WE HAVE MADE THE DURHAM-DUPLEX BLADE THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD AND AS SUCH WE WILL MAINTAIN IT.

Durham-Duplex Razor Company
New York London



This is the Durham Demonstrator. It comes to you with one Durham-Duplex blade, ready to use. It is as good a shaving instrument as our regular razor and you can buy extra blades from your dealer.



STANDARD SET

This is the standard Durham-Duplex Razor outfit. It consists of silver-plated holder with fine Parisian ivory handle, silver-plated guard and stropping attachment, and 6 double-edged blades, all packed in a handsome flat leather case, velvet-lined. This outfit will last a lifetime. The price is $5.00. For sale everywhere.

THE coupon printed below is also redeemable at the following stores where a large quantity of these razors have been placed for immediate distribution:

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Bedford Co.
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CINCINNATI, OHIO—The Fair Co.
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Dept. H, 111 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:—Enclosed find 35 cents in coin or stamps for Durham Demonstrating Razor as described.

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Give your boy
The American Boy
for Christmas

It will appeal more to his finer sensibilities than the tawdry, soon-forgotten suits. The American Boy is the finest [illegible] It develops [illegible] of honor [illegible] and moral [illegible] It [illegible] to live and think right

The American Boy

contains stories written by men who understand the American boy — stories of adventure and travel, history, biography and world events, beautifully illustrated. It has a department of sports and games, and departments of photography, electricity, [illegible] carpentry, how to [illegible] things and how to make things and it has a department devoted to the

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to which *Ernest Thompson Seton*, Chief Scout, contributes an illustrated [illegible]

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The American Boy is eagerly read by 500,000 intelligent, manly American boys

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In stock for immediate delivery.
New and Second-hand Launches,
large and small, suitable for South.

Gas Engine & Power Co.
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Consolidated
Morris Heights, New York City
Send 10 Cents for Catalogue

SWEET, DELICIOUS, MEATY NUTS!

Our new crop of [illegible] Wabash Valley wild pecans is the finest ever grown. Sweet meated, easily cracked. **To see them makes your mouth water!** We ship [illegible] to the consumer in [illegible] 15 and [illegible] pound bags at the [illegible] a pound, express prepaid to most of the United States. A generous sample, [illegible], for 10c. ORDER TO-DAY. We also have Ward Hickory Nuts and Walnuts

Southern Indiana Pecan Co., 230 W. 3rd Street, Mt. Vernon, Ind.

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A Practical Book of Instructions, Modeling in Clay

Simple, systematical, fascinating, entertaining, and elevating pastime for leisure moments at home; reproductions in plaster, parts, papier-maché. **Price $1.** H. H. Dotson Studio, Reading, Pa.

THE CALL

(Continued from Page 19)

commercial method of work and was going to see what he could do with "real art," as he called it. Under these new conditions, he intimated, he could use Una at least two hours every day. Perhaps, when he got things going, he could take up all her time—that was, of course, unless she had grown tired of posing.

Una detected a shy friendliness under Hempel's stiffness of manner. She saw at once that this new arrangement was a solution of her greatest problem; that with an assured income of at least fourteen dollars a week she would no longer have to worry. And with certain possible frugalities she would soon be able to save enough for her new clothes.

She suspected that Hempel in some way was thinking more of her than he pretended. She felt grateful enough for his help, but she was unable to show any enthusiasm for the new order of things. It was all something aside from the main issue. It was not directly helping her to get on the stage.

She was even a little disappointed in Hempel's new studio, with its faded walls and its worn floor. It was merely a dingy back room at the top of a dingy building given over to dingy-looking artists and music students who cooked their own meals—though she scarcely realized that its lower rent made possible the pay for her three hours' "sitting" that morning and on other mornings to come. However, by the time they rested for luncheon and Hempel made an opulent cheese omelette on his gas stove, her spirits had returned to her. He even somewhat timorously showed her the empty studio next to his own, suggesting that it would be a cheap and comfortable way for her to live—"until other things turned up."

Una eyed that homelike little room, with its bed-alcove and its diminutive fireplace, a little hungrily; but she realized that it would be a digression, a step aside from the line of progress which she had laid out for herself. She knew she would be safe enough there, side by side with Hempel; but she also suspected it would lead to a dangerous condition of contentment—and contentment was a luxury which she could not afford.

It was not hard for her to be friendly with Hempel. Already she had tacitly sorted men into two classes. She found that in certain men her youth and inexperience placed her before them as their natural prey. Yet in other men she found that this same youth and inexperience awakened a feeling that was directly opposed to the predaceous—a protective and sheltering instinct that in some way seemed to be its own reward. She could not quite understand it all, but she grew to see that there were certain men before whom it was not well to appear too self-reliant, too independent in her own strength. These protective friends, she found, liked her best in her weaker moments; and those weaker moments were made more obvious by that appearance of wistful lassitude which she had once struggled to overcome.

If Sayles and Hempel were of the class she could face with confidence, Signor Muselli was of that other class which some intuitional sixth sense warned her of as being dangerous. There was something overconfidential and yet circuitous in his manner, as though he were always on the lookout to establish some secret between his pupil and himself, some communion of illicit knowledge that would provide them with at least one narrow plank of intimacy. Sometimes, in his demonstrations of correct breathing, his hand remained longer on her shoulder than it ought to have done; but she endured it submissively, fearful that some rupture might put a summary end to her lessons. She ignored a hundred touches which she knew to be neither accidental nor necessary; yet something in her very coldness, in her calm and unparticipating eyes, warned the disconsolate Signor Muselli that he would have to proceed with caution.

It was not until the fourth lesson that the signor changed his tactics. He confronted her with the charge that she was not dramatic, that she had no fire, no life, no passion. She must learn to be dramatic from the first. She must understand here—and the signor smote his chest—the meaning of longing, of sorrow, of love.

He told her they would go through the duet of Mimi and Rudolf in the first act of La Bohème. Una stood watching him as he moved about the furniture to block out an imaginary stage.

"But isn't it better for me to keep on with my exercises for a few weeks?" suggested the somewhat perturbed student.

Her teacher scoffed at the idea of further exercises. Did she intend to be an actress and not a poll-parrot? Then she must learn to act! And she would understand when the music touched her soul!

Una stood amazed as the fat and unctuous throat rolled out that beautiful aria, which even his corrupt and flashy method could not contaminate. She stood like a dressmaker's manikin before his dramatic approaches and withdrawals.

She paled a little as the declamatory fat hand was placed on her head and the heavy-breathing lips hesitated so close above her own. She saw that it was all obnoxious, that it was humiliating; but she tried to console herself with the thought that others had had to go through the same mill—that it was, in some way, all for her ultimate good.

She had no actual comprehension of the situation until the declamatory fat arms closed about her body. Even then she did not struggle until the pretense of sustaining the operatic rôle came to an end and the red lips were pressed against her own.

She was slight and frail and, in a way, quite taken off her guard; but as her gross-armed captor held her there she exploded into sudden and feline fury. She could not free herself, but she writhed and struggled until she got one arm free, and with her liberated fingers she began to tear at his face.

Her attack both sobered and angered him. He twisted her arm behind her back vindictively, and she caught at one of the tubbed palms for anchorage and it went over with a crash.

Muselli released her suddenly, for the hall door had opened and a woman in curl-papers had advanced into the room. What this portly intruder called out was incomprehensible to the panting girl, for, like the man's quick retort, it was in Italian. What took place between that portly couple, indeed, in the midst of their overturned furniture, Una never knew. She remembered only that she was free.

She did not run—she was too out of breath for that; but she made her escape from the room while the volley of parleying voices was at its highest. She groped her way down the house-steps and into the street, choking back the sobs that still shook her body.

It was the next day, as Hempel was posing her for the heroine of an antebellum magazine story, that he came to a sudden stop in front of her. He stood studying her, with a mouthful of pins, for her roughly improvised costume had proved too big for her.

"How'd you get those bruises?" he asked, as his eyes rested on the girl's bare arms.

A slow flush crept over Una's face. She did not even answer him.

He took the pins from his mouth, sat down in front of his drawing board and repeated the question.

"I'd rather not tell you," she said.

He sat up and folded his arms.

"But I want to know," he retorted. "And I'm going to."

She shook her head.

"Who did it?" demanded the young man at the drawing board.

"It was an accident," was all the girl would say.

"I guess I know the kind of accident it was!" He looked up at her with a sudden flash of anger. "Did it come without your knowing it?"

"Yes," admitted the unhappy girl.

"Where?" demanded Hempel.

"I can't tell you!"

"Are you ashamed to?"

"No!"

"Have you any personal reason for not telling me?"

"No!"

Once more he folded his arms.

"Then this picture won't go on until you do!"

Una hesitated.

"Why should you want to know?"

He took up his pencil.

"I know already. I only wanted particulars; I only wanted to understand."

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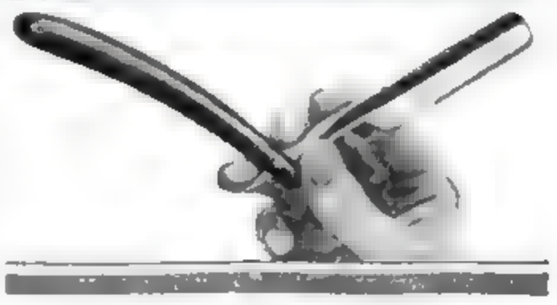

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Una told him, as fully as she could, the story of her association with Signor Muselli. He seemed to be working at his drawing board all the time she was talking. He even suggested a slight change in her pose.

Suddenly he threw down his pencil, looked at his watch and stood up.

"It won't do!" he said. Then he turned to her. "Will you mind waiting here until I get the right sort of gown for you to put on?"

"No," said Una, a little disturbed at the thought that she was not giving satisfaction.

Hempel was putting on his street coat and hat.

"In twenty minutes you might put on those four lamb chops," he suggested from the open door. She was surprised by a hitherto unnoticed brusknessin his manner. "I'll need you this afternoon if I lose an hour now!"

He was gone before she could answer him. It was an hour and a quarter later by the nickel alarm clock on the bookshelf when he returned. His right hand was wrapped up in a wet handkerchief. One side of his face was plainly swollen. The starch was entirely wilted from his collar. In some way, however, out of his apparently impassive face shone a serene and deep-seated satisfaction with the world.

"Where is the costume?" Una asked as he tossed off his hat and coat.

He laughed a little as he stood at the water-tap letting a stream trickle over the wet handkerchief.

"I didn't go for any costume," he said.

One of Una's far-off glimmers wavered before her vision.

"Where did you go?" she demanded.

"I went up to give that Dago music teacher what was coming to him," said the quiet-toned Hempel as he knotted the wet handkerchief about his swollen knuckles. "And I guess he got it!"

*

UNA'S circle of acquaintances, as the weeks went by, slowly widened. In Hempel's studio she met an occasional artist; on her restless journeys and errands about the city she encountered both men and women who were willing enough to be friendly. The persons she most sought out, however—the persons whose friendship she most valued—were those in some way associated with the stage.

She was accordingly grateful to Jim Sayles for saying a word or two about her to the older and more experienced "professionals" in the Thirty-ninth Street lodging house. As she came to know these neighbors of hers, she began to see that they lived in a little world of their own, with superstitions and beliefs of their own, with even a language that was not altogether the language of other people. Yet she told herself that it was her duty to be one of them. She did her best to attain their point of view, to understand their patois. She tried to like them all, from Grimshaw, the sepulchral tragedian, who vermiculated instead of walking and had lately abandoned the "legitimate" for the more lucrative field of the "movies," down to Midgey Manners, a soubrette with a son in a Connecticut boarding school. She steeled herself to visit the room of "the two Fairfields," who forever quarreled over cards and lamented the decline of "the dollar houses." She was glad of the chance to sit between the same walls with Juliet Glyndon, a faded blonde who did Frou-Frou and Camille on the road and spoke in derogatory chest-tones of every Broadway success. She even tried to condone the vituperative scandal-mongering of Dora Gerrard, who played a small part in The Longacre Girls, related anecdotes of a Rabelaisian flavor and pensively confessed to Una that nowadays no girl could go on the stage without getting talked about.

There were other lodgers who came and went, their migrations duly announced by the thumping of strong, battered trunks against the stair treads and the sound of strange voices from behind bedroom doors. To Una they seemed like sailors harboring for a night or two in a narrow port, coming redolent with the spices of something foreign and romantic, departing again into the entrancing mystery of the road. There was something captivating in their very lightheartedness, something picturesque in their very irresponsibility, something blithe in even their most dolorous moments.

Una sat wide-eyed and attentive through one of their beer suppers. It was all new to her, from the stringy Welsh rabbit to the bitter lager and the flood of ragtime that came from a continuously pounded piano. She was too preoccupied to be uncomfortable, too subjugated by the novelty of the atmosphere to resent its bibulous noisiness, its occasional story with a double meaning. She proved, in fact, an unexpectedly stimulating audience for those about her. They luxuriated in her freshness. They played up to her staring-eyed expectancy. They gloried in her lack of sophistication. Her sheer youth leavened the sodden lump of their *ennui*.

When one of the older and less boisterous men sat down beside her and talked of stage life, half-humorously pointing out its hardships and its disappointments, he was suddenly interrupted by the scoffing chest-tones of Juliet Glyndon.

"Aw! What's the use of filling that girl up with grouch-talk? She doesn't know what you're driving at! What good's a song and dance of that kind going to do a kid? She's got to get out and learn for herself! She's got to chew her own pill up and swallow it—and then I guess she'll know whether it's bitter or not!"

It was the pert and glib-tongued Dora Gerrard who proved the most approachable to Una, though, ironically enough, the latter could not rid herself of a secret antipathy for the actress from The Longacre Girls. It was plain that the older woman patronized the newcomer, that her admonitions as to correct dressing were sometimes both cutting and cruel, that before others she was apt to be flippantly contemptuous toward her younger friend; but Una, who under her hot pertinacity had a mild and dogged patience, usually found it easy enough to hide away her real feelings. There was even a touch of dignity in her reticence which rather piqued the loquacious Miss Gerrard.

"Dearie, you certainly got to get a bunch o' clothes," she was once prompted to declare, after viewing Una's figure with the sorrowful dissatisfaction of an artist confronted by repeated imperfection. "What's the good o' being young and good-looking without letting 'em know it!"

"I wish I wasn't young," protested the embittered girl.

"Well, my dear, you won't look that way long unless you can those upstate corsets—believe me!" The older woman turned to adjust her picture hat before the tiny mockery of a mirror. She was altogether unconscious of Una's barbed stare of anger. "You don't do yourself justice, dearie. D'you like motoring?"

"No!" retorted Una. She was at the moment thinking of Steger, of how she must prepare herself for the possibility of meeting him, of how she must in time return his money to him.

The girl at the mirror patted her side hair.

"Then there's no use trying to get you to run out to Manhattan Beach this afternoon, I s'pose!"

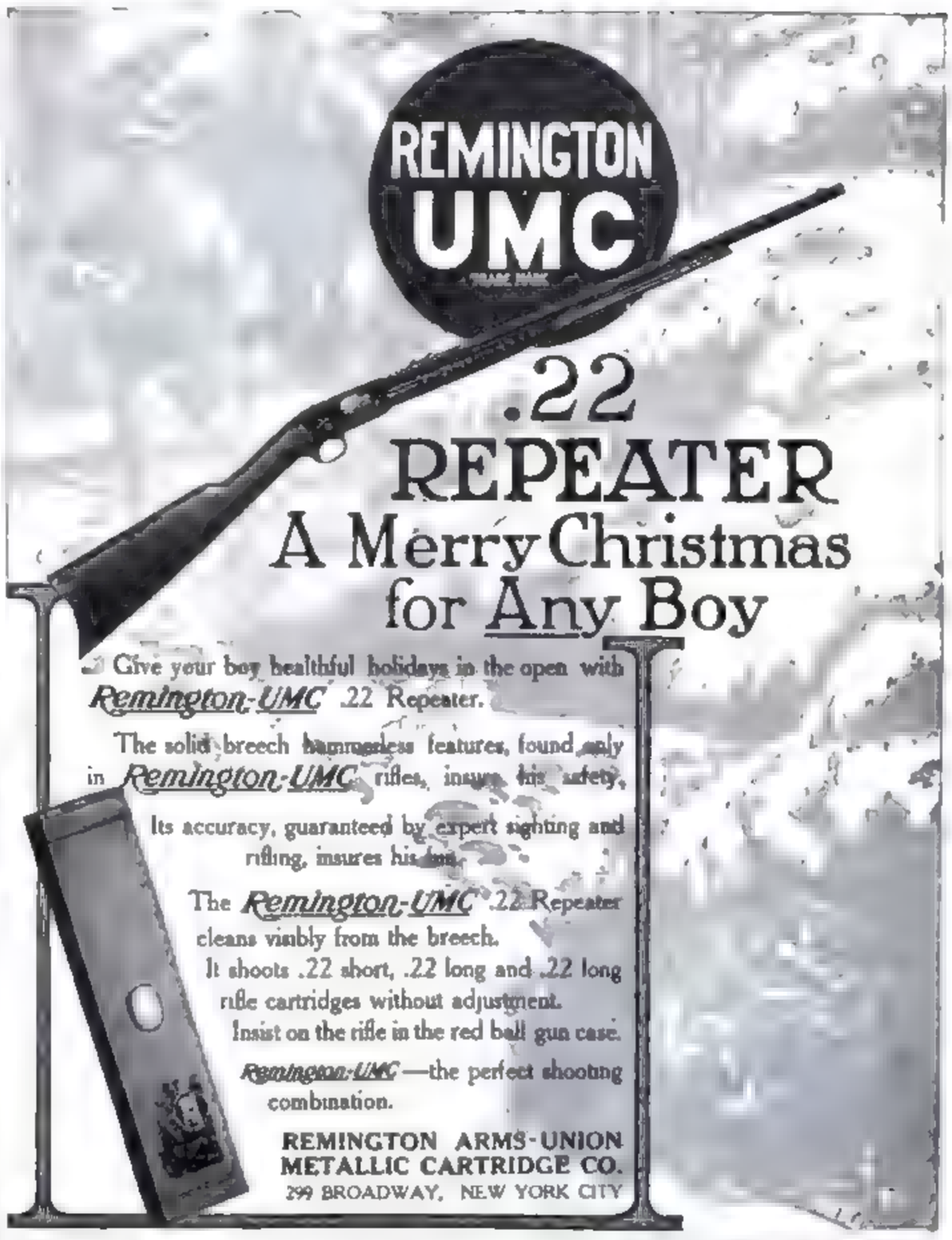
"None whatever!"

The girl at the mirror laughed.

"I guess you'll be a better mixer when you've had a year or two of tanktowns. Me for the Oriental and sea air, with a planked steak on the side!"

Talk such as this always depressed Una. It served to remind her how narrow her interests and how restricted her experiences. It made her conscious of a vast and complicated machinery in feverish motion close about her. She seemed to be fretting along one narrow groove, though at her elbows revolved and roared the great wheels of a life which she could not comprehend. It prompted her, when the chance arose, to question Hempel about different New York restaurants—where they were, what they were like, why they should be so dear.

Hempel, aroused by these interrogations, suggested that they explore some of these places together. And this they eventually did in their frugal manner, beginning with Italian tables d'hôte, where the salami proved as entrancing to the Chamboro girl as did the Neapolitan quartets. It shocked her a little to see so much wine drunk. It depressed her a little to see so many well-dressed women—though she caught the trick of studying their costumes and making a mental note of what was effective and what was to be avoided. She was disturbed, too, by what seemed occasional bursts of extravagance on Hempel's part, such as invading the Broadway restaurants where orchestras played, or hiring a taxicab to swing homeward through the warm and mellow night air of autumn—though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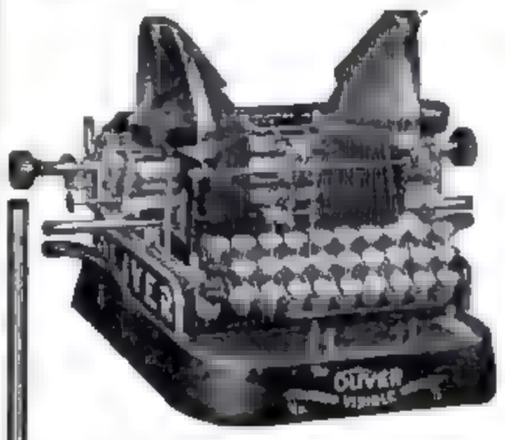

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Hempel himself protested he was having such good returns from his new line of work that he could easily afford a little fun. He was never boisterous and never awkward. He could wander calmly into the gayest places and sit unperturbed by the largest mirrors or the loudest orchestras. He understood the French words on the menu-cards and could order a dinner without any outward sign of mental confusion. He was watchful of her wants and took a quiet joy in pleasing her.

Yet under all her happiness was a persistent feeling of unrest, of disquiet. An indeterminate sense of guilt kept troubling her. She felt that she was accepting things she could never repay; that she could not prove equal to what Hempel expected of her; that she was sailing, at times, under false colors.

This vague sense of guilt was always more assertive when her thoughts went back to Jim Sayles, so much alone in his shabby top-floor room, so whimsically grateful for her occasional visits. Though his cough had grown worse during the last week or two, he blithely announced that he was pulling strings for Una, that he still had a friend or two in the profession and that there might be something doing in a few days.

Una tried to be impartial. She was fond of Sayles and she was fond of Hempel, but in quite different ways. She felt more at ease with the old actor—the danger of their relationship becoming tangled with personal issues being more remote. Yet she knew that she would never lose her head over Hempel. She was not, she kept telling herself, selfish and hard; but there were certain things, with her, that must be denied. She was under the spell of one great obsession—and in a small lifetime there was not room for two great passions. And, much as it disturbed her, she experienced a thrill of delight which she had never met at the hands of Hempel, with all his kindly thoughtfulness, when the sunken-cheeked old vaudevillean called her to her hallroom door and told her he'd eat his hat if he didn't believe they were going to give her a small part in The Wine of Life company.

"You can never tell, with those guys," he said in a modifying afterword, "until you get 'em nailed down! But it looks good to me, little girl—it looks good to me!"

And he called out the three romping dogs and trailed back to his own room, where Una could hear him coughing as he set about making his evening cup of cocoa.

It was the next night that Una and Hempel ate dinner at the Café Boulevard, a night doubly eventful because Una had there taken her first taste of wine—a thimbleful of syrupy Tokay. A mild rain began to fall as they left the noisy and crowded restaurant.

Hempel insisted on taking a taxicab, but instead of hurrying homeward they went on up Fifth Avenue, where the pooled asphalt seemed spangled with little lakes of quicksilver. The undulating electric globes looked milk-white through the misted cab-windows. Una gloried in that sensation of speeding up an almost deserted avenue. The rain seemed to cut them off from the rest of the world. By the time they had swung into Central Park they were as alone and self-immured as mariners on a mid-Atlantic sea-lane.

"Una," said Hempel after several minutes of unbroken silence.

"Yes?" she answered a little abstractedly.

"Do you mind my calling you Una?" her companion asked as though her abstraction were a brake on his mood of quickened emotion.

"No," answered the girl. "I like it."

He sat silent, staring out through the misted windows.

"Will you marry me?" he finally said. He spoke very quietly—without looking at her, without touching her, without so much as taking her hand.

She turned and looked at him, neither startled nor moved. She merely felt disappointed with herself at the thought that she could face a situation so momentous with a quietness that seemed so commonplace.

"Won't you marry me?" Hempel once more asked her, this time letting his gaze meet hers. They sat looking at each other for several seconds.

She shook her head slowly from side to side.

"It's too soon," she said inadequately, realizing that the words were foolish even as she uttered them. She was, in fact, thinking of the promised part in The Wine of Life company.

"But I could get that other room next to mine," explained Hempel. "You've no idea how comfortable we could make those two rooms. Then we could save money, housekeeping that way; and if my orders keep up we could have next winter in Munich. I've always wanted a winter in Munich."

He waited, as though he accepted her silence as the result of some inward agitation.

"Why can't we go on being just good friends?" she asked, torn between the fear of wounding him and the need of temporizing.

"I thought you knew why," he said a little brokenly. Una, for all her youth, felt very mature and womanly. A new lode of life was opening itself up before her. Because of her a man had been stirred and moved. Within her lay the power of dispensing happiness or suffering.

"I don't see how I can get along without you," the quiet-voiced man at her side was saying. He took the hand she placed on his knee. "And I've been trying to tell myself you might feel that way yourself."

She felt the need of climax to the moment. She suspected that she was proving too small for a situation large with possibilities. She almost hated herself for that absence of emotion, for that mere power of equivocating at a time when there would have been a glory in surrender, a grandeur in tumult.

"Then let me think it over," she pleaded in a voice thin with an unhappiness which the man at her side was unable to comprehend. "Please let me think it over for a month or two!"

For several minutes Hempel sat in moody silence.

"Why can't you say 'Yes'?" he finally demanded.

Una groped mentally about for some adequate reason. It was there, she knew; but she could not articulate it. She did not care for him enough. There was no propulsion of passion in her attachment to him—no blinding call to obliterate an earlier and more enduring call. Such things, she felt, should justify themselves. If she wanted him enough that want would overpower her, make her forget other aims and other issues. And human life, she still saw, could hold only one great passion. And she had her name to make.

"I don't know why," she said—"but I can't!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

There She Blows!

AFTER a whaling skipper has been out on a cruise for several months without killing a whale, his displeasure at his continued ill luck begins to manifest itself in his habit of taking out his grouch on the crew. Eventually this frame of mind gives way to a mood of deep melancholia, during which he shuts himself up in his cabin and "tanks up." This melancholy mood is, in turn, replaced by an extremely religious fervor. Nobody knows what comes after this, because a whale is usually sighted about this time and there are no extreme cases on record.

A certain skipper, having arrived at the religious state, was delighted one morning to ascertain that during the night the colored cook had passed away. The untimely removal of the cook offered a tempting opportunity for a nice, sad, weepy funeral; and in due course the corpse of the cook, sewed in a hammock and draped with the Stars and Stripes, was brought up and laid out on deck. The skipper read the burial service in a sepulchral voice and started in at once on his carefully prepared funeral oration.

"We are gathered here today, my dear brethren," he began, addressing the assembled crew, "to pay the last sad tribute of love to a mighty good cook. Though his hide was black, his immortal soul was white as alabaster; and during the time he was with us we learned to love him. Let us pray ——"

A voice from the crow's-nest:

"There she blows!"

"Where away?" bellowed the skipper; and, without waiting for the answer, he sprang forward to see for himself, forgot all about the corpse and stumbled over it. As he scrambled to his feet he yelled:

"Chuck the carcass of this black scoundrel overboard, you lubbers, and clear away the boats!"

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In grades marked "PRECISION" Watches for women $16, 18, 20, 25, 30, 40, 50, 75, with prices in gents up to $1,200.

Not so with Barker brand collars, for they are Warranted Linen and they wear well.

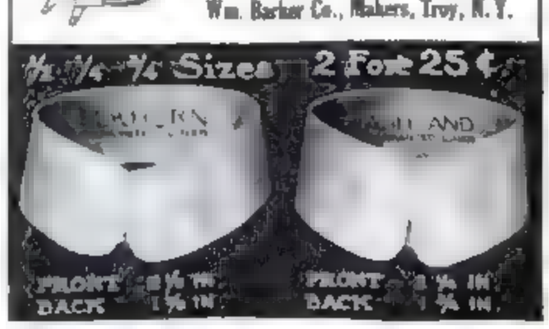
BARKER BRAND
Warranted Linen Collars

sell at 2 for 25¢ and are plainly stamped "Warranted Linen." Why not get Warranted Linen? The price is just the same as you are paying for the other kind. See the 100 Barker styles at most dealers. You'll find one to suit you.

Write us your collar troubles

If you cannot easily get the genuine Barker Brand (see the trade mark) send $1 and we will send you 8 prepaid.

Wm. Barker Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.



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Because there are faucets that leak, screws that loosen and a thousand and one things that come up every day in the week, that you could readily fix with a Utica Plier without the aid of a skilled mechanic

Get a Utica Plier to-day at your hardware or electrical supply dealer's. Don't accept a substitute. Write for Plier Palmistry

UTICA DROP FORGE & TOOL CO., Utica, N. Y.

ALCO

Motor Trucks

65 Per Cent. of all Alco Trucks are Owned by Million-Dollar Companies

And 62 Per Cent. of all Alco Trucks are Re-orders

BIG concerns own Alco Trucks—big concerns like the American Express Company, Gulf Refining Company, Gimbel Brothers, Barrett Manufacturing Company, Standard Oil Company, Singer Sewing Machine Company.

Big companies, like big men, don't make big mistakes.

They are shrewd. They know.

Sixty-five per cent. of all Alco Trucks are in the service of those whose capital totals $1,000,000 or more—Bradstreet's rating.

To a certain extent this is only natural, for the American Locomotive Company is itself a big company. Capital $50,000,000. And of considerable transportation experience—an experience that dates back to 1835. Builders of 50,000 locomotives.

Knowing this, these big companies felt that the American Locomotive Company *ought* to build a good truck. It had experience no one else possessed, extensive capital, large physical equipment, an organization already at work. Whether or not it really *had* built a good truck, however, must be determined by actual service. This was the logical reasoning upon which nearly every single big company made its *first* Alco purchase.

And since its first purchase every single big company has ordered *more* Alco trucks! Every single one!

By many the Alco has been adopted as a standard. All future purchases will be Alcos.

And barely less important is the extraordinary record of repeat orders for Alco trucks by concerns who have not yet arrived at the point of using Alcos exclusively.

Sixty-two per cent. of all Alco Trucks were purchased on such repeat orders!

In the service of Department Stores 78 per cent. are re-orders; Oil Refiners, 74 per cent.; Express Companies, 64 per cent.; Packers, 53 per cent.; Brewers, 50 per cent.—the five lines of business in which motor trucks are most used today.

Repeat orders speak with eloquent emphasis of satisfied owners—stronger than mere claims—*powerful* testimonials.

These are compelling facts. They are valuable because they point the way. They tell the smaller business man that he can eliminate the danger of an unwise purchase if he selects the Alco.

To the larger business man they are the desired evidence. And the evidence, after all, determines the verdict.

A new book about the Alco has been prepared. It relates an interest-compelling story. It is full of vital facts. It tells you what the Alco is mechanically, but more important, what it is doing in many lines of business—perhaps the same line of business as yours. Write for it today.

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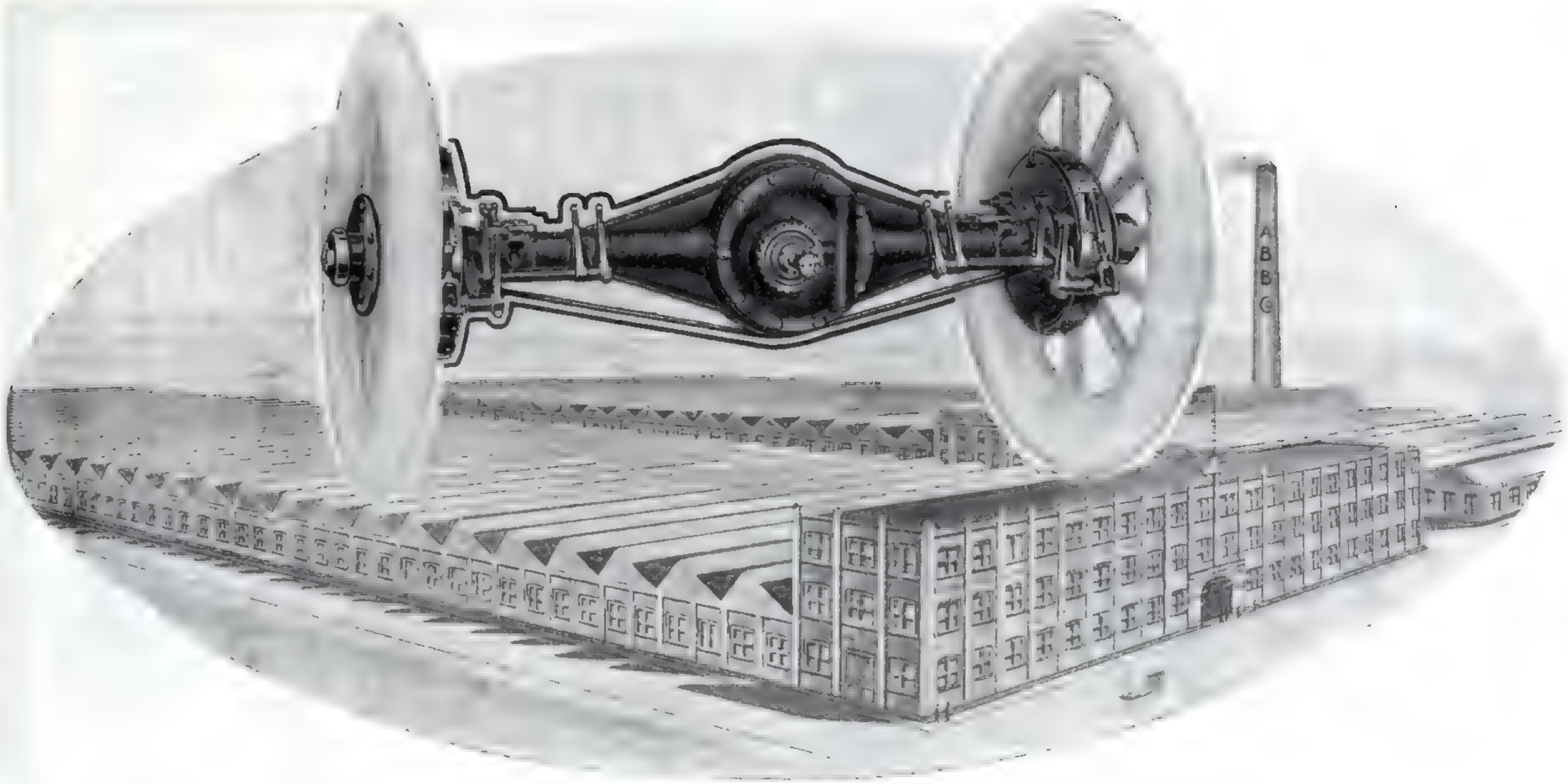
AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE COMPANY — ALCO

Capital, $50,000,000



Some day *American* Axles will equip a majority of all good American cars

It is interesting and impressive to talk with a motor manufacturer who has adopted the *American* Axle.

He entertains no misgivings, no doubts, no uncertainties.

He firmly believes that he has bought the best axle in the world; and he will tell you why.

And we firmly believe that the weight of his experience will presently impel a majority of other manufacturers to specify the *American*.

We have implicit faith in the working of that business-law which rewards a product in proportion to its deserts; and we are willing that its application should apply to the *American*.

We believe that in the manufacturing world—whether it be axles or transmissions or motor cars themselves—a sifting process goes on continuously which sends the unfit to the bottom and the fittest to the top.

We believe that that inexorable law is set in motion by a public opinion which will unerringly hunt out the *American* if it is the best axle just as it has hunted out the best motor cars.

And it is our quiet conviction that the *American* *is* the best axle built in America today; that the sifting process is under way; that public opinion is pressing upon the manufacturer; and that it is only a question of time before the *American* will be specified in most of the good cars in this country.

Some of the reasons back of our faith in the immediate wide-spread recognition of

American

AXLES

The American Axle is Furnished to the Manufacturer Equipped With Annular or Cup and Cone Ball Bearings or With Straight or Taper Roller Bearings, as May be Specified

In his investigation of the *American* Axle the manufacturer immediately encounters a fact of tremendous significance.

He knows that sixty per cent (60%) of all motor car accidents are due to axle defects.

He knows, moreover, that the motor buying public has become intensely interested in this particular phase of motor car construction; because of the danger to life and limb which it involves.

And his discovery that the *American* Axle has never as yet been asked to accept responsibility for such disasters; that it has stood the greatest racing strains; and that it has been instrumental in establishing most of the existing track and road records, spurs him on to further investigation of the methods involved in its construction.

Whenever we have been able to induce such an investigation, it has invariably resulted in the selection of the *American*.

The motor car owner is interested in the car equipped with an *American* Axle because of its clean, clear record in the matter of axle accidents.

The careful, conscientious manufacturer is interested for the same reason—because of the extra factor of safety which the *American* Axle supplies to his product.

This safety, of course, is only another word for quality—the reflection and the result of scrupulous adherence to the highest manufacturing standards.

You as a motor car owner are vitally concerned in the element of safety and we frankly desire to enlist your interest in the advantages of the *American* Axle in this respect.

Public opinion recognizing the safety of the *American* will crystallize in the conversion of a majority of all good manufacturers in due time.

Therefore, even though you are not ready to buy a car equipped with the *American* Axle, or cannot have the car you now own equipped with it, we shall be glad to have you read our little book called "Axle Safety"; or if you are interested for a more thorough study of our methods, the more elaborate book called "Front and Rear Axles."

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Avoid "just-as-good" imitations. Our trade-mark is your guarantee. When necessary we ship mattress 4 ft. 6 in. wide by 6 ft. 3 in. long, weighing 45 lbs., express prepaid on 30 nights' free trial, same day we get your order. Money back if you want it

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(Quality made the name famous)

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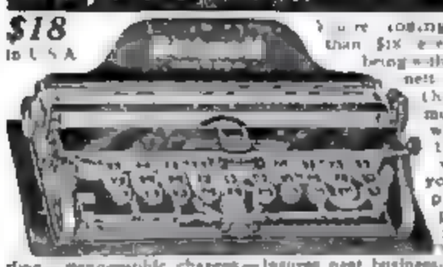

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Portable—can be placed anywhere. Brightest light known. Twice as bright as electricity. Costs 1-5 of a cent per hour. Beautiful soft mellow light, particularly desirable for reading. Base of lamp made of nickeled brass. Shades in all colors to suit any taste. Write for illustrated circular No. 296.

Standard Gillett Light Co., 8-9 Michigan St., Chicago, Ill.

WHO SHALL OWN ALASKA?

(Continued from Page 4)

dollars—too large a sum to throw away. It is said that the coal measures are broken and distorted, and that the Guggenheims were mistaken in their estimate of the Cunningham claims. Their judgment of mining investments stands high. But if they were at fault the situation remains unchanged. There is still no good reason for giving the coal away. As a matter of fact, further exploration of the coal-fields will doubtless be required before their true value can be ascertained. In the meantime we know for certain that, whatever that value may ultimately prove to be, it must be held for the people of the United States and not be turned over to any special interest whatsoever. The less good coal there is in Alaska the greater the need for preventing monopoly.

Nothing has been alleged against its quality except that it breaks easily into small fragments—a characteristic that does not impair its value as steam or coking coal, and this will doubtless ultimately be corrected for domestic use by briquetting.

Our Parlor Pioneers

The coal lands of Alaska should be opened to development at once. In doing so two separate needs require to be met—domestic and commercial. To meet the commercial need, the leasing system—in the main as set forth in the Robinson-Works Bill, July 31, 1911—offers the best solution. My visit to Alaska as a representative of the National Conservation Association has strongly confirmed this view. Leasing is practical. A very large proportion, in some fields the majority, of the coal produced in the United States is mined under lease from private owners. There is no good reason why coal cannot be mined in Alaska under lease from the Government. Since, however, both the Matanuska and the Bering River coal-fields are adapted to development in small units by men without great capital, the total area under a single lease should be reduced from 5120 acres, as in the Robinson-Works Bill, to 2560 acres or even less.

It goes without saying that every claimant under the present law who has complied with the statute should receive and doubtless will receive his patent.

Cheap coal for domestic fuel is imperative. Immediate steps should be taken to break the monopoly of Puget Sound coal now enjoyed by the syndicate's steamship line and to open the local coal of Alaska at once to development for domestic use. For this purpose I suggest that small tracts of coal land not exceeding five, or at most ten, acres in extent should be opened to immediate working by any citizen without formality beyond staking the land and recording the claim, as a placer claim is recorded. Such domestic coal claims should be located only in person and not by power of attorney, and should be owned and operated only by the locator. The right thus acquired by location should be temporary, extending over not more than ten years, and should give the right to mine not more than, say, one or two thousand tons of coal a year. If a domestic coal claim is included later within the boundaries of a commercial lease the lessee should have the right to acquire the same upon an official finding that possession of the domestic claim is necessary for the profitable working of his lease, and upon payment of the appraised value of the actual investment. Considerable areas of coal would be open to domestic location as soon as such locations were authorized, and more would be added as fraudulent claims were canceled.

Mining in Alaska has been greatly retarded by the location of mining claims for non-residents under the power-of-attorney clause. The Cunningham claims were located under this clause. In this way much valuable ground has been seized and withheld from development, with the result that speculation has largely taken the place of actual mining. This practice, which enables stay-at-homes to reap the reward of the pioneer without sharing his hardships should at once be ended by law.

It has become the fashion among certain persons to bemoan on every occasion the hardships and misfortunes of the hardy prospector and pioneer. Most of the tears that are shed over him, however, are squeezed from the eyes of gentlemen whose sole interest in the prospector is to take over the results of his labor with the least possible trouble and at the smallest possible expense. By an easy transition, then, having acquired his property, these gentlemen attribute to themselves likewise his virtues, and demand that the consideration rightly due to the men who seek and find valuable minerals shall be paid also to those who have so well been called "armchair mushers and parlor pioneers" men whose abundant dollars do all their prospecting and pioneering for them. In my experience brave and hardy men are not given to bewailing in public the hardships that their own adventurous spirits have led them to seek. Self-pity and the desire for special privileges form no part of their character.

Some complaint was made to me of the workings of the national forests in Alaska. Careful investigation or the statement of the complainant himself made it clear in nearly every case either that the cause of complaint had already been removed or that the trouble lay with the unwillingness of the complainant to pay for what he took from the public property. I found also that in a few instances delays had been caused by the failure of Congress to provide means enough for doing the necessary work.

The area of the national forests should not be reduced, for the timber of Alaska is well worth preserving. Forest fires are doing great damage in the interior and are beginning to attack the timber on the coast. It is especially necessary that an effective system of fire prevention should be extended to the forests of the great river valleys, as well as to the valuable reindeer pastures on the Seward Peninsula and farther north.

A curious illustration of the need for conservation in Alaska is supplied by the herring fishery at Killisnoo. For many years a company in this place has been engaged in manufacturing fertilizer from a valuable food fish, the herring, the supply of which has been seriously affected thereby. Meantime thousands upon thousands of tons of refuse from the salmon canneries have been poured unused into the sea.

I was greatly impressed with the character and intelligence of the men and women I met in Alaska. An Anglo-Saxon community of so high a type is entitled to such a degree of home rule as Congress may deem wise, and that without delay. Home rule will not solve all the difficulties that now confront the people of Alaska and will doubtless supply a variety of new ones; but the people are certainly entitled to make the experiment. This does not mean that the control of natural resources now vested in the National Government should be turned over to a local legislature. The interest of the nation in the resources of Alaska is now so fully understood that it is clear the administration of them should remain with all the people.

The Primary Needs of Alaska

Under a decision of Mr. Ballinger a settler about to take up his homestead in a national forest in Alaska must continue to have his land surveyed by a deputy mineral surveyor, sometimes at a cost of from $250 to $300. This ruling greatly increases the difficulties before the intending settler, and its effect is to retard settlement within national forests. During the regular examination of such lands by the Forest Service, which must be completed before settlement takes place, a survey abundantly sufficient for all necessary purposes usually is and always can be made. There is no reason why the settler should be required to duplicate it at his own expense. I am strongly in favor of a change of ruling by the Interior Department in this respect.

But far more than this needs to be done to encourage settlement. Cheap coal will help. The growth of the mining industry will help. But nothing will greatly avail until railroad rates such as I have described are done away with. Reasonable transportation rates, with the rapid extension of railroads, roads and trails—these are the primary needs of agricultural Alaska. Transportation by sea likewise needs careful attention. The coast of Alaska is so poorly lighted and so ill-supplied with aids to navigation that the annual insurance on one vessel with which I am familiar was set at fifteen per cent of her value, and I am told that in other cases the insurance

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Bryant New Wrinkle Pull Socket

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I will send valuable information, catalogs, etc., free. Write on your business letterhead

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I urge upon all Catholics the use of the

Manual of Prayers

Best Morocco Binding

and a Rolled Gold Chain Rosary—Both for $3.

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FACTORY PRICES Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our wonderful proposition on first sample bicycle going to your town.

RIDER AGENTS everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We Sell at lowest prices. TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and all sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait, write today for our special offer.

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Make Dainty Confections For the Holidays With

MAPLEINE

(The Flavor De Luxe)

Mapleine makes the daintiest flavored fudges and candies, icings and fillings for cakes, ices and ice cream—a delightful change from lemon, vanilla etc.

Mapleine is a purely vegetable product — the extracted essence of goodness—blended from the choicest materials. It is healthful and delicious

Home made white sugar-syrup flavored with Mapleine is irresistibly delicious and costs about 60 cents a gallon

Grocers sell Mapleine (35c for a 2-oz bottle; 50c in Canada). If not, send money order or stamps to Dept. E 1.

CRESCENT MFG. CO., Seattle, Wash.

This "Heart Throb" Book GIVEN

For two 2c stamps to cover mailing cost.

Sixty-four pages of Songs, Stories and Verse that have made millions of people say "I've read it, sung it and sung again"

"Happy Olde Days"

You will enjoy these charming "Heart Throbs" that go straight to the heart with a sharp stab of pleasure. Send two 2c stamps and mention this magazine and we will send you "Happy Olde Days" with other "Heart Throbs" by mail, postage prepaid. Just issued. $1.50 net.

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$1 English Knock-about Hat

A stylish, easy-to-wear Genuine Fur Felt Hat for [illegible] comfort. Soft from crown. Colors: Black, Steel Gray, Brown. Any size. Value $2.00. Send size. Price $1.00. Packed in beautiful Holiday boxes

Genuine Fur Cap $3

For men and boys. Satin lined. Ear and visor can be turned down. Fur, Black. Prepaid on receipt of $3.00. Packed in beautiful Holiday Boxes. Send size and address.

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NEW PATENTED Useful COMBINATION SHEARS Sells to every Housewife

Needed in every [illegible] Big profits to workers. Write at once for free sample offer.

THOMAS SHEAR CO 2208 Barny St Dayton, Ohio

PARKER'S ARCTIC SOCKS

Right [illegible] Fast [illegible] Warm [illegible] Comfortable [illegible] Catalogue free.

Look for Parker's name in every pair

J. H. Parker Co., Dept. F, 25 Jumma St., Malden, Mass.

rises to twenty-five per cent. When reasonable transportation has been supplied it will be time to stimulate settlement by advertisement and otherwise.

Next to the establishment of good and cheap transportation in Alaska the development and administration of the public resources is the most immediate question. The lack of teamplay that has hampered the operations of the various Government bureaus in Alaska should end. In spite of the persistent efforts of a few men to produce cooperation each bureau has played substantially a lone hand. It is impracticable to bring them all together in any one department, and under present methods the change would produce little result.

What is needed is a central government office for Alaska, through which each bureau should be required to keep in touch and coöperate with every other. Such an arrangement would in no way impair the control of chiefs in Washington over their subordinates in Alaska.

It would result, on the contrary, in more efficient execution of orders and an enormous gain in the effectiveness of all the Government work.

The fashion of detraction has not spared Controller Bay. For example, Katalla Bay, which is no harbor but merely an open roadstead, and Controller Bay, which is a harbor, are wholly separate. Yet in the effort to disparage the latter the story is often told of the alleged washing away at Katalla of a breakwater supposed to have been constructed for the Morgan-Guggenheim Syndicate as a reason why Controller Bay is useless. The story is well known to be false by men familiar with the facts, and the most cursory examination on the ground makes clear that what was actually destroyed was merely a few hundred feet of temporary piling, from which as yet no rock for the breakwater had been dumped.

Although it is asserted that the Copper River and Northwestern Railway has permanently abandoned the idea of a terminal at Katalla the Syndicate is still engaged in acquiring land it does not yet control tributary to what will be the harbor if the breakwater-that-never-was-washed-away ever comes to be built. (U. S. Survey No. 883, last publication, November 2, 1911.)

The Controller Bay Situation

The facts about Controller Bay, as I see them, are briefly as follows:

Controller Bay is by nature an excellent harbor. In its present condition, without lights, marks or buoys, it is far more safely accessible to shipping in all weathers than New York or Boston Harbor would be under similar circumstances. On all sides it is completely protected from the sea except for the channel opening on the west, whence in this region no storms blow. The sole valid criticism of it lies in the fact that it is windswept at times by heavy offshore gales. So is every harbor in Southeastern Alaska, and, I believe, in nearly every region of similar topography and similar latitude on the globe.

Ice is not dangerous to wharves or trestles in Controller Bay. Single piles driven to test this matter have remained standing for several years. When suitable wharves have been built vessels tied up to them will be protected from the wind and should be able to load coal every day in the year.

Ships threatened with heavy weather at Katalla commonly run for refuge behind Wingham Island at the entrance to Controller Bay. The channel here is nearly three-quarters of a mile wide and can easily be entered in the heaviest sea. At first straight, the channel curves slightly and regularly to the region opposite the last of the Ryan claims, with a width of but little less than half a mile at its narrowest part, or about the same as that of Ambrose Channel, the newly made entrance to New York harbor. The material of the bottom is easily dredged if any change were required.

In my judgment Controller Bay offers the best harbor for the development of the Bering River coal-fields. Estimates that should be reliable indicate that a road can be built from Controller Bay to the Cunningham claims and equipped with terminals and rolling stock for less than $2,000,000 in all. A total of thirty-two miles of road would tap about three-quarters of the field. Of the thirty-two miles there would be but four miles of curves. The average grade would be one-fourth of one per cent in favor of the loaded trains, with a maximum grade of less than two per cent up which to pull the empty

Look Over The Housetops To The Country

Big men are always men of broad vision—men who see beyond the confines of their individual activities—men in close touch and quick sympathy with the world *at large*.

Do *you* ever look over the city housetops into the wonderful world beyond—the world of the farm—where the things you eat and wear are growing—tended by millions of people from whose lives and pursuits you can *learn?*

You *should!*—for the pleasure of it and for the broadening influence it will have upon your mind. Take

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as your spy glass. It will bring the life of the farm very near to you. Through it you will see what the farmer is doing and thinking. You'll learn how he lives—and who knows how soon *you* may need or desire to apply this knowledge?

Farm Journal pictures farm life in all its delightful reality—vividly and sympathetically—and yet every word and line is full of farm knowledge and horse sense. It is intensely practical. Contains helpful and entertaining reading for every member of the household. Is a welcome monthly visitor in 750,000 homes and would be in *yours*.

Send us a dollar for a five years' subscription to this entirely different kind of a farm paper. You'll count it among your wisest investments.

If you order promptly, we will send, absolutely free, "Poor Richard Revised"—our splendid new Almanac for 1912.

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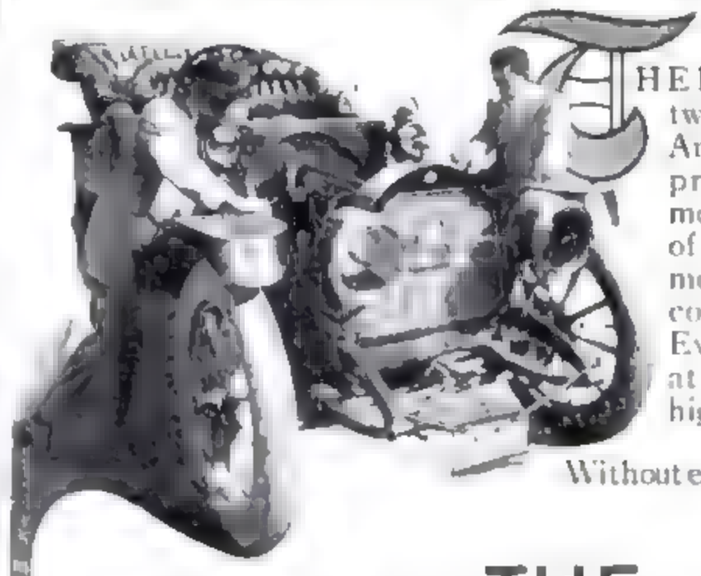

HERE are more than twenty standard makes of American cars that are practically free from motor troubles. Any one of these is a good investment. Any one will give complete satisfaction. Every one, in its class and at its price, is thoroughly high grade.

Without exception these cars carry

THE RUTENBER MOTOR

This is the engine that takes every hill at first speed and responds to the slightest touch at the throttle or at the foot control. It is obedient to every command and never tires, even under forced pressure and the hardest driving. It is dependable, sure, powerful, speedy, silent. It carries you along on the wings of the wind and gives you that enviable sense of confidence as you spin over the roads, far from the source of supplies or repairs.

The RUTENBER is the motor you wonder about when you see the other man's car shoot past you on the heavy grades. It is the inevitable motor for the man who has become a post-graduate in motor wisdom.

If your car shows signs of heart failure, if your engine runs like a horse with the heaves and breathes like an old man with the asthma; if your repair bills are growing larger and larger while the service you get out of your car grows correspondingly less; then the time has come for you to discard the motor under your hood and put in a RUTENBER.

Send Coupon today for our Booklet telling the story of "Satisfaction Under the Hood" and giving the names of the cars and trucks that carry the RUTENBER. It will interest you.

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Please send me your booklet "Satisfaction Under the Hood."

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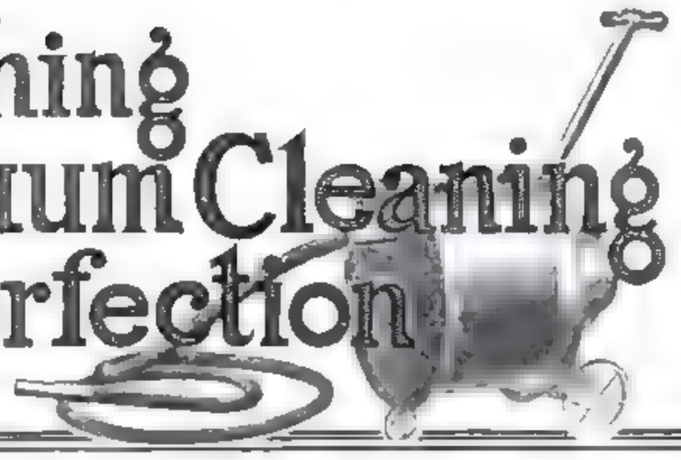

STURTEVANT found five ways to improve household vacuum cleaning. The result is of living importance to every woman who values cleanliness, health, comfort, light work in her household.

Most vacuum cleaners depended for their cleaning power on *leather bellows or rubber pumps*.

The Sturtevant superseded these with its wonderful high pressure fan, the most powerful principle ever introduced into vacuum cleaning. It cleans with a speed and thoroughness all its own.

The Sturtevant will do perfect work for many years, because it replaces leather and rubber parts with steel and aluminum.

The Sturtevant will not get out of repair easily, because it does away with every kind of gear, valve, pulley and complex mechanism.

The Sturtevant is easy to operate and take care of, because it has simplified its working parts to a dust collector, a motor, its wonderful high pressure fan and ten cleaning tools. It works so easily that one is almost unconscious of the machine.

The Sturtevant will not injure the most delicate fabric, because it has done away with every trace of "jerking" suction.

Sturtevant
Electric Vacuum Cleaner

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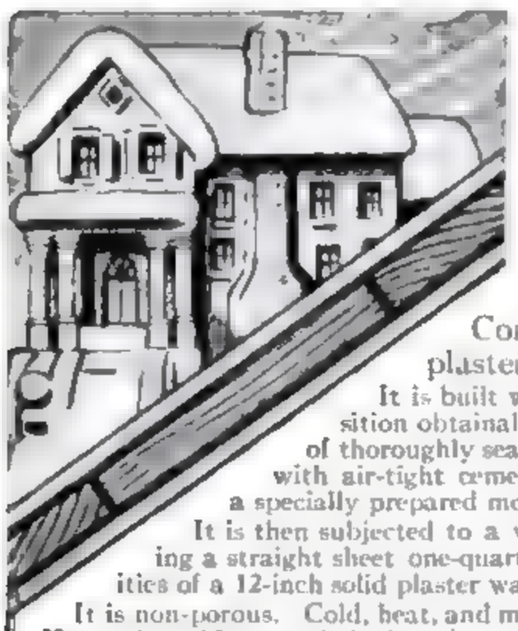

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cars. The construction would be of the simplest, with only one bridge. Gravel ballast is everywhere at hand, and the neighborhood supplies good cross-ties and piling in abundance. It should not be forgotten that Controller Bay is the harbor through which the products of the Yakataga coal and oil fields, still officially unexplored, will undoubtedly reach the sea. The Yakataga coal-measures are said to lie much more regularly than those of the Bering River field, and to consist of equally good coal.

Coal-bunkers at Controller Bay would be approximately 800 miles nearer the markets of Puget Sound and the naval stations of Mare Island and Bremerton than those at Ship Creek, a suggested terminal in Cook's Inlet for the Matanuska coal; nearly 400 miles nearer than those at Seward; more than 200 miles nearer than those at Valdez; and about 125 miles nearer than those at Cordova, where the ship channel is so narrow that a steamer on which I traveled was obliged, in order to turn beside the dock, to go backward and forward like an automobile in a narrow street, there being no room for a wider circle. Every vessel from Puget Sound for Katalla, Cordova, Valdez or Seward picks up Cape St. Elias, the southern end of one of the islands which protect Controller Bay, before proceeding farther. For the convenience of the public, therefore, coal-bunkers could not be better placed.

The proposal to haul the Bering River coal past Controller Bay about seventy miles to Cordova does not commend itself. My personal view is strongly in favor of the construction of a Government coal road from the Bering River coal-fields to Controller Bay, with public wharves and public coal-bunkers. But I am not an engineer. The opinion of trained railroad and harbor engineers and experts in transportation will, in my judgment, be necessary to decide between the shorter route of thirty-two miles from the more friable coal of the Bering River field to Controller Bay, downhill all the way, and the longer route of more than one hundred and sixty miles from the firmer coal of the Matanuska field to Seward over a pass 1080 feet high. In either case the Government construction or acquisition of a railroad line into the Tanana and Yukon valleys, whether with terminals at Seward, Valdez, Cordova or elsewhere, is an obvious necessity. The location of the line is a matter upon which at present I am not competent to speak.

Before my recent trip to Alaska I condemned the President's action in opening the lands round Controller Bay to private acquisition without notice to the public. At that time I said:

> The so-called Ballinger-Pinchot investigation opened the eyes of the public to the extensive and successful efforts which are being made to monopolize the resources of Alaska. The facts developed by this investigation constituted a solemn warning and a call upon the Executive for special watchfulness in protecting public property in Alaska. In view of the need for a firm and careful policy thus emphasized, it was the President's duty to hold the terminal lands round Controller Bay in Government ownership. As with the coal lands, the title to the harbor lands, which are the key to the coal lands, should have been held in any event until Congress could act. In the mean time, contrary to the general impression, the very fact that these lands were in a national forest made them fully and promptly available under lease for every proper use, yet held them subject to Governmental supervision and control.
>
> The President is right when he says that what Alaska needs is development, but no legitimate development of the harbor front on Controller Bay has been or can be proposed that could not proceed as well and as rapidly under suitable lease on Government land as on private land. So long as these terminal lands remained in Government ownership no one could monopolize the harbor. The moment any of them passed into private hands the danger of monopoly began. The fact remains, and the public will not forget, that before the Executive order of October twenty-eighth, Controller Bay was both available for development and safe against monopoly. Now it is no longer safe. This is abundantly proved not only by the general history of commercial consolidation, but in particular by what the Morgan-Guggenheim Syndicate has already done in destroying or absorbing possible competitors.

After a personal examination of Controller Bay and each of the Ryan claims, and a better knowledge of the operations of the Syndicate, I repeat with emphasis what I then said. Controller Bay was the only harbor still in the hands of the people from which the Bering River coal-fields were accessible. It ought to have been held there.

Under the pressure of publicity the Administration has abandoned the Alaskan policy that prevailed during Mr. Ballinger's term, and through Secretary Fisher has adopted the well-known program of the Conservationists and the Progressives. The change is most welcome, and will greatly facilitate the passage of good legislation for Alaska at the present session of Congress.

Before the recent agitation began the monopolization of Alaska was not a danger but a certainty. It is still a danger and a very serious one. The hold of the Guggenheims on Alaska has not been broken—it has merely been exposed. To break it will require not only the vigorous control of transportation in the public interest but the wise and firm administration of all the natural resources. The fight for a free Alaska has only begun.

Two solutions of the Alaska question are possible today: We can let Alaska become the private preserve of a few great special interests, to be developed and controlled at their pleasure and as their profit may dictate. That is what was taking place until recently, when public knowledge and public opinion reversed the policy and forced a change. Or we can treat Alaska as the future home of hundreds of thousands of free American citizens, and its resources as a trust, to be developed and conserved for their benefit and for the benefit of all the people—who are its owners. This is the Conservation policy. It has been adopted with conviction by the American people. The task before Congress is to give it immediate effect.

Goats as Fire Fighters

THE Department of Agriculture has been trying a rather curious experiment recently in the Lassen National Forest of Northern California. Within the limits of that "reserve" there are about fifty thousand acres of the dense scrub called "chaparral"—a thicket of pigmy trees and undergrowth, continuous for mile after mile, that is so dense as to be impenetrable to either man or beast. It is an area productive of nothing useful and by such natural conditions rendered unavailable for the planting of forests.

Similar scrub-covered areas are found in other national forests in California and other states and how to deal with them has been a problem of much difficulty. To get rid of the useless growth two principal methods have been tried—first, grubbing it up; and second, burning it. The former of these, however, is extremely laborious; and the latter injures the soil, while involving the danger of spreading fires.

Hence it was that the Forest Service acquiesced cheerfully in the suggestion that goats might be employed to destroy the scrub. By way of experiment, permission was given for the pasturing of three thousand Angoras within a designated area of about twenty square miles in the Lassen Forest—the method prescribed requiring the owner of the animals to cut a series of trails a rod in width through the forest, such trails following the contours of the hills in parallel lines and about eighty rods apart.

Into these trails the goats were driven, and then they were allowed to shift for themselves—the expectation being that they would browse upon and kill the scrub on either side of the paths they followed, thus widening each trail to three hundred feet perhaps.

By this means, it was thought, most excellent and effective "fire breaks" would be created—a matter of much practical benefit, inasmuch as the dense growth of chaparral in the dry season of the year is extremely inflammable and therefore dangerous to the forests.

From the viewpoint of the Forest Service the experiment has been decidedly successful. The goats in the Lassen Forest have eaten out the firebreaks and incidentally rendered considerable areas available for forest planting. It is useful work, for the conifers that are wanted most for planting in the region cannot compete with the sturdy chaparral; but unfortunately the goat end of the proposition is less satisfactory. The owner of the three thousand Angoras has found that, after consuming the grass along the trails, his animals, restricted to a brush diet, grow thin; and he is much in doubt about the expediency of renewing his contract with the Government.

A Confession

I am the oldest criminal in history.

I have acted in my present capacity for many, many years.

I have been trusted with millions of dollars.

I have lost a great deal of this money.

I have constantly held temptation before those who have come in contact with me.

I have placed a burden upon the strong, and broken down the weak.

I have caused the downfall of many honest and ambitious young people.

I have ruined many business men who deserved success.

I have betrayed the trust of those who have depended upon me.

I want to be discarded for something that will protect and benefit all those who handle money.

I am a failure.

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The first news of the gift will be the arrival of a beautiful illuminated 4-page announcement on

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Or, if the friend whom you favor is a woman you may also want to include *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Of course the announcement of a subscription to the latter bears the name of that magazine.

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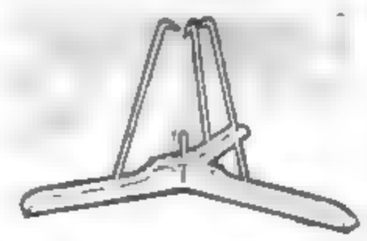

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The Senator's Secretary

"WATCH Teddy!" shouted the entire populace when the Government's presentment in the Steel Trust prosecution was made public; and the entire populace watched him.

The Colonel ran absolutely true to form. As soon as the exigencies of the occasion would allow him, he came back at the Government and at Mr. Taft and at everybody else even remotely concerned—came back good and hard and pointedly. It was a sure thing. The Colonel might have let go unchallenged an accusation that his action in the Tennessee Coal and Iron matter was political or even friendly, but when the Government said he had been buncoed, there was nothing to be expected but the sort of a rejoinder he made. The man does not live, nor the association of men, nor the administration, nor the government, nor the president, nor the nation, that can say—and get away with it—that Mr. Roosevelt ever did anything because he was deceived or beguiled or gold-bricked into doing it. That is the one thing he will not stand. To be sure, there are a good many other things he will not stand, but that is the chief one.

So he came back, and immediately there arose a loud outcry that the Colonel is a candidate for the presidential nomination in 1912, that he purposes to fight Mr. Taft and defeat him for the nomination, and that this rejoinder to the Government's presentment and charge that he was fooled by Frick and Morgan *et al.* in the Tennessee Coal and Iron matter is the opening gun. It is quite true that this situation was discovered principally by Democrats. Norman E. Mack, chairman of the Democratic National Committee and the New York State Democratic Committee, first found it, and told about it in an interview he gave out in Detroit. Then along came Bob Henry, the Texas Representative, who pulled a column-and-a-half interview showing conclusively how it can mean nothing else. The grand chorus followed. According to the Democratic press and the Democratic politicians the Colonel is out hot-foot for nomination in 1912.

Wall Street and the New York captains of industry and finance swallowed it. "It's a certain thing," they shuddered. "It can mean nothing else. He's going to be nominated. Oh dear! Oh dear! What shall we do?"

That was natural on the part of Wall Street and the captains of industry and finance. Every time they hear Roosevelt's name they throw a choice selection of assorted fits, notwithstanding the fact that the Colonel's activities in the trust-busting line, while he was president, were mild and innocuous compared with the similar activities of Mr. Taft. So Wall Street and the captains of industry and finance took the statements of Mr. Mack and Mr. Henry and the Democratic editors, hook, line and sinker, and had a most uncomfortable time.

The Colonel's Stand

Any human being who has a mind to change is at exceeding liberty to change it. So with Mr. Roosevelt, who has never been accused of not having a large and active mind. He may be a candidate for president and he may have fired this shot at Mr. Taft and Mr. Taft's Department of Justice to that end. He may have referred to Mr. Taft's trust policy as "chaotic," with a view to overturning the ambitions of Mr. Taft for renomination for president by the Republican party next June; but if he did so he changed his mind, reversed it, so to speak, threw the backing-up lever clear over and left a lot of his friends out in a fog.

Not being in Mr. Roosevelt's confidence no predictions as to what Mr. Roosevelt means or does not mean can be made; nor are any attempted. The only fact in the whole affair is that if he is a candidate for president now he has certainly changed his mind. Nor is it conceivable that Mr. Roosevelt would not like to be president again. Who wouldn't? And especially why shouldn't he want to be president, inasmuch as he is repeatedly on record that being president is "bully fun." But to all these makers of predictions, these readers of the signs, these scanners between the lines, these wise gentlemen of opposite political faith to Mr. Roosevelt, let one thing be said: Though Mr. Roosevelt undoubtedly would not be averse to being president again, Mr. Roosevelt is distinctly averse to not being president again—that is, he is not so certain in his own mind that even he, the Colonel, could pull the Republican party through, and he isn't going to risk a beating. It will be far more dignified and impressive and pleasant to wait for four years and run a good chance with the nomination for 1916. Mr. Taft's Administration will be on trial in the next campaign. Mr. Taft is responsible for that Administration. All right, let him be responsible. That may be a horoscope or it may not. Be calm, and see what finally turns up.

Meantime, when the House committee that is investigating the Steel Trust got together for its first meeting after the Government's suit had been begun, it was pointed out to those present that the resolution empowering this committee to investigate said specifically that the inquiry should be limited to violations of the anti-trust law "which have not been prosecuted by the executive officers of the Government." At the time of writing the committee is still in a tangle about this, and the prevailing idea is to report back to the House and see what is to be done.

A Thrust at the Steel Trust

If one wanted to be cynical—which, of course, one never does want to be—one might say that there was some lurking knowledge of this possible situation in the minds of the persons who brought the suit. The Stanley Committee is a Democratic committee, appointed by a Democratic House of Representatives for the express and political purpose of obtaining, by the investigation of the Steel Trust, material that shall be of use in the presidential campaign that is coming. That isn't the assigned reason for the investigation, to be sure, nor for any of the other multitude of investigations now in progress. Nominally, these investigations are for the purpose of exposing iniquities of administration and for the good of all the people. Really, they are for the purpose of "getting something on" the Republicans, who have been in power since 1896, and thereby aiding in putting the Democrats in power in 1912—or on March fourth, 1913. That is all there is to that. They are as political as a ward caucus.

Now, then, the Stanley Committee had been digging up a lot of stuff and has inquisitorial powers that cannot be ignored. A campaign is coming on, and a report from the committee was to be timed for the exact moment when it should have the best effect on presidential politics, with recommendations to show the people how the Democrats are seeking to conserve their interests—the people's interests, I mean, not the interests of the Democrats. Mr. Wickersham had been quoted as saying that no suit against the Steel Trust was contemplated, and suddenly the Hon. Jacob McGavock Dickinson, Democrat himself, but not working much at it, and former Secretary of War for Mr. Taft, appeared in Trenton, New Jersey, and filed papers in a suit for the dissolution of the Steel Trust that read like one of Chairman Stanley's speeches in the House assailing this giant corporation—good campaign material, you know, not filled with legal verbiage, but a lively, readable and rhetorical story of the alleged atrocities of the Steel Trust.

It was all so obviously political that one cannot be blamed for such cynicism as may appear in the offing. The Stanley Committee was investigating the Steel Trust and getting along pretty well with the work. The Stanley Committee was due to reassemble and begin again to insert the probe. A campaign is coming on. The advantage thus far rested with the Democrats. The resolution giving the committee authority to investigate violations of the law and creating the committee itself said inquiries should be limited to violations "which had not been prosecuted by executive officers of the Government." Of course the committee was authorized and began work before this prosecution had been instituted, and there is a fine legal question involved, which undoubtedly will be threshed out by the House; but—and this is the crux of it—it will not be the fault of this Administration if any political advantage that may accrue from this Steel

Trust business shall accrue to the Administration and not to the hostile Democratic majority in the House of Representatives and the Democratic candidate for president next time.

The House Democrats are investigating the Steel Trust, getting material to spread before the country to show what sort of an octopus in restraint of trade—can an octopus be in restraint of trade?—has been allowed to flourish under Republican rule. It had the goods, too, and would have more. What to do in the emergency? Simplest thing in the world—begin prosecuting the Steel Trust and beat the Democrats to it. And there, brethren, you certainly are!

Nor is this all the presidential politics that is being played. Washington is boiling with it—seething, as we used to say in the old days—and both sides are moving as cautiously as a farmer's boy digging out a bumblebees' nest. Congress is in session again, with the Democrats still controlling the House, of course, and presidential nominations are to be made next summer and a president is to be elected next fall. Democratic prospects are brighter than they have been for a good many years.

The Democratic leaders realize their responsibilities and do not underrate them, but they do not—and will not—look at these responsibilities from the same angle from which they are viewed by the President and the Republicans. The Democrats will make another attempt at tariff revision, but being charged by the Constitution with the origination of revenue—which means tariff—legislation, and being in the majority in the House, they will make exactly the sort of tariff revision they think will be best for the Democratic party, considered presidentially, and send the results of that work to the Senate, regardless of any information Mr. Taft's tariff board may present or any recommendations Mr. Taft may make. If Mr. Taft's views coincide with their views, all well and good; but the responsibility, in a primary sense, is with the Democrats in the House and not with Mr. Taft or the Republican party, and the tariff that will come out of the House of Representatives will be a Democratic tariff, and not a Taft tariff or a tariff-board tariff. It will be made to suit the exigencies of the Democratic presidential situation, and with the sole end and aim of helping to elect a Democrat for president in 1912.

This tariff legislation will be about all that will be attempted too. Many Democrats have ambitious schemes for saving the country, ranging from currency reform to universal primaries, but most of these will be shoved in the background. The House leaders will concern themselves with the tariff and use that to hold off all perplexing legislative schemes until it is time to adjourn and go out and begin the campaign for president. There has been talk of currency legislation, and Mr. Aldrich's National Monetary Commission is due to report early in January; but the person who thinks that a Democratic House, with the most of that Democratic majority from the South, will debonairly pass a currency reform law that contemplates a central bank, is much befogged politically and economically and historically and geographically. What this Congress will aim to do, especially on the House or Democratic side, will be to pass some tariff legislation that shall help politically, hold back all the rest of the heavily loaded and dangerous big legislation—especially currency and trust legislation—and put through the appropriation bills and adjourn.

The Democratic leaders realize the situation is critical. They want to help win the presidency. They do not want the House to get into a tangle and jangle over currency legislation and anti-trust legislation and all that sort of stuff. They know, for example, that there are as many views concerning currency reform as there are members of the House. They know that changing or repealing or revamping the Sherman law is charged with dynamite. They are for reform, of course, and retrenchment and all that, but they are for exactly that kind of reform and retrenchment that will help make some Democrat president of the United States after March fourth, 1913, and for no other variety; and to that end all their legislative energies will be devoted. Every Congress is political, but this coming session of Congress will be so political that it will exude politics from every pore.

A Moneylogue

NINE HUNDRED "PER"

HEIGH-HO! I give it up—I'm stumped!
It won't work out, that's clear—
No man can keep a fam'ly on nine hundred
bucks a year!
We've tried to skimp on this and that—we've
called the bitter sweet;
But somehow when I figure up the ends will
not quite meet.
If Minnie gets the dress she needs, on rent
day—sure as sin!—
We're short that much; and if we pay—well,
where do clothes come in?
We're not extravagant at all; there's no place
I can see
Where we could cut expenses down and keep
on being "we."
It isn't much, our deficit; but, though I try
and try
To scheme and plan and manage things, I just
can't quite get by;
Now, if I had twelve hundred, say, instead of
nine, you bet
We'd have enough for everything, without a
care or fret!

ONE YEAR LATER

Heigh-ho! There's no use arguing or asking
"Why?" No, sir!
A man can't live—he simply can't—on just
twelve hundred "per."
We watch expenses, goodness knows, just like
the fabled cat;
And everything that saves a cent—well, we are
strong for that;
But grocery bills, and ice and coal, and butter,
milk and cream,
Make what you're earning fade away like any
empty dream.
Of course we've moved now to a flat; and,
though it does cost more,
We had to have another room—we couldn't
live in four!
And yet—and yet, when I get out my bills and
books at night
And figure up, I find, alas! that things won't
come out right;
There is no item I can trim—but, say! if I
just had
An even eighteen hundred "per" I'd change
my name to Glad!

TWO YEARS LATER

Heigh-ho! I thought 'twould be enough; but
now it's hard to see
How eighteen hundred dollars ever looked so
big to me!
I wouldn't mind it now and then; but, actually,
I'm bored
To death with facing every day that specter,
"Can't Afford."
We try to live within our means; but there are
things, you know,
That one can't do without at all! Say, now and
then a show—
The opera, occasionally; the mountains or the
shore
When summer comes; and, by the way, we've
had to move once more—
An eight-room flat—bought brand-new things.
I'd like it fine—but, say!
On eighteen hundred dollars "per" it's all a
rainy day!
I've tried to figure some way out. I can't. But,
oh, if I
Had twenty-five each year for mine—well, then
we would get by!

THREE YEARS LATER

Heigh-ho! It's getting worse! Heigh-ho!
Why, twenty-five a year
Is just a trifle nowadays, when everything's
so dear!
We just can't get along at all without a maid
and cook;
We really need a butler, but we haven't time
to look;
We need another motor car—the chauffeur
tells me so;
We need a trip abroad this year, and really
ought to go.
Now, when you cut things down like this to
bare necessities,
How can you cut them any more? Come,
answer, if you please!
But if I had five thousand—ah! there'd be
some class to that—
Like Peace and Plenty on the bags and
Certainty at bat!
Who's knocking? What? A con-con-constable!
For me, you say?
Well, come on in—sure! Take it out—it's no
good anyway! —*Guernsey Van Riper.*

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For 1912

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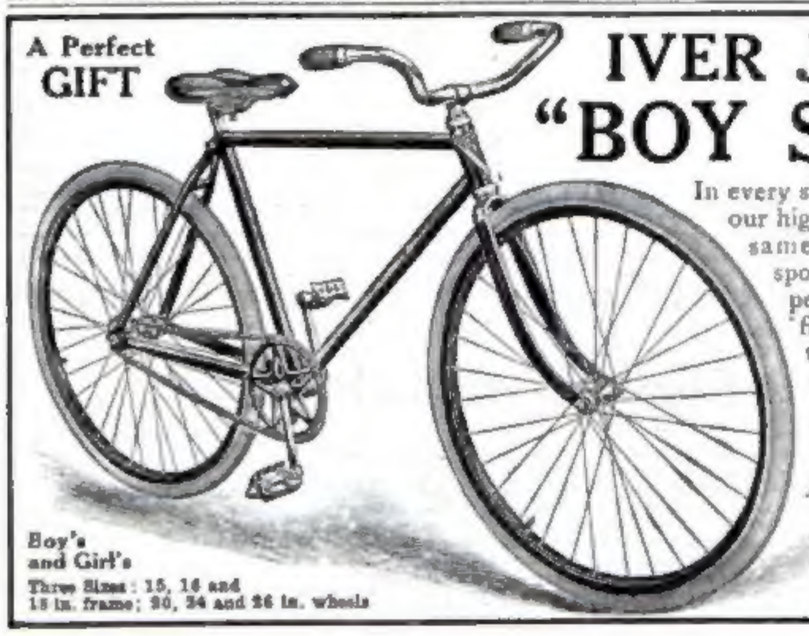

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Sense and Nonsense

The Triumph of the Cockroach

IN COLORADO, not far from Pike's Peak, is a small mountain called Gopaz Butte, though better known to miners as Slim Jim. At the foot of it is a valley which was formerly occupied by a lake. In the lake was an island on which giant sequoias grew, the fossil trunks of some of which may still be found there by digging.

This island, which today is a hill, holds the regard of geologists as the most remarkable bug mine on earth. Into the lake that once surrounded it, some hundreds of thousands of years ago, streams brought great numbers of insects of various species that had fallen into them. The water was very shallow and was soon dried up when a volcano burst forth in the near neighborhood, spreading a layer of ashes and hot mud over many square miles of territory.

Just why there should be an extraordinary accumulation of insects preserved in the strata of this immediate locality, in and about the hill aforementioned, nobody has explained very satisfactorily—but such is the case; and geologists, armed with hammer and pickax, dig them out in quantities. In many cases they are so perfectly preserved that even the hairs along the edges of the wings of the tiniest moths are plainly discernible. Occasionally a beautiful fossil butterfly is discovered.

No insects are more delicate in structure than mosquitoes, of which, notwithstanding their perishable character, large numbers are found in this remarkable bug mine. There are also flies which, if not the familiar *Musca domestica,* are closely related thereto. Bees and wasps there are; likewise fireflies, dragon-flies, June bugs, no end of beetles of ever so many varieties, and the gall-flies which lay their eggs in the bark of plants, introducing at the same time a poison that causes an abnormal growth of vegetable tissue—commonly called a "gall"—useful to the newly hatched young for food and to man for making ink.

These were insects of what is known today as the Tertiary Epoch; but dominant among them—the bug monarchs of that early period—were the cockroaches. We at the present time do not realize what the cockroach tribe once was. It ruled insect creation away back in the Paleozoic, when armored fishes swam the seas and the land climate was deadly moist and hot. In the Mesozoic, when the giant reptiles throve so vastly, the cockroaches still held their own sway. Those that now survive to plague the housewife and discourage the librarian are but a trifling remnant of vanished hordes.

The cockroach, like the shark, has lived through and survived the ages. There are even authorities who declare that it was the first air-breathing animal on the earth; and, in view of its persistent survival under adverse conditions, who can say with confidence that it may not be the last?

The Siphon Crew

Up at the Storm King Cañon they're working us day and night;
We've got our standard to hold to, we've got contractors to fight;
We live in boots and a slicker, we sleep when we get the time,
And our faces and hands are plastered with stickiest hard-rock grime;
We're too dog-tired for drinking, too sleepy to touch a card;
Our talk is all of the siphon—of rock that is soft or hard.
The wise guys laughed at the project; they said it would "never do"!—
But up at the Storm King Cañon we're putting the siphon through!

We sunk a shaft in the mountain, where only the goats had played—
Where you had to hang by an eyelash to handle a pick or spade.
A shaft went down by the river—and the water commenced to pour;
And we plotted a plan to plug it—for that's what our pay is for.
We diamond-drilled on the bias, we sunk a shaft in the silt,
And sometimes the cold would numb us and often the heat would wilt.
We sought bedrock for ages and finally got a clew—
And down at the 'leven hundred we're putting the siphon through!

A seam was struck in the heading, far under the river-bed;
The water filled up the working and all of the runners fled.
But the pumps were set to going—we made a bulkhead to block;
And now once more the drillheads are battering at the rock.
The "hard-rock" gang were peaches—they entered into the game,
They laughed at the thought of danger, they took each chance as it came;
And, though there were politicians who tried to hand us a few—
Up at the Storm King Cañon we're putting the siphon through!

It's tough—but it sure is worth it; it's rough—but it's bully fun
To do the thing that the wise guys have prophesied can't be done;
And when the job is over and the water is rushing in,
Why—then is our chance to chuckle and then is our hunch to grin!
The stream will come from the mountains and into the thirsty town,
And we will have done our portion of bringing the water down;
So what if the work is wearing and things will go askew—
Up at the Storm King Cañon we're putting the siphon through!

—*Berton Braley.*

The Trail Blazer

What is it lures him out afar, where the dim horizons run?
What is it beckons him out, away to the rim of the setting sun?
'Tis the pulse of life in a live man's veins, the little catch of the breath
That speaks of a joy as he girds up his loins to shake the dice with Death.

The tramp of his feet is barely heard as he strides toward his goal,
In the silent wastes of an Arctic night, to the verge of the distant Pole;
For he works on the text, "Subdue the earth!" as the voice of the Scripture saith.
With his lean, lank dogs in the grim icepack he shakes the dice with Death.

The burning desert knows his face, the vulture hears his cry,
When he nears the end with a blistered tongue and a waterbag that's dry;
But ever he goes with staggering feet, grilled by that desert breath,
As he tightens his belt and grips the hand that shakes the dice with Death.

His bones they are while on many a shore—they bleach on many a strand;
The blaze of his ax and the dust of his trail are seen on every hand;
If he dies he dies as a white man should, and he laughs with his parting breath;
For his mate behind will pick up his trail and shake the dice with Death.

He's a selfmade outcast, hurrying on with the rolling world behind.
He cannot reap where he has sown—he rides upon the wind;
The voice of Nature cries aloud his old-time shibboleth,
And he turns once more at the siren's voice to shake the dice with Death.

—*E. W. Towler.*

A Little Difference

OCCASIONALLY something "gets by" even the watchful copy editors of the Associated Press. Not long ago a story came into the Atlanta office, was edited and put on the wire for the Southern Division and got as far as Louisville before the urgent "Kill it!" caught up.

The story concerned a fight between two Southern gentlemen in a rural community. They used a scythe, a corn knife, a shovel and a butcher knife to express their real feelings concerning one another.

One combatant died on the field of battle and the other, badly cut, died soon after he had been removed from the gory scene.

The A. P. story told all the distressing and bloody details and wound up with this sentence:

"It is thought these two men had some sort of a misunderstanding."

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